Proceedings of the Hellenic Travellers' Club. 1929

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A GREEK DANCING CLASS ON THE ACROPOLIS.

The Panellos Dancing Class is a class of modern Greek students who give public exhibitions of classical dancing in an adaptation of classical dress. The photographer came upon them by accident at a time when the Acropolis was closed to the public, and by the courtesy of the class and its instructress was permitted to take a number of photographs of their poses.

PROCEEDINGS

of the

HELLENIC TRAVELLERS' CLUB

1929.

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PREFACE.

LAST season constitutes a new record in the activities of the Club, which was founded in 1906 by Lord Bryce in consultation with Sir Henry Lunn. At that time Bishop Robertson, of Exeter, at the request of Lord Bryce, became the first President of the Club. Professor Bryce himself, Lord Alverstone (then Lord Chief Justice of England) and Lord Reay became Vice-Presidents, and a number of other distinguished scholars formed the Committee. In pre-war years we never attempted to carry out more than one cruise for the Club in a year. This last season four separate cruises have all been arranged to the widespread satisfaction of our members. The s.s. *Asia*, of the Lloyd Triestino Steamship Company, has been a favourite vessel of the Club members, and this season's cruise was the sixth on that vessel. In addition to the s.s. *Asia*, the s.s. *Stella d'Italia*, a large vessel of the Cosulich Line, and the s.s. *Théophile Gautier*, of the Messageries Maritimes, were chartered. An additional cruise is being carried out in the autumn on this delightful new vessel, which is an oil-burning ship.

In view of the fact that Easter falls very late next year we have included in our arrangements for the approaching season two consecutive cruises on the mail ship *Théophile Gautier*, preceded by a cruise, which is being carried out at the request of many members, to include Egypt and Palestine.

Among those who are hoping to lecture on the cruises next spring are Dr. H. A. L. Fisher, President of the Club ; the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's ; the Rev. the Hon. Edward Lyttelton, D.D., Messrs. Kenneth Bell, of Balliol College, Oxford ; J. F. Roxburgh, Headmaster of Stowe School ; G. S. Gordon, President of Magdalen College, Oxford ; the Rev. W. T. A. Barber, D.D., Former Headmaster of the Leys School, Cambridge ; Professor McElroy, of Princeton University, U.S.A., Rothermere Professor at Oxford ; Principal Workman, D.Litt. of the Senate of London University ; the Rev. Canon N. P. Williams, D.D., the Rev. A. E. Hillard, D.D., late High Master of St. Paul's School, Dr. Wigram, and others.

September, 1929.

WHAT CHRISTIANITY OWES TO GREECE.*

By the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D.
(*Dean of St. Paul's.*)

We are taking our holiday in the Greek lands, and our holiday of course includes a visit to Athens, "the eye of Greece." Athens is one of the sacred spots of the world. Of our European civilisation there is not much that does not come from Greece, except what we owe to the Roman lawyers and administrators, and the stupendous achievements of applied science, on which modern industrialism rests. Whether religion is another great exception is what we are to consider to-day. The mere sight of Greece seems to make us feel the Greek spirit. The clear atmosphere, the sharp outlines even of very distant objects, the absence of vagueness and mystery in the landscape, the strong colouring, the inarming sea without which no Greek landscape seems complete, the long ridges of the mountains, not rising into spires and pyramids like the Alps, but tending to long straight lines like the Greek temples, even the fresh north winds which sweep through the streets of Athens—all speak to us of a race hardy, keen-witted, realistic, unsentimental and extremely simple in their habits, as the inhabitants of so poor a land must be, and divided into little cantons by the configuration of the country—cantons of which Attica, with its seven hundred square miles, was one of the largest.

The public religion of a nation is usually full of archaisms, and the Greeks, for all their nimble wits, were very conservative. It is instructive to find even Homer making fun of the Olympians. The gods were already serio-comic characters, like the devil in Scottish folk-lore.

* A Lecture given on the s.s. *Stella d'Italia*, April 14th, 1929.

It was not long before educated Greeks began to be ashamed of their mythology, and to complain, as Plato and others did, that the examples set by the gods were by no means edifying to the young. Some of the stories about the amours of Zeus, Poseidon, and others, have a simple explanation. Each city had its god, as each Catholic town its Madonna ; and there were legends how the god wedded the local river-nymph and so founded the noble family whose successes on the turf Pindar described. But if Zeus, or Poseidon, made love to all the local nymphs and goddesses, they must have been veritable Don Juans, and so they appear when the local legends are put together. The philosophers were disposed to expurgate the religious poets very severely, or to vote for banishing them altogether. But there remained another expedient—the method of allegory, which was afterwards found so useful in interpreting the unedifying parts of the Old Testament. The mass of the Greeks did not trouble much about it ; they seldom thought of consulting a priest about their conduct ; religion was one thing, morality was another. Perhaps the best moral influence which the old religion exercised was the oracle of Delphi, which never quite recovered the credit which it lost by its timid and vacillating action during the Persian Wars, but which in the earlier period seems to have spoken out boldly in condemning both public and private wrongdoing.

Bacon, as we know, said that philosophy was the religion of the ancients. It became so, but it was not so always. Greek philosophy began as natural science ; it then became a matter of politics, ethics and psychology ; it ended as a theology. Let us compare two typical utterances. Aristotle says, " The sense of wonder is and was the stimulus which made men begin to be philosophers." Wonder, or curiosity about the nature of the world. Epictetus on the other hand says, " The beginning of philosophy with those who approach it in the right way and by the door, is a consciousness of one's own weakness and want of power in regard to necessary things." The centre of philosophy was first the world, then man, and finally God.

But Greece does not mean only Athens, nor only

Greece. In the great age of Greek colonisation, which belonged to an age of which we know very little, the Greek fleets, starting from a country which had not then begun to limit its population as it did later, planted centres of Hellenic culture on all the shores of the Mediterranean and beyond, from Marseilles to the Crimea. Nor was this all. Already Isocrates had said, "Hellas is the name not of a race but of a culture." We must use it in this sense, for under the Roman Empire there were no more pure races, and it is to be feared that there were very few pure Greeks left.

The conquests of Alexander set a seal on a process of Hellenic infiltration of the East which had begun earlier. There had of course been an influence flowing in the reverse direction from Persia and Babylonia. We know how much the religion of the Hebrews was affected from these sources. Aramaic seems to have become a *lingua franca* for the Near East, alongside of Greek; but of this we know very little. The Hellenistic age has until lately been much neglected; we are now recovering it with the help of scholars like Edwyn Bevan and Tarn. The Hellenisation of the East was, no doubt, superficial and mainly urban, but as far as it went it meant an astonishing diffusion of Greek ideas as well as of the Greek language, which would carry a traveller from France to India, from Russia to the Nile cataracts. Latin had to struggle for its existence even in the West. Apuleius of Madama, whose native language was no doubt Punic, learned Greek before he learned Latin. Marcus Aurelius wrote his Meditations in Greek, Plotinus lectured in Greek at Rome; the Emperor Julian's books are in Greek. Truly, "Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit"; though we must remember that in the eyes of Juvenal the Syrian Orontes as well as the Greek rivers had flowed into the Tiber.

The most stubborn resistance to Hellenisation was offered by Palestine. Antiochus Epiphanes did not realise what he was "up against" when he tried to force the cosmopolitan civilisation of Antioch upon the Jews. But if we want to estimate the Jewish influence upon Christianity, we must distinguish first between the Judaism of Jerusalem and that of northern Palestine,

and then between the Judaism of Palestine and that of the Dispersion.

"Galilee of the Gentiles" was very unlike Jerusalem. The native inhabitants were probably of a mixed type, and there were settlements of "Greeks"—*i.e.* of Greek-speaking pagans—especially round the Lake of Gennesaret, which must have been surrounded by villas and pleasure-towns almost like the Lake of Geneva. Two of the Apostles, Andrew and Philip, have Greek names, and our Lord Himself probably knew some Greek, though not enough to speak the language fluently. The peasantry of Galilee were independent, well-educated, and fairly prosperous. Their religion centred in the synagogue. The pundits at Jerusalem despised these northerners, and scarcely regarded them as Jews. We must always remember that the Gospel did not originate, and could not have originated, in Jerusalem. Nevertheless, I do not think we can trace any Greek influence in the original Gospel. Its historical descent is from Hebrew prophetism. Our Lord came forward as a prophet; He lived, taught, suffered and died as a prophet. In some ways we may call it Oriental rather than Greek—in the emphasis which it lays on the gentler virtues, in its complete detachment from politics, and in its deep sense of sin and the need for redemption. But taken as a whole, the Gospel is profoundly original. The Jewish Church broke with it violently as soon as it understood it; and ever since the first century Christianity has been the least Asiatic of all religions. It is very significant that the Semites, except the Jews, embraced with avidity the religion of Mohammed, which Westcott used to call a petrified Judaism, and which at any rate was as thoroughly adapted to the needs of the Semites as the Catholic Church to those of Southern Europeans. And yet we must not suppose that the Arabs were immune to the rationalistic influences which characterise Hellenism. They absorbed more of them than the northern barbarians, our ancestors. One of the worst historical blunders is to say Mohammedan when you mean Turkish.

There have been other examples—such as that of Buddhism—of a religion being rejected in the land of its

origin, and winning great successes in other nations. Buddhism, like Christianity, was a universal religion, spiritual and ethical, which for that very reason was odious to the established hierarchy of India, just as the Jewish Church declared bitter war against the Gospel. We must accept the fact that the breach was complete. The Church, after the Marcionite controversy, decided to retain the Hebrew Scriptures as inspired; but there is no continuity whatever between the Temple hierarchy and the Christian ministry. The apologetic of St. Paul and the writer to the Hebrews was rejected by the Jews, and Jewish Christianity soon ceased to exist.

It is therefore a mistake to regard Christianity as a continuation of the Jewish Church. The ingredients of our religion are the profoundly original Gospel of Jesus Christ, which as a whole cannot be affiliated to any organised religion existing before it; the interpretation of that Gospel by a Hellenised Jew of the dispersion, born in one of the seats of the Stoical philosophy, St. Paul; and the developments of this partially Hellenised religion in the cosmopolitan Hellenistic civilisation—far more Greek than Roman—of the Roman Empire. After the so-called conversion of Constantine, which merely meant a signal victory of the Church over the Empire, we have no doubt to take into account another important element —Roman Imperialism. Rome died in giving birth to Romanism, but the Roman Church was the Roman Empire under a new form. The historian is quite right who says that the Catholic Church is not the beginning of the Middle Ages, but the last creative achievement of classical civilisation. The history of the Roman Church is the last chapter of the history of the Roman Empire.

The subject of this short address is the influence of the Greek spirit and the Greek tradition upon Christianity. Of course I have time only for a few general reflexions. And there is room for wide differences of opinion as to what "Greek" really means. Enslaved Greece was "living Greece no more." If we take Pericles and Sophocles, or even Plato and Aristotle, as our standard of Hellenism, we shall have to admit that the mongrel

speakers of the κοινὴ διάλεκτος were very imperfect representatives of the Greek spirit. But if we accept the dictum of Isocrates, already quoted, that Hellenism is the name of a culture, we shall be willing to regard continuity rather than identity as sufficient for affiliation, and we shall make no bones about accepting Zeno the Phœnician, Philo and St. John the Jews, Marcus Aurelius the Spaniard, Lucian the Syrian, and Plotinus the Egyptian, as Greeks. It is really futile to make racial descent the test; we are all half-breeds, if it comes to that.

I do not think that the affiliation of ideas is a very fruitful subject, but I am anxious to insist that our religion, in spite of the essential element in it contributed by the personality and the teaching of Christ, is continuous with the civilisation and the philosophy of antiquity. If there was any breach, it was not when the subjects of the Empire accepted Christianity, but when the whole of the West and centre of Europe were barbarised in the dark ages. Even then, a Christian civilisation, obviously continuous with the Greek, survived in the East; and when Constantinople fell in 1453 the Renaissance was so far advanced that the surviving fragments of the ancient culture were greedily absorbed in England, France, Germany, and above all in Italy.

There is an unfortunate tendency, which we find not only among Catholic modernists like Laberthonnière and Blondel, but among learned Protestants like Harnack and Hatch, to treat the Greek element in Christianity as an intruder. The Catholic modernists dislike Plato and Aristotle as the fathers of their *bête noire*, St. Thomas Aquinas. The Protestant theologians wish to discover under the accretions of Catholicism a primitive Protestantism which owed nothing to Greece. But it is quite useless to dig down in the hope of finding a pre-Hellenic Christianity. We certainly shall not find it in St. Paul, who in such passages as "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal," speaks like a disciple of Plato, and who in his later epistles uses not only the language but the ideas of the mysteries. Hebrews is a Platonic treatise, and the Fourth Gospel represents a school of thought of which we know next to

nothing outside the Gospel itself, but it was evidently indebted to Philo, who was a Platonising Jew.

We shall be likely to under-estimate the changes which Christianity underwent when it made the momentous choice which gained Europe and lost Asia, if we think of the old Greek writers whose works have survived, and forget the strange welter of beliefs and practices called Hellenistic theology. "Greek philosophical dogmas, Orphic and Pythagorean beliefs, ideas from Egypt, ideas from Babylonia, ideas from Persia, ideas from Judaea, with a plentiful dose of crude old magic," all jumbled together, produced a chaotic mass of religious thought, belief, and practice. [BEVAN].

It is in this environment that nearly all the external features of Christianity had their source—the professional priesthood, the begging friars (Cynics), daily services, holy days, sacraments, auricular confession, the sermon, the devotional book. Most of these were so far "Greek" as to be the common property of the Greek-speaking Romans; but in the Asiatic provinces Persian and other influences were strong; Mithra of course was a Persian god.

The most important non-Hellenic element in Christianity is in my opinion the much deeper sense of sin. For the genuine Greek, sins were just ἁγιαρτίας—"bad shots." Here Hebrew religion made an important contribution. In our own day the sense of sin has declined so much that in most people it has almost disappeared; but this is a real falling away from Christianity. I do not mean to say that the pagans were not conscious of sin. In the mystery cults there was (in the best of them) a real moral as well as ritual discipline, and the later philosophers did not make things easy for themselves. But the tragic conflict within the human soul, not merely to cleanse away stains, but to win a victory against an active spiritual enemy, cannot be called Greek.

There is a school which regards Christianity as a typical Hellenistic religion, of the same type as the cults of Isis and Mithra—the worship of a non-historical dying and ascending Saviour God. Now it is true that the scene at a mystery festival must have been very like that to be

witnessed to-day at any Greek Church at Easter. The crowd, which had joined in lamentations over the death of their god, burst into wild joy while the priest in a soft voice (*lento susurru*) made the announcement "Be of good cheer, ye initiates, for the god is saved. To you also shall come salvation from all evil." "We have found him! We rejoice together," cried the worshippers at the festivals of Osiris.

On the other side it has been objected very forcibly that Christianity had a very positive life of its own, which reacted vigorously against its pagan environment. The mystery cults were not at all intolerant to each other. We have tombstones recording how the deceased held as many grandiloquent titles as a freemason, conferred by different cults, and had finally been "born again for eternity by the *taurobolium* and *criobolium*." The Church harshly called all this devil worship, and would make no terms with it. When they were confronted with the obvious similarity of their own rites with those of the pagans, the Christians only suggested that the pagans had borrowed from them. It is interesting to find in Bousset's book "Kyrios Christos," in which all the analogies between pagan cults and the Church are collected with great learning, the following candid admission about the religion of St. Paul: "The distinctive Christ-mysticism of the apostle, his 'in Christ,' 'in the Lord,' is something which offers a sharply marked contrast to the ideal of deification prevalent in Hellenistic piety, even if it shows an affinity with it on certain sides. The way in which Paul feels Christ as the overarching and encompassing element of his higher spiritual self and at the same time as the power which determines and sustains the life of the Christian community—this is something for which any parallel in the religions of the surrounding world can hardly be found, even if the spiritualising mysticism of the Hermetic writings, for instance, shows some faint analogies to it."

We should understand the situation better if the works of the Gnostics and of Marcion had not perished. The Gnostics were not, as Harnack says, the first Christian theologians; but they were, with Marcion, who stands

rather apart, the first Biblical critics. For the rest, they do not represent Hellenism, but a barbarised Platonism. We must remember that Plotinus, who carries on the genuine Greek tradition, disliked the Gnostics as much as the Christians did, and largely for the same reasons. No Greek ever taught that the world is the work of an evil Creator, nor did the Christians; but the Gnostics did. However, certain Gnostic prejudices—aversion to eating meat, to wine, and to marriage, and worship of the Virgin, unfortunately took root in the Church.

There is one feature of the ancient worships of which I should like to say something. Since we came to this beautiful Mediterranean world, we have probably looked at the stars from the deck of the ship. In our foggy and cloudy atmosphere the stars mean very little to us, and the sun and moon not very much. To the ancients, both Greeks and Orientals, they meant a great deal. The ancients were frightened by them, as we are never frightened. They were the masters of fate, the world-rulers of this darkness, whom even St. Paul believed in. There were seven who bore rule, the Sun and Moon, and the five wandering Planets. They were perhaps amenable to magical arts, if men could call them by their mystical names. So came in astrology, and all the barbaric lore of Gnosticism. Listen to Julian: "From my earliest years my mind was so completely swayed by the light which illumines the heavens that not only did I desire to gaze intently at the sun, but whenever I walked abroad in the night season, when the firmament was clear and cloudless, I abandoned all else without exception and gave myself up to the beauties of the heavens, nor did I understand what anyone might say to me, nor heed what I was doing myself. I was considered to be over-anxious about these matters and to pay too much attention to them, and people went so far as to regard me as an astrologer, when my beard had only just begun to grow." For some reason, this sky-worship, which was severely discountenanced by the Christians, does not appeal to us moderns at all, though we have most of us been thrilled lately by modern astronomy in the books of Eddington and Jeans. But if we are to take the creatures as symbols of the

Creator, can we not sympathise with these words of Ptolemy: "I know that I am a mortal, a creature of a day; but when I search into the multitudinous revolving spirals of the stars my feet no longer rest on earth, but standing by Zeus himself, I take my fill of ambrosia, the food of the gods"?

The Hellenising of Christianity was already far advanced before the Canon of the New Testament was closed. In the second-century apologists we have claims made that Heracleitus, Socrates, and other great and good men of ancient Greece were Christians before Christ, inasmuch as they lived in accordance with the divine Logos. I need not remind you of the school of Christian Platonism at Alexandria, illumined by the names of Clement and Origen. Speaking broadly, Christian theology was Platonic, Christian ethics, including Ambrose but not Augustine, were stoical. Augustine helped to banish Stoicism from Christian morals, but it had a great revival in Calvinism. Platonism has continued to dominate Christian theology, and in the field of eschatology we can study a most instructive blend of Jewish and Greek conceptions, though when thought out the two are absolutely irreconcilable.

The marriage of Platonism and Christianity can be studied vividly in Augustine—not in the Confessions, but in the books which he wrote about the time of his conversion. In the "Contra Academicos" he describes how at last "the pure and luminous face of Plato shone forth clear of the mists of error which had hidden it; most chiefly in Plotinus, a Platonic philosopher who has been held so like the master that one might suppose the two to have lived together, while so long an interval of time separated them that the master might be thought to have come to life again in Plotinus. . . . So after the strifes and controversies of ages now at last, I think, a uniform teaching embodying a supremely true philosophy has been strained out, a philosophy not of this material world, but of the other world of the mind or spirit." Again, a little further on: "What are the forces which draw the mind to learn? They are two, authority and reason. As to the first, I have made up my mind to stand by the authority of Christ, for I find in the world

none stronger. As for the second, because I am eager to understand as well as believe, I feel that I shall find among the Platonists all the truth that can be attained by the subtlest reason, and these I shall follow so long as their teaching does not interfere with our religion." This was the mind of Augustine when he became a Christian. Afterwards he was progressively alienated from Plato and Cicero and Virgil and all his old teachers. But that need not spoil our pleasure in tracing the steps which brought him to the Church, with his hand in Plato's, so to speak, all the way.

I suppose the hatred of idolatry and poly-demonism was genuinely Jewish. The Greeks could not understand it, and defended their own practice with dignity and success. For instance, Maximus of Tyre says : " God is the Father and Creator of things that are, older than the sun, older than the heaven, master of time and eternity and of all changing nature. To him law cannot give a name, nor can voice describe him nor eye behold him. It is because we are not able to apprehend his being that we lean upon words and names and animal forms and representations of gold and ivory and silver, and plants and rivers and mountain tops and groves. Craving for knowledge of him in our weakness we give to earthly things the names of good and beautiful, from his nature. It is like the case of lovers to whose sight the representatives of their beloved give pleasure, and pleasure too is given by anything which wakens the memory of the beloved one." It is true that Heracleitus, Xenophanes, and the earlier Stoics (we may remember that Zeno was probably a Semite) attacked idolatry ; but the iconoclastic frenzy of the Christians was a legacy of the Orient. And how completely have image-worship and poly-demonism reasserted themselves in southern Europe! The worship of the common people is far more pagan than the service-books.

At the Renaissance the victory of Greece seemed almost complete. But the Reformation swept away most of the neopaganism, not only in the lands which adopted Protestantism, but in the Spaniardised Church of the Jesuits and counter-Reformation. Puritanism thought itself Hebraic, and was really Stoical. But Stoicism as a

religion was much more Roman than Greek. The task for the Church in the Reformed countries is now to re-establish the *entente cordiale* between Christianity and humanism which Erasmus hoped to accomplish, but which was destroyed by the wars of religion, which brutalised and barbarised both sides, and gave a real check to European civilisation. The opportunity is now offered, but the task will be a difficult one, and "back to the Greeks" is certainly not enough.

The best lesson that the Greeks have to teach us is that Truth is our friend, and that the knowledge of truth is not beyond our reach. Faith in honest seeking is at the heart of the Greek view of life. "Those who would rightly judge of truth," as Aristotle says, "must be arbitrators, not litigants." "Happy is he who has learnt the value of research," says Euripides in a fragment. Curiosity, as the Greeks knew, and as the middle ages knew not, is a virtue, not a vice. Nature, for the Platonists, is God's vicegerent and revealer, the soul of the universe. This, in Christianity, is the office of the divine Logos, who has his abode in the hearts of men. The Christ-mysticism of St. Paul and of all the Christian saints goes naturally with Christian Platonism.

The doctrines which have been strengthened by the non-Hellenic elements in Christianity are, as has been said, a deeper recognition of the positive malignity of sin; also, of the absolute worth of the individual human soul, and, in ethics, of the dependence of human beings on each other, as against the invulnerability which almost all non-Christian philosophy offers and tries to secure. In Calvinism, which makes the individual very independent, we see a reversion to Greek ways of thinking.

But we have certain problems which belong, not to the Greek or Hebraic way of thinking and living, but to modern as opposed to ancient times. Of these the most important is the recognition of a vast future for mankind, which is not determined, so far as we know, by any pre-ordained law of cyclical change. It is broadly true to say that neither the classical Greeks, nor the people of the Hellenistic period, nor the Christians, felt any lively interest in the future of humanity on this earth. The

LOOKING WEST FROM THE PARTHENON
Photo : J. F. Roxburgh.

DORIC COLUMNS AT OLYMPIA. (*See page* 163.)
Photo: J. F. Roxburgh.

THE SHRINE OF APOLLO, DELOS. (*See page* 115.)
Photo: Miss Currey.

prevailing belief among the pagans was that the universe revolves in huge cycles, in which, as the author of Ecclesiastes says, the thing that hath been is the thing that shall be ; there is nothing new under the sun. They themselves, they thought, had happened on a period of decline. The idea of working and hoping for posterity was scarcely operative among them. It may have been partly owing to this attitude that the population was allowed to decline, and that even the military art was stationary, at a time when civilisation was menaced with destruction. The Christians believed that the history of the world was nearly over, and on the whole viewed the prospect of the end with satisfaction.

Nothing can be more unlike the belief in progress which has been and to a large extent still is the presupposition of modern civilisation. It has almost destroyed the Christian eschatology, since men's hopes are now based on a good time coming on earth, either, with the modern Apocalyptists, the Socialists, the day after to-morrow, or with eugenists and others, at a long distant date. The nineteenth century belief in necessary or automatic progress, a mere superstition, has faded from the minds of sober people ; but the faith in the possibility of great improvements which may be brought about by concerted action is as strong as ever, and it takes the place of religion in a great many minds.

It might be argued that this hopefulness about the future is more Hebraic than Greek, because the Hebrews always regarded the time-process as a single movement, not a series of cycles ; they believed that history has a meaning, namely the vindication of the power and righteousness of Jehovah in the final deliverance of His chosen people. This obstinate hopefulness has probably helped to the survival of the Jewish race. It is certain that they have stood by the graves of all their oppressors in turn. There are no more Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks or Romans who without dispute perpetuate the old stocks ; but the Jews we have always with us.

Nevertheless, the view of the world's history which Christianity took over from the Jews was very far from

being the view of modern science. There has been an enormous change—from a catastrophic view of history to an evolutionary. The traditional Christian view is that there are four significant catastrophic events—three in the past and one in the near future—the creation of the world in time, the fall of man, the Incarnation, and the last judgment. The remainder of history has very little significance. The modern evolutionary view, with or without belief in progress, is neither Greek nor Hebrew, and it almost amounts to a new religion, since it bids us to turn our unselfish aspirations to the future of humanity, which we may help to shape.

Non-Hellenic and we may venture to say non-Christian features in historic Christianity are—theocratic imperialism, such as that of the Papacy, which is a continuation of the Oriental despotism of Diocletian and his successors; Bibliolatry—although the Greeks went rather near to canonising Homer; sacerdotalism—the Greeks never had a priestly caste; and above all, the depression of free inquiry. I will not say that there was no religious persecution in antiquity, but it was very mild. Plato, among other anticipations of the Catholic polity of the middle ages, wished to establish a "nocturnal council," which has a painful resemblance to the Inquisition. In his Republic three classes were to be rigorously suppressed —those who teach that there are no gods; those who teach that they take no thought for human affairs; and those who teach that they can be bought off by presents and sacrifices. We should call them (says the rationalist Mr. Whittaker) atheists, Epicureans, and Catholics! There is also the extraordinarily interesting sentence in Plutarch: "Cleanthes thought that the Greeks ought to prosecute Aristarchus for impiety, for moving the central hearth of the universe; because the man tried to 'save appearances' (to account for the phenomena) by the hypothesis that the heavens remain stationary, and that the earth revolves in an oblique circle, at the same time rotating on its own axis." But we are not told that this anticipation of Galileo was ever called upon to recant. On the whole, the eight centuries between Thales and Porphyry are by far the longest period of free specu-

lation that the human race has yet been permitted to enjoy.

May we hope for an Erasmian Reformation, carrying on the spirit of the Renaissance, in alliance with humanism and science and in conscious continuity with the great tradition of ancient thought? I don't know, but I should like to think so.

HOMER THROUGH THE AGES.*

By E. E. Sikes, M.A.

(*President of St. John's College, Cambridge.*)

It is a commonplace to remark that we do not see a Greek landscape with the eyes of ancient Greeks. They were not colour-blind, as has been sometimes supposed; but the aesthetic satisfaction which they derived from colours was different from our own; and they did not respond to certain aspects of Nature—among them, mountains—which we have learnt to appreciate. As with scenery, so with poetry; and one object of this paper is to shew that, if our vision of Homer must needs be different from that of his countrymen, we, too, may have our compensations; and further, that, since each generation of the Greeks themselves read their own particular meaning into Homer, *we* have every right to view him with our own eyes, while of course making every effort to sympathise with the Greek vision.

Here, too, we start from another commonplace. For it is a truism that a great poem owes its greatness precisely to the fact that it has many aspects, focussed differently by different ages. Homer or Dante is a world-poet because, if the pleasure of his original audience is changed in the course of centuries, he has always some new appeal to counterbalance the loss of the old.

The ancients themselves realised this truth, but only in part. They knew that the supreme test of a poet's greatness lay in his universal appeal: Longinus remarked that the consensus of ages proved the greatness of the classics; St. Victor put the truth epigrammatically in his famous *quod semper quod ubique quod ab omnibus*—an epigram repeated, for the politician if not for the poet, in Abraham Lincoln's equally famous warning that you may fool some of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time.

*A lecture delivered on the s.s. *Stella d'Italia*, 20th April, 1929.

But the chief defect of Greek critics, as we shall see, was their inability to conceive of Homer except statically. They had no sense of historical perspective. To them, Homer was the same, yesterday, to-day, for ever. They could not revalue or reinterpret him, at least consciously. We need not blame them, for Homer has been called, with some justice, a sacred book, the bible of the Greeks; and we well know that the revaluation of such books is not void of offence.

It was inevitable, then, that the Greeks, through some dozen centuries or more, should think that the message of Homer was changeless. In a sense they were right: Homer always expressed the permanent character of Greece. But, in another sense, they fell into serious trouble, and we now see that if they rightly valued, or even over-valued, their national poet in some ways, in others they did him grievous wrong.

Let us very briefly try to place ourselves in the position of Homer's audience at various times in the long history of his influence.

Of his original hearers we know only what he chooses to tell us himself. The epic bard recited in a king's palace —the later counterpart of the palaces at Cnossus or Mycenae or Tiryns, and his song was about the deeds of men (κλέα ἀνδρῶν) or of the deeds of gods in relation to men. The poet was inspired, but not to teach; his mission was simply to please. His hearers "gaze on a bard who from the gods has learned to sing words delightful to men, and they desire exceedingly to hear him whenever he sings." The song might be sad, as Telemachus discovered; but he admitted that the bard was not to blame for sorrow sent by the gods; he should only be praised for the pleasure of the song.* It is a pity that later Greeks did not always remember these words of the prudent Telemachus. Long before aesthetic criticism was dreamed of, Homer knew that the pleasure of poetry is its own end.

But, before the epic impetus was spent, there came the school of Hesiod, and teaching claimed a share—more

* *Od.* 17, 518.

than its proper share—of poetry. Hesiod is frankly didactic, whether in the *Theogony* or the *Works and Days ;* and though his Muses inspired him with sweet song the sweetness, in the phrase of Lucretius, was often a coating for the pill of instruction. And then, as time went on, the Greeks began to believe that Homer himself, as well as Hesiod, was a teacher. As a fact the epic became, as everyone knows, the staple of Greek education. Homer "taught" all the sciences and—here was the rub—all the theology of Greece.

Meanwhile, Greek thought was not static, and the sixth century saw the dawn of the Great Enlightenment. Several profound thinkers discovered that Homer was immoral. Xenophanes, Pythagoras, Heraclitus, all protested against a theology which made the gods do everything that is accounted base in man. For a time no great harm may have followed ; an antidote to the disease was found in Allegory, which released Homer from blame. He was speaking in parables ; the battles of the gods were really the strife of the elements. So far, so good ; but there were some not sure of the antidote ; and at the end of the next century it had ceased to satisfy men like Plato, who were really anxious about education. For, as Plato said, the young are unable to decide what is allegorical and what is literal. And so we come to the most wrong-headed, if magnificent, attempt of any philosopher to deal with poetry. Plato dealt with it faithfully. He loved the poets—he confessed as much, again and again ; but Homer taught immorality, and must therefore be crowned with flowers for his beauty, but escorted outside the walls of the ideal city. True, the poets might return on promise of amendment ; but it appears that, even in the second-best, practical State, which Plato described in the *Laws*, only Tate and Brady would be accepted, while Shakespeare and Shelley remained in exile. This drastic purging was too much for an Athens which, as we see from Aristophanes, revered both Homer and its own dramatists as the recognised teachers of Greece : "boys have a tutor to instruct them ; we adults have the poets." So far from being an exaggeration this is even an understatement ; epic

and lyric poetry was the main vehicle of education not only for the adults but for the boys themselves. Proofs of this are too numerous to quote; but we may recall the indignation of Alcibiades—no strict moralist, one might think—as a rare example of neglecting this basic principle. He once paid a surprise visit to an elementary school, and, finding no copy of Homer there, promptly thrashed the schoolmaster. The impetuous Alcibiades did not pause to give his victim the benefit of a doubt—he might have remembered that there were Greeks who knew all Homer by heart, and had no need of the book for teaching.

To return for a moment to Plato's heresy. The philosopher, of course, had more than a merely moral objection to poetry. Believing that the poet was only an imitator of *sensibilia*, themselves copies of eternal ideas, he concluded that poetry was twice—or, in Greek notation, thrice—removed from truth. But, whatever his metaphysical theory, he might have found some place for poetry, if he had not been obsessed with the ethical trouble. Like Tolstoy, he was a Puritan to the core; and there is not a little irony in the fact that, while Plato condemned Homer, that poet is one of the few excepted by Tolstoy from his general indictment.

There is no time for me to point out where Plato's error lay; and, for this audience, the error is plain enough. All I need say is that Plato's own pupil, Aristotle, set the Greek world right. He saw that poetry had a value and an end of its own, which did not clash with philosophy. Poetry deals with universals, but these universals are not abstract ideas: they are clothed with flesh and blood. Their imitation gives a pleasure which, like all real pleasures, is the bloom of life. Poetry was saved, though even Aristotle was both Greek enough and Platonic enough to assign more of the ethical quality to the content of poetry than it need bear. Even the purgation of pity and terror is a little too moralistic to be the last word on aesthetic pleasure. That, perhaps, was no great matter. What *did* matter was that Aristotle established once for all the fact that poetry has a truth of its own, not to be confused with fact; that her mission may be to teach, but certainly

must be to please ; and that she is an expression of high emotion in the best language. Henceforward Homer, with the rest of the poets, could be studied without too much stress on the moral question. I say " too much " advisedly, for the snake of instruction was scotched, but not killed. I have only time for a single illustration taken from a single character in Homer, to prove this.

In the gallery of Homeric characters there is no figure, perhaps, more delightful than the princess Nausicaa. She is not divine or heroically grand like Helen, but so womanly, so human, that she might well pass the stringent test of Alexandrine propriety. Not a mere type, but like all Homer's portraits, intensely individual, Nausicaa appeals to us as a " not impossible She," simple, frank, untouched by false modesty : a princess, not of feather-beds or fairyland, but a girl who can wash clothes—or dress shirts, as Samuel Butler prefers to translate—and can play ball games in which—according to the low standard of feminine athletics in those days—she was womanly enough to miss her aim*, with fortunate results for Odysseus.

You may meet her now, with but superficial change, as I seem to have met her, quite recently, in the fine work of a poet-novelist, Edward Thompson, when her name was Nicolette†. Nausicaa is true to life, from her first meeting with Odysseus to her parting words, " Farewell, stranger, and remember me, when you are in your own land again ; for it is to me first that you owe the price of life." There Homer leaves her ; but it is pleasant to know that in later tradition she became the bride, not indeed of Odysseus, but (more suitably) of his son Telemachus.

Her character was not misread in the great age of Greek poetry. In the seventh century Alcman, the earliest of the lyric poets, followed Homer in his treatment of the princess ; two centuries later, Sophocles not only wrote a play on the Phaeacians, but himself took the part of Nausicaa playing ball with her maidens.

But the Alexandrines were offended. Their lack of historical sense, the actual change in feminine status, the

* Aeneas Tact. 40. πόρρωθεν γὰρ κατάδηλος βάλλουσα γυνή.
† *Night Falls on Siva's Hill.*

growing demand for a moral—all combined to blur the picture of Homeric womanhood. Court poets swallowed the camel of Ptolemaic intrigues, but strained at the gnat of a Phaeacian girl who frankly confessed a wish for a husband like Odysseus. Aristarchus, the greatest of scholars—but scholars have not always been students of either human nature or poetry—rejected the incriminating passage : and—still further to erase all memory of the whole episode—he deleted even the lines in which Alcinous offered his daughter, in all innocence and ignorance of Penelope, to be Odysseus' wife. Some people, it should be admitted, did not follow Aristarchus here. her conduct, in fact, was debated to the end. Plutarch discusses it with judicial fairness, if not the best judicial humour ; If—he says—she felt the love of a Calypso for the stranger, her boldness and incontinence were of course blameworthy ; but if she recognised his character and admired his intelligence, she was to be commended for preferring Odysseus to some sailor or some man of her own people who goes to dances (ὀρχηστικῷ).* It is pleasant to find that a Christian bishop—St. Basil—believing that Homer's poetry was in praise of virtue, is eloquent in Nausicaa's defence.†

But it is lamentable to think that she needed apology at all ; and, if this supersensitive regard for " the moral " were a true index of later Greek criticism, we might well wish that Greek critics had ceased with Aristotle. As a fact, however, the legacy of Alexandria was far better than this by-product of Stoicism. From Theophrastus onwards, Homer was admired and studied, much as we should study him, for his poetry alone. If a Zoilus fulminated against the " absurdities " of Homer, if the Stoics turned him into a philosopher, there were always those who, like the poet-scholar Eratosthenes, replied that " poetry aims at entrancing (ψυχαγωγία) not teaching." And Homer was studied under both aspects of poetry—spirit and form. It is true that, in Hellenistic times, too much attention was paid to his form. The chief critic of the Graeco-Roman period, Dionysius of Halicarnassus

* *De aud. poet.*, 8.

† Basil, *On the Use of Greek Literature*, 5 (ed. E. P. Maloney).

(who lived at Rome from 30 B.C. to 8 B.C. or later) analyses his language too minutely for our taste. But Dionysius was a real lover of poetry—a lover of Sappho and Pindar as well as of Homer, and a true critic, who shewed that Homer was not only a natural genius—as eighteenth century Romantics were apt to think—but also a consummate artist.

The list of great critics is closed by the author of the tract *On the Sublime*, whom, for want of a better name, we may still call Longinus. To dismiss this fine work (probably of the first century A.D.) in a few sentences may seem an insult worse than silence ; but, after all, the treatise is accessible enough, both in Greek and English, in the masterly edition of Prof. Rhys Roberts. Longinus represents the full flower of Greek criticism—the scholarship of Aristotle united with the enthusiasm of Plato. He can enjoy—and, as Gibbon noted—can communicate his enjoyment of high poetry, without the distorted vision of Instruction. True, he feels that the Battle of the Gods must be allegorical ; otherwise Homer would be impious. But he nowhere regards Homer as a teacher or conscious moralist. What he *does* say is a very different thing : Homer has a great mind—his elevation of style is the echo of a noble character. For him, spirit and form are one : " beautiful words," he says, " are the peculiar light of the thought." Genius and Art cannot be separated ; and the acme of both is found in Homer.

Of his many references to the epic, I must content myself with very few, to illustrate his attitude towards poetry. Take, for instance, his comment on the noble prayer of Ajax, hard pressed by his enemies in the dark night :

Father Zeus, save the sons of the Achaeans from the darkness ; make day, and let us see with our eyes. Destroy us, but in the light !*

" This," says Longinus, " is the true emotion (πάθος) of Ajax. He does not pray for life ; such a prayer would be unworthy of the hero. But since in the darkness, where deeds cannot be done, he can use his bravery for no noble

* *Il.* 17, 645. Longinus ix., 10.

purpose, he chafes at his impotence for battle, and begs for light without delay, resolved at least to find an end worthy of his valour, even if Zeus should meet him in the fray."

Not least among the merits of Longinus is his recognition of Homer as a *standard*, to which Alexandrine poetry rarely attained. He quotes the Homeric description of a storm, when "the sailors shudder in dread, for they are but a little removed from the clutch of death."* With this grand simplicity Longinus contrasts the triviality of the Alexandrine Aratus, who thought to make the flesh creep by the line

And a little plank averts destruction,

on which the critic briefly comments οὐκοῦν ἀπείργει—"Well, it does avert."

Homer sometimes nods, as Horace said before Longinus; and the great critic, like his beloved Homer, may also trip. At least he has one blind spot—shared by Aristotle himself. He finds it hard to appreciate that part of the *Odyssey* which appeals not least to the modern reader. He cannot stomach the tale of Circe feeding men like swine, or of the infant Zeus nurtured by doves, or other fairy tales. Like all Greek critics, he clings to Reason, and is dismayed by such stuff as dreams are made on, even if he admits that the marvels of the Odyssey are the dreams of Zeus.

An age of Reason must needs distrust the irrational in poetry as well as in philosophy, and we cannot blame Longinus when we remember that Dryden was compelled to defend the "fairy way of writing"†; that, a few years before, Mr. Pepys had described the *Midsummer Night's Dream* as "the most insipid ridiculous play I ever saw in my life"‡; that Dr. Johnson damned the same play with such faint praise as moved Keats to the wrathful imprecation in his copy of Johnson's Shakespeare, "Fie!"§; and that the author of the *Ancient Mariner*—the most Homeric and most romantic of voyagers—was constrained to ask

* *Il.* 15, 624 *f.* Long. x., 5.
† The Author's *Apology for Heroick Poetry*, 1677.
‡ Pepys' *Diary*, September 29th, 1662.
§ Keats' copy of Shakespeare, Dr. C. Spurgeon.

for the suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith.

Here at least—to draw certain conclusions from this long summary, we may take heart of grace. If the ages have rubbed away some part of the Homeric bloom, they have added something in compensation. We have slowly learnt the meaning of the historic sense, and can place ourselves in the past with less effort of imagination.

It is true that this historic sense has only a negative value. Poetry, as poetry, is timeless, and its appreciation has nothing to do, positively, with its age or environment. But the historic sense removes the difficulties which hinder the free exercise of our appreciation. We moderns are not hampered, like Aristotle and even Longinus, by alien conceptions obscuring the view of poetry as a "thing-in-itself." Our greater distance from the epic age does not preclude the proverbial growth of that enchantment which is the end of poetry. To the Greek critics, Homer was one of themselves, the present as well as the past glory of the Hellenic race. We have lost that feeling of possession; but much remains, and much is added. Our perspective may well be that of an observer in an aeroplane from which the plan of a ruined city has been traced, invisible to those who stand on its foundations.

Nevertheless, we need not be too proud of this added knowledge. If, here as elsewhere, we stand on the shoulders of the Greeks, it is because the shoulders were broad and Atlantean. The Greek critics no doubt were lacking in the *finesse* of modern psychology. There are serious faults in their approach to poetry: they moralised too much. But this very defect had its quality, for they never fell into the error of divorcing art from life. They knew that Homer was a great artist; but they rightly refused to believe that his art was only for art's sake; and, if they too often regarded him as a direct and conscious teacher, they were at least saved from the still more serious mistake of regarding him as having nothing to teach.

BYZANTIUM AND THE WEST.*

By G. B. Smith, M.A.
(*Headmaster of Sedbergh.*)

I think it appropriate that between our study of Athens, where was developed the culture which we now enjoy, and our arrival at Cnossus, from which the Greeks themselves derived some of the sources of that culture, we should visit Constantinople, which was the second great centre of the Hellenic civilisation, and which was also the channel by which the Greek culture and the Greek way of life were transmitted to ourselves.

The Byzantine age has been generally referred to as an age of decline. It has often been regarded as a continuation and a decadence of the Roman Empire. Historians, even Gibbon, have been misled by the very fact that the Byzantine Emperors called themselves Roman. The truth is that no such continuous decline is visible; on the contrary, we see a succession of brilliant epochs, separated by periods of decline and punctuated by astounding recoveries.

In spite of the interest which we may naturally feel to-day in the pathology of great empires, I shall not attempt to-night even an outline of the general characteristics of the Byzantine age, or even of the causes of its ultimate decadence, but I hope to interest you in the subject of the reaction of East upon West, and to give you, in summary, some notion what we of the West have received and how we have repaid it.

Let me begin by giving an outline of a thousand years of Byzantine political history. In 330 A.D. Constantinople became the official capital of the Roman Empire, and from that moment began the divorce of the Greek-speaking East from the Latin-speaking West, a divorce as strongly marked in the spheres of art and religion as in that of

*Lecture delivered on s.s. *Stella d'Italia*, on April 13th, 1929.

politics. During the succeeding two centuries the West was submerged by the barbarian flood and became in culture crude and in politics chaotic. The East, on the contrary, remained as it had been, sophisticated and metaphysical, and as the years went on was more and more deeply impregnated with Oriental mysticism. The reign of the Emperor Justinian, covering the middle of the sixth century, witnessed the first of the brilliant recoveries by which Byzantine history is punctuated. He attempted the re-establishment of a Mediterranean Empire, and though ultimately he failed in the West he erected on firm foundations a Greek national state owing nothing to Rome but its legal system and the fact that it was organised on a military basis. This living and vigorous national state, with a brilliant art and an unequalled architecture, was established just in time to act as a barrier against the onslaught of Islam upon Christian Europe. As an epic, the defence of the East by the Byzantine Greeks may well rank with the struggle conducted by their ancestors against the Persians a thousand years before, and altogether surpasses in significance the much-belauded stand of the Franks at Poitiers. Had Constantinople fallen in 717, Christendom could hardly have endured.

Under the Isaurian Emperors in the eighth and ninth centuries, Constantinople was once more the centre of a brilliant culture, and if the tenth century saw a decline Constantinople was restored again to its former brilliance in the eleventh and twelfth by the Comnenian dynasty. In this period again it acted as a barrier against Islam, and but for it the Seljuk Turks might well have destroyed what was left of civilisation in the West. The real and final decline, however, set in from the year 1204. The hitherto inviolable sanctuary of culture was taken, sacked and all but destroyed, not by the Turk, but by the Christian. The Fourth Crusade undermined the barrier and let in the flood, and the capture of Constantinople by the Ottoman in 1453 was the natural result. The consequences to South-East Europe are visible to-day, and the Mass interrupted on the 29th of May in that year in Sancta Sophia has not yet been resumed.

During this thousand years we may trace certain permanent characteristics, and even to speak of an unchanging character over so long a period is less absurd than it might seem, for the keynote of the Byzantine world was an intense conservatism. The Greeks knew themselves to be heirs of a great culture and to be its only protectors, and they undertook the duty of maintaining it unchanged as far as might be in an age of otherwise universal chaos. Egypt, Africa, Italy and the West were lost. It alone remained a constant citadel of culture, dignity and wealth; the one asylum of political stability of the arts and of the Hellenic tradition. It remained for a thousand years the admiration and the wonder of the world; the sole aristocrat amongst a crowd of grasping parvenus; the nurse, protector and educator of the infancy of Western civilisation. Through all this period the West remained vividly conscious of the East, and whenever it enjoyed a period of repose looked always thither as to the source of inspiration.

The means of contact were innumerable. Justinian's reconquest of Italy filled the peninsula with models for the barbarians to copy. The development of Western architecture from sixth century Ravenna and eighth century Byzantine Rome can be traced through South Germany to Aix and from the Rhine to Saxon England. Works of art of every description, from jewellery and candelabra to bronze doors, were regularly ordered in Byzantium and may be seen to-day as far apart as Palermo, Monte Casino, Subiaco and Périgueux. Mosaics of every century, from the sixth to the thirteenth, such as those of Ravenna, Monreale and Torcello, remain to tell the tale. Their all-pervasive influence can be traced just as certainly in German MS. illumination of the ninth century as in Italian art of the fourteenth; the latter, of course, grew straight out of Byzantine models. No one can contemplate the work of Guinta of Pisa, of Margaritone or of Guido of Siena without being conscious of it. Even in Duccio, Cimabue and Giotto the Byzantine conceptions and traditions of composition and arrangement are still apparent, so much so indeed that until recently we were

taught that the Byzantines must themselves have copied from the Italians.*

As long as mystical religious symbolism remained the keynote of art, so long did the Byzantine tradition prevail. It was only when this heritage was debased by the naturalism and representationalism of the Italian Renaissance, intellectually crude even if technically efficient, that the sublime tradition was lost. In the Byzantine view, the function of art was to set ennoblement before all things. Its best exponents made no compromise with the heresy that everything which is beautiful is beautiful in itself and terminates in itself. To them the form, the image, were but means and semblances created to exalt the soul to the contemplation of immortal things. It is in proportion as we are to-day recovering this point of view that our appreciation of the Byzantine heritage is growing.

The debt of West to East may equally well be seen in the beginnings of such diverse arts as Florentine cloth weaving, Limoges enamel work and Venetian glass-making ; the origin of all was due to Byzantine artists. It has been well said that in the arts as well as in architecture the function of the Easterns was to awake in the Westerns a consciousness of their own qualities and powers.

It was the same in the sphere of law and political ideas. The Emperor Otto III. inherited from his Byzantine mother the Eastern conception of royalty, its ceremonial and its etiquette, symbolic of absolutism ; and on the model thus established the sovereign became in the West, as he had long been in the East, the living embodiment of law on earth ; and from the germ thus implanted may be traced through Frederick II. and Philip the Fair the absolutist tradition, until in Louis XIV. we see the nearest approach to Byzantine sovereignty that Western Europe has known. From the University of Bologna, where Greek professors lectured to the assembled students of the West on the principles of Justinian's legal system, were spread the ideas upon which the institutions of Europe now stand.

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* We were actually told this by Guides in Constantinople on the following day, and old editions of Baedeker re-echo the delusion.

The military reorganisation carried out by Justinian proved the foundation of the art of war as known in the West throughout the Middle Ages. His heavy cavalry, the pursuit of arms as an honourable profession, the code of military honour, the practice of single combat, the whole notion of the romance and glamour of war, are the sources from which the institutions of knighthood and chivalry were developed. The walls of Constantinople and the fortresses of Asia Minor were studied and copied by the Westerns during the period of the Crusades, and the story of the modern visitor to Jerusalem who remarked that from the architectural point of view he might just as well have gone to Carnarvon no more than illustrates this point.

And right to the end Byzantium gave the West what it wanted. As soon as the political condition of the West made possible the growth of intellectual culture, the Greeks provided the Hellenic tradition of thought. First came the Aristotle in the eleventh century, known originally to the West only in Arabic translations, which arrived by way of Spain. But in the fourteenth century this was followed by the full flood of Platonism, the study of which had never been neglected at Constantinople. Then followed a great outpouring of manuscripts and literary teaching, increasing all through the fifteenth century, and reaching its climax long before 1453.

Yet, in spite of all that the West had learnt, it was the antagonism of the pupil that ruined the master. The misunderstanding of West and East was fundamental. The cultured, slightly and even pleasantly decadent aristocrat, and the unruly, uncouth but virile plebeian had as little in common as they have in modern England, as little shall we say, as Mr. Kirkwood and the Dean of St. Paul's. The comments of Anna Comnena on the manners of the early Crusaders, whom her father had perforce to entertain, could be closely paralleled by those of any London hostess after a mixed drawing-room meeting. There was nothing in common between the outlook of West and East in matters of religion; both indeed were Christian; but, even in the face of Islam, that counted for nothing. The

metaphysical and symbolic East remained unintelligible to the crude, realistic and literal West. For the Comnenians to expect loyal support from the Crusaders was as absurd as for the Bishop of Birmingham to rely upon Bible Christians in a joint Crusade against Rome. The Roman claim to the hegemony of the Christian world would alone have been sufficient to alienate the Christian East, and in point of fact whatever alliances the later Byzantine Emperors might make with the West were always invalidated by the refusal of the Eastern Church to accept the Papal claims; and the heretic East was left to its fate.

As the centuries went on, moreover, the awe and reverence with which Byzantium had been regarded were replaced by frank jealousy of its wealth. For centuries it remained the market of the world, and every trader and traveller who returned to the West told tales of the unparalleled glories which he had seen; and so the Fourth Crusade was diverted by the cupidity of Venice to the destruction of an ancient civilisation.

On the 12th of April, 1204, the virgin city fell to the Latins, and the treasures of nine centuries, together with the works of art collected through that period from every quarter of the classical world, were delivered to destruction. For humanity in general, history reveals no greater misfortune, for of this disaster the Turkish capture in 1453 was but a corollary. In 1261 the Empire was re-established, but its glory and its strength were gone. When the new danger from the Ottomans became pressing, the East once more looked to the West for help. But one or other cause of misunderstanding made the breach impassable, and so the Empire lost its provinces one by one. In 1397 Thessaly was lost; in 1430 Salonica; and in 1453, 8,000 men attempted in vain to defend five miles of walls against 160,000 Turks.

But even with the destruction of the great barrier the Hellenic tradition did not die. The Christian Czars, the children of the Orthodox Church, carried on the torch. Their natural ambition was always to restore Constantinople to its position in the van of Christian culture, and this great task they would have carried to fruition in the nineteenth century but for the renewed intervention of the

West. It was the fatuity of England and France that kept the Turk upon the spot. After 1914 we tried to make amends, but our own jealousies of one another ultimately played into the hands of the barbarians, and the cup, so near their lips, was dashed from the Greeks, its rightful owners, in 1923. In spite of all, however, we need not yet despair of seeing the interrupted Mass resumed in Sancta Sophia.

SPALATO.

Pour G.M.

Echappé aux fureurs des flots adriatiques,
Le calme golfe de Spalato m'éblouit . . . .
Larmes de neige émue! et dans l'air réjoui
L'appel du Campanile aux frissons séraphiques! . . .

Marché mystérieux—bleus et rouges caïques
Etalent sur la poupe une ombre épanouie
Fleurant l'épice et l'espoir d'une île exotique
Où le fruit se raffine à des aubes bleuies.

Et tandis qu'aux balcons, sur le site ancien,
Plus haut que le palais de Dioclétien,
Ranimées au soleil chantent les ménagères,

Il passe sur le quai un jeune va-et-vient
De riants naturels au teint illyrien—
Où, autrefois, venaient accoster les galères.

—Malcolm McLaren.

3 avril, 1929.

GREEK GAMES.

By The Rev. Canon E. G. Selwyn, D.D.

I have been led to choose this subject for my lecture this evening by a variety of causes. One is the purely practical consideration that it is a subject to which I gave a good deal of study some years ago, with the indispensable help of Professor Percy Gardner's charming and erudite book, *Greek Athletic Sports and Festivals*. Another is that games are a feature of life which we share with ancient Greece, and so can understand. Games are a great bond between people of different nationality; if the British Army and Navy are generally popular with other countries, it is largely due to the fact that they have played and taught games everywhere. Greek literature, moreover, found them a constant source of inspiration—witness the 23rd Iliad, or the Odes of Pindar, or St. Paul; while the sculptor and the vase-painter found in the gymnasium some of their best models. Our own itinerary, too, is taking us past three of the four main centres of Greek games—Delphi, the Isthmus, and Olympia; and our memories of them may perhaps be richer, if we can catch a glimpse of what went on there.

Plato in the *Republic* divides his great scheme of education into two parts, which he calls respectively Music and Gymnastic; and, though the dialogue is mainly concerned with the former, he insists that Gymnastic no less than Music has a moral aim. In this he was a true Greek; for the Greeks believed in cultivating both body and soul, and indeed regarded physical beauty as almost indispensable to a really good man. Conversely, Music refined the taste of the Greeks in matters athletic. There is no trace of any interest in "records" or desire to beat them. With the solitary exception of the case in the 23rd Iliad, where Idomeneus bet Ajax a caldron that he would beat him in the chariot-race, there was no betting—a feature, I may add, which distinguishes American athletics. The close connection of the Games, moreover, with politics

and religion gave them a special importance. The city-state found its love of autonomy strengthened and its dignity flattered, when it could compete on equal terms with other city-states many times its size: several of Pindar's heroes come from townships otherwise quite obscure. The Games, again, were the chief school of Pan-Hellenic patriotism. Greeks of every city met there; while the barbarians (as all non-Greeks were called), who were clumsy and would never run, if they could help it, were excluded.

The spirit of competition was one of the most deeply ingrained elements of the Greek character. Their competitions in poetry gave us the Homeric hymns and probably Homer himself; and the great tragedies and comedies of the fifth century were first entered for dramatic contests. Prizes for beauty were given to men, women, and boys; there were competitions in everything—in drinking, in keeping awake, and even, in the Dioclea at Megara, in kissing—though I do not know how this last was done. When I was in New York last year, the papers were full of a Dance-Marathon, in which no fewer than eighteen couples continued to dance for no less than ten days and nights with intervals limited to a quarter of an hour; until one man was removed to a mental hospital, and the health authorities stopped the competition. Only in America, probably, could the variety of kinds of competition in which the Greeks indulged be paralleled to-day. But the Greeks would never have tolerated so bizarre a method of competition as the Dance-Marathon; for everything that they did was governed by the sober maxim *μηδὲν ἄγαν*—"do nothing to excess."

1.—The Games in Primitive Times.

There seems no question that athletics came into Greece with the Achæans. Sports are, after all, a natural outcome of training for war; and the Achæan migrants from the North were a warlike people. It is not an accident that the Peloponnese, where the Achæans settled most solidly, produced three of the four Pan-Hellenic festivals, and that athletic sculpture started there, and that physical training reached its zenith in Sparta. There is negative evidence

too. We find no trace, for example, of Egyptian influence in Greek games, though we know that the Egyptians wrestled. Cnossos contributes but little more. There was some boxing there, and also bull-baiting: we have seen the fresco showing a toreador about to be tossed, while a youth somersaults backwards over the bull's tail into the arms of a girl. The probability is that the court of Minos boasted a prize-ring, but no games. Nor have any traces of athletic interests been gathered from Tiryns or Mycenæ.

But we are in a very different atmosphere when we pass to Homer, the great poet of the Achæan migration. In the Iliad, one whole book is devoted to the games of Patroclus—a book of which Schiller said that he who has lived to read it has not lived in vain. In the Odyssey, the Phæacian court of King Alcinoüs is full of sport; and Odysseus is unable to refuse the scornful challenge they throw down to him. In the result he shows himself a better man than any of them. His *discus* is heavier and goes farther than any of theirs, and he goes on to challenge them to boxing and wrestling and indeed any sport but running, for which he says that he is not in training. Alcinoüs adroitly closes the contest by saying that the Phæacians are not much good at boxing and wrestling, but only at running.

The programme at Patroclus' funeral games comprised seven contests, namely, the chariot-race, boxing, wrestling, the foot-race, the duel, archery, and the *discus*. Chariot-racing is not mentioned in the Odyssey, perhaps because Ithaca had no open heath to train on: it is significant that in the Iliad it is confined to Troy and to Elis, both of them places of wide plain-land. Boxing and wrestling were already highly skilled and involved a stiff training; men probably learnt them for use in self-defence against bandits. For wrestling the first prize was a tripod, with twelve oxen; the second prize a woman, reckoned at four oxen; we still seem to be in the atmosphere of the Tenth Commandment. In the foot-race, Odysseus, none the worse for his bout of wrestling, competes with the great runner, Ajax, son of Oïleus, and wins. At the critical moment, Athene made "his limbs feel light, both feet and hands."

The duel or armed combat, fought with helmet, spear, and shield, had probably superseded the old human sacrifices once customary at funeral rites ; it has dropped out of the programme by the time the great festivals are established. Archery also figures little in later days ; in the Iliad the first prize went to the man who hit a pigeon fastened by a cord to the top of a mast, and the second prize to the man who severed the cord—a curious inversion, one would have thought, of the relative merits of the feats. With the *discus* we come to a form of sport always popular with the Greeks. It corresponded roughly to our "throwing the weight." In the case in the Odyssey already alluded to, the *discus* was probably only a large stone, but in the 23rd Iliad it was an unwrought mass of metal or pig-iron, and was itself—as in our "pig-in-a-poke"—the prize. "The winner's shepherd," it was proclaimed, "will not want for iron for five years." In comparing the *discus*, however, with our weight, we cannot help noting one important difference: the Greek sport was far more artistic than ours. No one can imagine that the strange prancing attitude of our weight-throwers could ever produce a work of art comparable to Myron's "Discobolus."

Of the seven sports here mentioned, three—wrestling, the foot-race, and the *discus*—made up, in later days, together with jumping and javelin-throwing, the πένταθλον or "five-event contest" which represented the highest ambition of the Greek athlete. No fewer than four of them, too, are aristocratic sports ; and we may infer that athletics were in Homer's time principally the pastime of the nobles. They are obviously also spontaneous and occasional in character, lacking that deliberate training and close organisation which mark the games of the classical age. At the same time it is clear that already in Homer's day this wonderful people have all the athletic tastes and aptitudes which are to come to full flower later in the *stadium* at Olympia or Delphi.

2.—The Athletic Festivals.

The Games of Patroclus described in the 23rd Iliad give us probably the clue to the origin of the later festivals ; for they are typical of *funeral celebrations* as depicted on

the walls of Etruscan tombs in Italy, in the Caucasus, in North America, and in Siam. The old Irish fairs belong to the same category* The triennial fair of Garman, near Wexford, for example, was instituted in fulfilment of Garman's dying behest, "as a fair of mourning to bear his name for ever"; and such fairs involved, as did the month of the Olympic Games, a universal truce. Originally occasional, these funeral games gradually came to be periodic; and Miltiades, Leonidas, and Brasidas, three of the foremost warriors of the classical age, were all commemorated in this way. In the earlier times, the chief sports were such as would arise naturally out of training for war, such as the armed dance or throwing the spear or wrestling; Plutarch, indeed, says that the Thebans won at Leuctra owing to their superiority in wrestling. But with the more settled times of the eighth century, more humane contests were added. Thus, Hesiod tells how he won a tripod for a hymn which he sang at Chalcis at the funeral games of King Amphidamas. The festival at Delos always seems to have had this side, and to have been indeed much like our musical festivals at home. Thither repaired Ionians of all kinds with their wives and families; and choirs came to compete there even from the mainland.

The four great festivals of Greece, however, which were recognised as Pan-Hellenic, were those held at Delphi, the Isthmus, Nemea in the Peloponnese, and Olympia. The Pythian festival at Delphi was originally, it seems, mainly musical; but it was reorganised early in the sixth century as a quadrennial gathering with a full athletic programme. The Isthmian Games, which were of great antiquity, were reorganised about the same time, and were held every two years; a popular feature of these was a regatta. The Nemean and Olympian Games were likewise reorganised in the first thirty years of the sixth century, due to the enterprise of the tyrants, such as Cleisthenes of Sicyon and Periander of Corinth, who were as much patrons of civilisation as Lorenzo di Medici at Florence; another was the competitive instinct which could not allow a neighbouring festival to go ahead unchallenged.

*Cf. P. W. Joyce, *Social History of Ancient Ireland*, vol. ii. pp. 435 ff.

Of the four great festivals, the Olympian, held every four years, had the precedence. I must not dwell too much upon Olympia, which would need a lecture to itself. When you consider that this place, in the quiet plains of Elis, was the headquarters of the worship of Zeus, the Father of all; that its history was cradled in the legends of Heracles and Pelops, Oenomaus and Hippodamia; and that from its foundation in 776 B.C. it provided the Greeks with the only means of dating events which they had, you will realise its vital interest and importance. The festival was only abolished in A.D. 395 by the Emperor Theodosius, after a course of nearly 1,200 years.

The festival itself was governed by strict rules. No one might enter who was not of pure Greek parentage; nor might any woman cross the Alpheus on pain of death. (They had their own festival, the Heræa, at which there were foot-races for girls, and good prizes to be won.) A careful register of events was kept from 776 B.C. onwards, and its revision employed the hand of no less a scholar than Aristotle. As the Greek colonies were planted during the seventh century, Olympia acquired an international character; and all cities sent their deputations, whose persons were inviolable on their journeys to and from the festival. If you rolled the Vatican and Geneva and the modern Olympic Games into one, you would get something of what ancient Olympia stood for.

But let us live through in a moment's imagination the programme at the festival in the golden age of Greece. We have slept the night in a tent, or under the open sky, under the lee of the Altis or wall of the sacred enclosure. On the previous day we had hung about near the Council House to see the judges and the athletes go in to take their oaths; and we had carried off a copy of the final list of entries. On the day itself we are up early, and attend the sacrifice at one of the altars, perhaps at the great altar of Zeus; after which we make our way to a seat in the stadium or find a place on Cronos' Hill which rises above it like the Trundle at Goodwood. By this time we are dusty and thirsty, for the August sun is hot; and we are not sorry to recline and take a pull at those wine-flasks that a pedlar sold us last evening. But see—there to the

right is a buzz of excitement: they are coming; and through the privileged entrance passes the official procession—first the judges, wearing purple robes and with garlands on their heads, and then the athletes with the herald. The herald makes the proclamation, ending with the words, "Go, take your stand in the contests; the issue of victory shall be the care of Zeus." One of the judges addresses the assembled competitors; and the herald gives out the first event, together with the names, parentage, and city of each competitor. Then the heats are drawn by lot in a helmet, four men to each heat; and the runners—for the foot-races come first—in the first heat take their places at the starting-point. There they stand, their nude bodies glistening with oil,* head and foot likewise bare; and they crouch for the start, the left foot advanced a few inches beyond the right, each touching a line marked in the sand. Ἄπιτε, says the herald, "Go" —and they are off; a furlong, a quarter-mile, a mile, or perhaps even three miles. The race ends, and the herald proclaims the name of the winner, who (if it be the final) receives forthwith the olive-wreath at the judges' stand.

Later in the day follow the Wrestling and Boxing, and other events fill the fortnight's festival. Each night, in Pindar's words, "the lovely shining of the fair-faced moon beamed forth, and all the precinct sounded with songs of festal glee, after the manner which is to this day for triumph"† and great banquets are given. On the morning after the full moon, we proceed to the altar of Zeus for the sacrifice of a hecatomb of oxen; for this is Zeus's day, and games give place to worship. Probably we go on from there to the Temple of Zeus to the south-west, a monument of Doric architecture. On the eastern side we gaze up at the chariot-race of Pelops and Oenomaus on the pediment; tell off the labours of Heracles that look down on us from the frieze as we go round; and on the western pediment see how Alcamenes depicted the battle of the Centaurs and Lapiths—the effect of the sculpture being heightened at every point by red and blue colouring. Then

Cf. Bacchylides ix. 23 for an amusing side to this.
†Pindar Ol. x, 73–77. (Myers' translation.)

for a few moments inside before the masterpiece of Phidias, the statue of Zeus in gold and ivory, in which the greatest of Athenian sculptors sought to represent the highest ideal of Greek manhood.

3.—The Games in Literature.

In the case of a people whose literature and art were so closely mated as they were in Greece, there is something lop-sided in speaking of one without the other. But to deal with the influence of athletics upon art would take us too far afield : besides, *si monumentum requiris, circumspice.* Even in considering literature, I cannot do more than say something about Pindar, and give a few illustrations of a *motif* which is never far from the surface of a Greek poet's mind. Pindar is one of the most difficult, and one of the most gorgeous, of the poets of Greece. I say " gorgeous," as he is like Keats in *Hyperion*, full of splendid images, associations, and flashing colour. He was not the only Greek lyric poet to write odes of victory in the Games ; Simonides was a generation or two earlier, and Bacchylides was his contemporary. But Quintilian was right when he said that Pindar was " easily first " of the company " in the magnificence of his spirit . . . and the generous lavishness both of his subjects and his style." No poet, again, was more honoured in Greece itself. Pan is supposed to have honoured him by singing one of his songs ; the priest of Apollo, before shutting the temple, said, " Let Pindar go in to the banquet of the gods " ; at Athens (though his home was at Thebes) his statue was erected at the public cost ; and centuries later Milton was to describe Philip of Macedon as

> The Emathian conqueror who spared the house of Pindar.

Pindar was writing roughly between 480 and 445 B.C., and was thus a contemporary of the great tragedians. The brilliant victories over the Persians at Salamis in 480 B.C. and at Platæa in 479 had awakened a new Pan-Hellenic patriotism throughout the Greek-speaking world, and Pindar caught the breeze. Of his forty-four Epinikian Odes, indeed, fifteen are for Sicilian victors, three for Cyrenians, thirteen for Greeks proper, eleven for Aeginetans, and two for Epizephyrian Locrians—a classification

which shows in itself how wide was the public to which the four great festivals appealed for competitors. No doubt the poet was well rewarded for his work; but his idealism was never spoilt by it. His philosophy was simple and inspiring. For true prowess the natural gifts of physical strength and moral endurance, he said, are indispensable, though they need toil and cost and training for their development. "If one be born with excellent gifts," he says, "then may another who sharpeneth his natural edge speed him, God helping, to an exceeding weight of glory. Without toil there have triumphed a very few."* "Deeds of no risk are honourless whether done among men or among hollow ships; but if a noble deed be wrought with labour, many make mention thereof."† Or, more fully still: "The natural is ever best: yet many men by learning of prowess essay to achieve fame. The thing done without God is better kept in silence."‡ Fame, and the desire for it, are good, but an athlete must remember that the fame he covets is his city's, not his own, and that the gods who give victory ask of the victor a modest bearing and scrupulous fair play in return. It is not too much to say that Odes like Pindar's did much to keep the atmosphere of Greek Games wholesome and inspiring.

Apart from Pindar and the lyric poets, the fifth century gives us one other magnificent passage of athletic literature which is too good to pass by. It is in the *Electra* of Sophocles, first played about 420 B.C. Orestes has come to his mother's house in disguise, with intent to kill her and her paramour, Aegisthus, in revenge for their murder of Agamemnon. With him are Pylades and his old tutor; and it is the task of the last-named to disarm the suspicion of Clytemnestra by telling her that Orestes has been killed in the Pythian Games. This is his description:—

> Having gone to the renowned festival, the pride of Greece, for the Delphian games, when Orestes heard the loud summons to the foot-race which was first to be decided, he entered the lists, a brilliant figure, a wonder in the eyes of all there; and, having finished his course at the point where it began, he went out with the glorious meed of victory. To speak briefly, where there is much to tell, I

*Ol. x. 20 ff.
†Ol. vi. 9 f.
‡Ol. ix. 100 ff.

know not the man whose deeds and triumphs have matched his; but one thing thou must know; in all the contests that the judges announced, he bore away the prize; and men deemed him happy, as oft as the herald proclaimed him an Argive, by name Orestes, son of Agamemnon, who once gathered the famous armament of Greece.

Thus far, 'twas well; but, when a god sends harm, not even the strong man can escape. For, on another day, when chariots were to try their speed at sunrise, he entered, with many charioteers.

One was an Archæan, one from Sparta; two masters of yoked cars were Libyans; Orestes, driving Thessalian mares, came fifth among them; the sixth from Aetolia, with chestnut colts; a Magnesian was the seventh; the eighth, with white horses, was of Aenian stock; the ninth, from Athens, built of gods; there was a Bœotian too, making the tenth chariot.

They took their stations where the appointed umpires placed them by lot and ranged the cars; then, at the sound of the brazen trump, they started. All shouted to their horses, and shook the reins in their hands; the whole course was filled with the noise of rattling chariots; the dust flew upward; and all, in a confused throng, plied their goads unsparingly, each of them striving to pass the wheels and the snorting steeds of his rivals; for alike at their backs and at their rolling wheels the breath of the horses foamed and smote.

Orestes, driving close in to the pillar at either end of the course, almost grazed it with his wheel each time, and, giving rein to the trace-horse on the right, checked the horse on the inner side. Hitherto, all the chariots had escaped overthrow; but presently the Aenians' hard-mouthed colts ran away, and, swerving, as they passed from the sixth into the seventh round, dashed their foreheads against the team of the Barcæan. Other mishaps followed the first, shock on shock and crash on crash, till the whole race-ground of Crisa was strewn with the wreck of chariots.

Seeing this, the wary charioteer from Athens drew aside and paused, allowing the billow of chariots, surging in mid course, to go by. Orestes was driving last, keeping his horses behind—for his trust was in the end; but when he saw that the Athenian was alone left in, he sent a shrill cry ringing through the ears of his swift colts, and gave chase. Team was brought level with team, and so they raced—first one man, then the other, showing his head in front of the chariots.

Hitherto the ill-fated Orestes had passed safely through every round, steadfast in his steadfast car; at last, slackening his left rein while the horse was turning, unawares he struck the edge of the pillar; he broke the axle-box in twain; he was thrown over the chariot-rail; he was caught in the shapely reins; and, as he fell on the ground, his colts were scattered into the middle of the course.

But when the people saw him fallen from the car, a cry of pity went up for the youth, who had done such deeds and was meeting such a doom—now dashed to earth, now tossed feet uppermost to the sky—till the charioteers, with difficulty checking the career of

his horses, loosed him, so covered with blood that no friend who saw it would have known the hapless corpse. Straightway they burned him on a pyre; and chosen men of Phocis are bringing in a small urn of bronze the sad dust of that mighty form, to find due burial in his fatherland.*

4.—The Decline of Greek Athletics.

"These things do not make fat the dark corners of the city." So wrote the poet-philosopher Xenophanes, an older contemporary of Pindar, of the Greek Games; and his criticism was to be repeated as the fifth century grew old. Xenophanes had his own quarrel with the Games, for they were steeped in the mythology of the Olympian gods; and he was a stern monotheist, with a passion for righteousness—a kind of Amos on Greek soil. He had travelled widely, and everywhere found cruelty and strife, with luxury and poverty side by side; and the Games seemed no more than a frivolity. It was true, too, that a change was beginning to pass over Greek athletics. The need of careful training bred a new type of professional trainer, whose high fees made it more difficult for the poor man to compete. Even the glory which a Pindar shed around the Games had dangers; for it led to hero-worship and excessive competition, whence came increasing specialisation and its child professionalism. "The runner has over-developed his legs," says Plato, "and the boxer the upper part of his body"†—a contrast, indeed, with the day when every gymnasium gave the sculptor his models. The athlete's diet became a thing apart; he became a large meat-eater, and eating, sleeping, and exercise took up his time. Xenophon tells us that "Socrates disapproved of such a life as incompatible with the cultivation of the soul."‡ Euripides is even more ruthless in his criticism. "The athlete is the slave of his jaw and of his belly," he says. "Of all the countless evils throughout Hellas there is none worse than the race of athletes." "In youth they strut about in splendour, the pride of their city, but, when bitter old age comes upon them, they are cast aside like threadbare garments." Nor was this the attitude only

*Jebb's Translation.
†Symposium ii. 17.
‡Memorabilia.

of philosophers and literary men. Some of the greatest soldiers of fourth-century Greece—Epaminondas, Alexander, and Philopœmen—condemned the time spent on athletics for the reason which prompted one of our own poets to condemn

> The flannelled fool at the wicket, and
> the muddied oaf at the goal.

The decline in athletics at the end of the fifth century was matched in every other field of Greek activity ; until the philosophy of Aristotle, and the military prowess of Alexander—both of them born and bred on the confines of the Greek world—retrieved once more the glory of Hellas. But I would not close on a note of sadness. Rather let us marvel at an institution which grew up with the growth of the Greek people, and through centuries of fratricidal war proved a durable bond of nationality, set forward piety and the worship of the gods, inspired the sculptor and the potter and the poet to many works of excellence, and established for all time the place of bodily exercise in education. Short-lived as was the time of its maturity, it was a thing of beauty while it lasted, and "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

THE AREOPAGUS, AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.*

By Guy Kendall, M.A.

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There is no need to give much geographical description of the Areopagus for those who have so recently seen it. It is a peak at the western end of a low ridge which joins it to the Acropolis; and its nature and position are important for two reasons.

First, it was the kind of site which was likely to be adopted as a primitive "high place" in the religious sense; and secondly, it was an obvious point of vantage for an assault on the Acropolis. It probably served the religious purpose from prehistoric times. In the time of Pausanias two stones were shown, the rock of outrage and the rock of remorselessness, on which the accused and accuser sat respectively in murder trials. In the trial scene on the Shield of Achilles† the judges sit "on polished stones in a sacred circle." We shall have occasion to recur to this passage as an illustration of primitive murder trials; but does it not also suggest that such trials took place in sacred stone circles? One such circle may easily have been on the Areopagus.

It also had its place in military history. The Persians fortified it and made it a *point d'appui* in their assault on the Acropolis in 480. There are also hints of its occupation in a much older siege. Aeschylus speaks of it as a camping place of the Amazons when they invaded Attica on a quarrel with Theseus.‡ These Amazons, women-warriors, may have some historical foundation. I was reading recently, in the seventh book of the Anabasis, Xenophon's description of the Thracian cavalry in Seuthes' army, and how in winter they wore long skirts reaching to the ankle.

*A Lecture delivered on the s.s. *Stella d'Italia*, April, 1929.

† *Iliad* xviii. 504.

‡ *Eum.* 685–690.

When one recalls how the Boers in 1899 jeered at the woman-like appearance of the Highlanders, it naturally suggests that these Amazons may have been an invading host of Thracian marauders. They worshipped Ares, who is known to be a Thracian god, and Herodotus also speaks of Amazons in the northern parts near the Danube. One tradition derives the names of Ares' hill from these Thracian Amazons, and quite possibly it is correct. But I confess to being drawn towards the other derivation which holds it to have been originally the Hill of Cursing. There was an altar or shrine of Athene Areia on the summit. Athene of Ares is surely a solecism. One never hears of a Zeus of Apollo or anything like it. But surely it might have been originally Our Lady of the Curses. The alteration of an "A" to an "E" is an easy one, and it was probably a sanctuary before the time of any historical or semi-historical invasion. A Thracian raid might possibly have been the occasion of a change in the form of the name.

So much for the archæology of the site. In historical times its main importance was as the original seat of the famous Council of the Areopagus. It is agreed that this body was of considerable, and perhaps immemorial, antiquity. Many hold that it was actually a survivor of the Homeric Council of Chieftains, originally ministers, judges, and generals in one. The description of the trial on the Shield of Achilles, to which I have already referred, though it probably belongs to the latest phase of the Homeric age, may possibly represent the forerunners of the Council of the Areopagus, sitting in solemn conclave in their judicial capacity.

Unfortunately neither the translation nor the meaning of the passage in Homer is certain. But this much is clear. Two men are contending about a case of manslaughter. The one, the assailant, claims either to pay (or to have paid) a sum of money for ποινή or fine; the other either refuses to pay it or denies having received it. The evident seriousness of the case suggests that the question is whether the man shall forfeit his life or be allowed to commute the supreme penalty for a money payment.

They desire to be heard by an ἴστωρ—shall I call him Recorder?—who, presumably unable to arrive at a decision

by himself, refers the matter to a jury or council; and then we have the impressive picture of the trial:—

"And both were fain to take arbitrament at the hand of a daysman. And the folk were cheering both, as they took part on either side. And heralds kept order among the folk, while the elders on polished Stones were sitting in the sacred circle and holding in their hands staves from the loud-voiced heralds. Then before the people they rose up and gave judgment in turn. And in the midst lay two talents of gold to be given unto him who should utter among them the most righteous doom."* We shall see that the trial scene on the Areopagus in Aeschylus' *Eumenides* bears a distinct resemblance to this procedure, whether it originated in the Homeric Council of Elders or not.

The Council of the Areopagus emerges in historical times as a considerable power in the Athenian State. It was essentially religious in character, and, like all bulwarks of Church and State, strongly aristocratic in composition. Even under the partially democratic constitution of Solon, its membership consisted mainly, if not entirely, of the magistrates and ex-magistrates, and these were themselves chosen by lot from a number selected by the wealthy class. So their aristocratic tradition continued almost unimpaired. Later, when the archons were appointed purely by lot instead of election, no doubt a popular element was introduced into the Areopagus. Some authorities even think that this led to division and weakness in their ranks and was the cause of their fall when the attack of the democrats came. Further, it is plain, as we shall see, that their powers were at their height during the period of the Persian invasion. But this supremacy was of short duration.

In 462 B.C. the democrat Ephialtes carried a successful campaign against the Areopagites. Their Council was then shorn of all its privileges and prerogatives save that of trying cases of wilful murder, and possibly, as we shall see later, of the general guardianship of morals. Anyhow, the latter prerogative was revived at the end of the fifth century.

* Adopting the alternative rendering of Lang, Leaf, and Myers' translation, which is here reproduced.

Just about the time of their fall—possibly just before the revolution of Ephialtes, but most authorities think just after it, there appeared the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus, the third part of his great trilogy of the Oresteia. May I refresh your memories by recalling to you, in outline, the plot of the drama?

Agamemnon had been treacherously murdered by his adulterous wife Clytemnestra on his return from Troy. Prompted by the oracle of Apollo, Orestes had avenged his father by slaying the murderess, though she was his own mother. Haunted in consequence by the Erinnes, the awful pursuers of the shedder of blood, he takes refuge at the shrine of Delphic Apollo, who purifies him from his guilt; and, following the instructions of his divine protector, takes further sanctuary before the ancient image of Athena at Athens. There Apollo and his client will find "judges and persuasive words" by which Orestes shall obtain final deliverance. The scene then changes to Athens, where Athena refers the decision to the Council of the Areopagus, whom she constitutes as a permanent tribunal. The votes being equally divided, she gives her casting vote for Orestes. The baffled Furies utter dire threats against the goddess and her city, but are appeased when she assigns to them a permanent shrine beneath the rock of the Areopagus; and they pass out in solemn procession to their new and lasting abode at the foot of the Hill of Judgment. There they are to be a beneficent power in the city so long as its citizens have their minds set on righteousness.

The resemblance of this to the Homeric trial, which was first noticed by Maine, is obvious. We have a case of homicide which is claimed by the defendant to be justifiable. It is brought before Athena as ἵστωρ, and she refers it to the Council of Athenian elders, who give their decision by ballot.* Was Aeschylus describing the actual procedure

* We even hear of ἐφέται at Athens (that is to say, "referees"), who were the judges in certain cases of homicide. Their exact relation to the Council of the Areopagus is uncertain, but it is quite likely that they were themselves members of the Areopagus, acting perhaps after Draco's time in separate commissions to try the different kinds of murder, wilful murder on the Areopagus itself, justifiable murder at the Delphinium, and so on.

when a murder case was tried before the Areopagus? If he was, it is pretty certain that the Council of the Areopagus was a direct descendant from the Homeric Council of Elders, part of the common tradition of the Aryan nations which links the Hellenes with their Northern Teutonic cousins.

Two further questions of interest here arise. (1) Who were the Erinnes, and why does Aeschylus give them such prominence in his trilogy? (2) What was the political significance of this play? I will attempt to answer these in turn. The investigators of ancient religion are clear that the Erinnes originally were the ghosts of the murdered man and his dead relations. According to Fraser, a murderer is taboo because he is beset by ghosts. He has to leave the country or tribal territory till he has rid himself of his unclean tormentors. How the blood-feud issued from this, the most primitive belief, it is hard to say. Is the nearest surviving kinsman or kinsmen (for it sometimes involves a whole clan) called in to assist the spirit of the murdered man? This would seem to be the most probable. Even the Attic orators of the fifth century have inherited language which is suggestive of such an idea. The prosecutor in a murder case acts as βοηθός to the dead.

But may it not be that with the development of the idea of property, a man's life is regarded as something which has been stolen from him? So the *lex talionis* ordains that just as he has a claim to exact eye for eye or tooth for tooth, so also life for life. Only, as he cannot retaliate for himself, his nearest relation must act for him. By some such process the blood-feud arises. But in course of time its rigour is mitigated in various ways. First there is the right of sanctuary. A murderer may take refuge at a shrine or in a city ordained, sometimes until the matter can be judicially tried (as in Numbers xxxv. 12)—clearly a transitional stage. And this is exactly parallel to the case of Orestes. He takes sanctuary at Delphi and appeals to Apollo, who refers the matter to Athena for judgment.*

* It is interesting to note that cases of justifiable homicide were judged at the Delphinium at Athens. Apollo treats Orestes' act as justifiable.

The rigour of personal vengeance is sometimes mitigated by a ποινή, a money payment.* Of this there is abundant evidence in Homer, and it was very likely an innovation due to the invasion of the Achaioi from the North.

It has been observed that there is nothing in Homer that recalls the awful cult of the Avenging Goddesses. The Homeric Achæan lives in a more kindly, luminous world, the domain of the Olympians ; whereas the Erinnes are Chthonian and plainly belong to the old indigenous cult of the Pelasgians. Yet we find them revered with the utmost awe in the post-Homeric period. How comes this ? Because, say the historians of religion, the old native cult was too strong to be permanently suppressed by the more kindly and easy-going race of fair-haired Northerners. And so it survived.

When the native Pelasgian and the alien Achæan coalesced in one race, murder was again regarded as something which concerned more than man : it incurred the wrath of mysterious powers below, who are now much more than the ghosts of the departed and his clan. They are ministers of divine wrath. Aeschylus certainly emphasises this aspect of them. We are told by Pausanias† that he was the first to represent them as awful monsters with snaky locks. Previously there was nothing terrific in the images of any of the Chthonian deities. True that the Olympians, in the play, are ultimately supreme ; light has the dominion over darkness. Still, the sentiments of the daughters of Night are in accordance with the orthodoxy of the time when they reflect on the sin of parricide. This was no doubt the attitude of the Council of the Areopagus. Maine has well said that in the popular

* At Athens the commutation for a money payment may have ceased with Draco's reforms. It is held that he put an end to the blood-feud with its lack of clear discrimination between wilful, involuntary and justifiable homicide. But he also made the penalties more severe. In this way the reign of the Awful Goddesses came back. One feature of the milder Homeric régime lasted, however. In a trial before the Areopagus, after the accuser's speech, the defendant was allowed to go into exile ; but this alternative, if chosen, was irrevocable. He was banished for ever.

† i. 28.

dicasteries misdeeds were tried as crimes against the State. In the more ancient court they were arraigned as sin.*

The answer to my second question about the political significance of the play would appear to be this. In view of the revolutionary events of 462, Aeschylus was issuing a warning as to a possible weakening of the reverence for law which might result if the revolutionary spirit were not kept in check. Twice is this warning given, in very similar words, once by Athena in what one may call her inaugural speech, when she establishes the Council as a permanent court of justice :—

> Nor anarchy her arbitrary power
> Would I have Athens worship or uphold,
> Nor utterly banish fear from civil life.
> For who is virtuous except he fear ?
> This seat of Awe kept ever formidable
> Shall be a wall, a bulwark of salvation,
> Wide as your land, as your imperial State.†

And the Furies devote the whole of their preceding choric song to the same theme. Law must be re-enforced by Fear. Woe betide the State if the hand of violence tamper with their joint authority. The grand picture of the foundering ship of the ungodly, with which the Chorus concludes, almost reads like a covert censure of Ephialtes —or, if he were already assassinated when the play was written, could it possibly be Pericles himself ?

But how comes it that these sentiments are actually placed in the mouth of the Furies, the ghastly embodiments of the primitive blood-feud, whose cry is simply " blood for blood," whose plea is that the shedder of blood, be he justified or not, must himself pay the penalty : " The doers must suffer " ?‡

I cannot agree with Bury's view that Aeschylus approved of the revolution so far as it deprived the Council of its political powers, and that his object was to show that their

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* *Ancient Law*, ch. x.

† *Eum.* 696–702. Tr. G. M. Cookson.

‡ This doctrine was extended to the impeachment of animals, or even inanimate things, which caused the death of a man. *Cf.* Exodus xxi. 28 and Pausanias *loc. cit.*

proper rôle was the administration of criminal justice. If so, why these reiterated warnings against revolution and anarchy? I think that the poet wishes to suggest that the only salvation of the state lies in preserving that solemn awe and dread of the consequences of evil-doing which is represented in the persons of the Awful Goddesses. The play has sometimes been regarded as symbolising the historical fact that the crude justice of the blood-feud passed into a system of ordered justice based on reason. But perhaps it would be truer to say that Aeschylus is pleading for a fusion of the new order of criminal justice with the dreadful sanctions of the older order. You cannot afford to dispense with either, he seems to say. The *Eumenides* must still hold sway even in an enlightened state. Now that the civil and judicial functions of the old Council have mostly passed to the popular assembly and the popular law courts, there is a danger that bribery and prejudice and not justice may prevail.

> Lay to thy heart this law,
> O man; stand thou in awe
> Of Justice' Altar; not for any lure
> Or glitter of false gain
> Plant there thy foot profane
> To tread it in the dust, for chastisement is sure.*

And who shall say that, in the light of what happened in the succeeding half century, the poet's apprehension was not in some measure justified?

I do not propose to say much about the nature of those political functions of the Areopagites of which they were docked (as Aristotle puts it) by Ephialtes. We can trace some of their former functions through our knowledge of those officials on whom they subsequently devolved. For example, their guardianship of the laws was handed over to a body of men called νομοφύλακες. Xenophon explains that a νομοφύλαξ is one who sees that the laws are not neglected. In a household, for example, he says the husband is the giver of the laws, and the wife their guardian. This particular duty was restored to the Council at the end of the century, and we find them called in to investigate crimes whose authors were unknown. As

* Aesch. *Eum.* 538–543. Tr. G. M. Cookson.

guardians of the Constitution, they seem to have had the power of vetoing any legislation which was subversive of the existing Constitution. They were therefore House of Lords, and Public Prosecutors in one, to which we may perhaps add Record Office, for the statute books were in their keeping.

Their history in the period which immediately preceded their downfall was rather similar to that of the Roman Senate three or four centuries later. Like the Roman oligarchy, they found in the danger of the State from invasion a source of increased power to themselves. They gained great prestige during Xerxes' campaign of 480, when they are said to have "found" a sum of 100 drachmæ for every sailor who went on board before the battle of Salamis. The source of their wealth, whether private or public, is not known. And just as the shadow of Julius Cæsar, the ultimate destroyer of senatorial government, is seen in the background during the abortive revolution of Catiline, so Pericles, the greatest of Athenian statesmen, appears as an uncertain figure behind the more successful attempt of the democrat Ephialtes.

But on one rather unique duty, which they undertook, I will dwell rather more fully—their control of the social life of the city. From the earliest times they seem to have exercised a general censorship of morals, especially where the youth of the nation was concerned. It is possible that they never wholly lost this power, and it is quite certain that it was revived and strengthened by the Macedonian and Roman conquerors in turn. These looked to the old oligarchical council as a security against any recrudescence of popular liberty or revolutionary propaganda, though they also liked to pose as the patrons of the traditional Athenian democracy.

Our authorities for this function of the *Areopagiticus*, are Isocrates, Plutarch and Athenæus. Plutarch tells us that Solon was the original bestower of their censorial powers. Athenæus is writing of a later time (one of his quotations being from Menander). Isocrates, in his pamphlet *Areopagiticus*, gives a lengthy plea for the restoration of the censorship.

The picture presented to us is a strange one. We have

a vision of reverend white-bearded Proctors entering houses (unless they acted by proxy through their "bull-dogs") to assure themselves that there was not an excessive number of guests at a wedding. There are special officials, known as γυναικόνομοι to supervise the conduct of women. Athenæus tells an odd story how the Councillors had observed that a pair of youths not blessed with any settled wealth were spending their time at the séances of philosophers. Yet they appeared to be quite well fed and groomed. The young men explained that they went and earned two drachmæ apiece every night by working at a corn-mill. They were accordingly rewarded with a donation of 200 drachmæ. Perhaps the explanation of this is to be found in Isocrates. His pamphlet, the *Areopagiticus*, embodies a proposal for the complete revival of the censorial powers of the Areopagus.

One passage* is so important and instructive that I give some rather copious extracts from it.

At the same time, it is necessary to take these statements of the Attic orator with caution. Like all his kind, he no doubt exaggerates, and this account of the golden age of aristocratic Athens may be subject to the usual qualifications which must be made to the utterances of one who praises "the good old times."†

"Our ancestors paid such attention to virtue that they charged the Council of the Areopagus with the maintenance of decorum (εὐκοσμία).

To the membership of this body only those were admitted who were of noble birth, and who had shown distinguished virtue and sobriety in their life, so that it naturally stood before all the other assemblies of Hellas. . . . At the present day men whose conduct in other respects is insufferable (οὐκ ἀνεκτούς) when once they have become members of the Areopagus, shrink from following their natural bent and conform to the regulations (νόμιμα) of the Council rather than indulge their vicious propensities.

Such was the authority to which, as I have said, they entrusted the maintenance of good order (εὐταξία). The Council considered it wrong to suppose that a great community, in which the laws were framed with the greatest exactness, produced the best men; for if this were so, there would be nothing to prevent all Hellenes

* Isocr. *Areop.* 37.

† I give the version of Bohn's translation, though I have occasionally departed from it.

being on the same level, so far as the facility for adopting one another's laws is concerned. They on the contrary knew that virtue is not promoted by the laws but by the habits of daily life, and that most people turn out men of like character to those in the midst of whom they have been brought up. For where there is a number of laws drawn up with great exactitude, it is a proof that the city is badly administered. . . . For it is not by decrees (ψηφίσμασι) but by manners that cities are well governed."

They evidently thought that prevention by means of a sound education and strict moral supervision was better than cure. He continues :—

"Holding these ideas, they did not first consider how they should punish the disorderly, but by what means they should induce them to refrain from committing any offence deserving of punishment. . . . They were careful of the welfare of all the citizens, but especially of the younger. . . . They ordered them to follow occupations in conformity with their means. Those who were less well off than others they employed in agriculture and mercantile pursuits, knowing that want of means arises from idleness, *and vicious habits from want of means* . . .

Those, on the other hand, who were possessed of sufficient means they compelled (ἠνάγκασαν) to devote their time to horse-racing, athletic exercises, hunting, and philosophy, seeing that as the result of such pursuits some gain distinction, while others are kept from most vices."

Our two youthful philosophers mentioned above, although they hardly seem to have qualified for this University or Public School education (if we may call it so), were given a sort of State scholarship, in view of their enterprise and energy, to enable them to continue their philosophical studies without turning night into day.

Isocrates next gives us a glimpse of how the Areopagites set to work to improve moral standards :—

. . . Dividing the city into wards they kept watch upon the life of each individual citizen, haling the disorderly before the Council, which admonished some, threatened others, and inflicted due punishment where it was necessary.

There seems indeed to have been a good deal of punishing, despite their belief in prevention rather than cure. They also seem to have administered a sort of Poor Law :—

. . . . The Council (he says) relieved the poor from distress by giving them employment and by the assistance rendered to the rich, and checked the younger by its wise regulations and careful supervision.

Altogether it sounds like a strange combination of Cromwell's military grandmothers, as they have been called, the Major-Generals, and something much more modern. But it is possible that Isocrates is laying on the colour rather thick.

So much for the Council of the Areopagus before the beginning of the present era.

The final scene, and perhaps the most famous of all in which the Areopagus figures (whether it was hill or council in this case is uncertain) is described in the Acts of the Apostles. The question has been much under debate, and is still unsettled, whether St. Paul was brought before the Council of the Areopagus or whether he and his fellow-disputants only repaired to the hill as a quieter spot than the Agora in which to continue their debate.

It is noteworthy in passing that St. Paul is not represented as continuing a debate. But scarcely more does he seem to be making a defence. He delivers rather a set speech or sermon, sympathetic, indeed, but by no means defensive.

Professor Ramsay is the most distinguished English scholar who has upheld the view that St. Paul was brought before the Court. There is some reason, he says, for believing that the Council of the Areopagus had some control over education at Athens (I suppose as arising from their general powers of control over the activities of youth). What more probable, Ramsay argues, than that he was brought before them for a decision as to whether he should be allowed to lecture in the University, as we hear later of his lecturing in the School of Tyrannus at Ephesus? Against this view it is pointed out that no decision is recorded as having been given at the end of the hearing. There are two points in the text of Acts xvii. on which Ramsay lays emphasis:—(1) The past tense in the statement, "The Athenians and the resident strangers *had* leisure for nothing else than to hear or to say some new thing." This he paraphrases: "But the whole crowd of the Athenians and resident strangers (who formed the audience) were interested only in hearing or saying something new and smart."* If it is a general

* *St. Paul the Traveller and The Roman Citizen*, p. 241.

statement, he asks, why the past tense ? It was presumably as true at the time when Acts was written as when Paul was at Athens. No ! the writer is describing the audience which gathered in the Royal Stoa at the sitting of the Council when it gave Paul a hearing.

On the validity of this argument any reader of the Bible, even if he be Greekless, is qualified to decide. For my own part I cannot help thinking that the past tense is possible even if the statement was only meant for a general description of an Athenian audience. For example, " I was present at some lectures in New York last year. The appetite of the Americans for this sort of entertainment was insatiable," might be a way of stating by implication that their appetite *is* always insatiable.

On the second point you have had an opportunity for judging of Ramsay's contention by the evidence of your own eyes. Does the phrase, " Paul stood in the midst of the Areopagus," apply naturally to that locality ? Does it mean he stood in the centre of the hill ? Or is it more convincing as a description of the defendant or appellant standing up in court to make his defence ?

Personally, I am inclined to be a convert to the view that Paul was brought before the Council. A writer in the *Encyclopædia Biblica** has pointed out the improbability that a mixed crowd of philosophers and loafers should resort to so hallowed and awful a spot as the rock that stood above the shrine of the Eumenides, in order to satisfy undisturbed their curiosity about a new strolling preacher's tenets. It would, one might say, be like suggesting that one of the Sunday afternoon speakers in Hyde Park should be taken to the steps of the Cenotaph to continue his oration undisturbed by the competition of rival orators.

I suggest, however, that Ramsay is mistaken in thinking that anything so definite was in question as a licence to lecture in the University. It is surely more probable that he was brought before the Council in their general censorial capacity, to decide if he was a fit person to be about in the city and to influence the citizens in general,

* Art. " Areopagus."

his religious views being particularly in question. For in their later phase the Council certainly had some supervision of religious cultus.*

This view has the advantage that, if the impression made by the Apostle was favourable, there was no occasion for any particular decision to be recorded. Some thought him a rather ludicrous but harmless fanatic; others were seriously interested in what he said, and wished for a further hearing. And so the matter was left.

But we hear, finally, that one of the Apostle's few converts in Athens (for they seem to have been few) was an Areopagite, Dionysius. The last time on which the ancient Council appears in a famous document, like the first time, is a religious occasion.

I would dwell a little, in conclusion, on the significance of this meeting of Eastern religion with Western philosophy at Athens. Let me quote the remarkable words of Mr. Edwyn Bevan with which his book, "Stoics and Sceptics," opens :—

> There is a scene familiar to our imaginations from childhood. We see a wandering Semitic teacher arraigned before the clever, inquisitive people of Athens. Somewhere in the background are the great Periclean buildings which crown the Acropolis. The Semite is declaring to the men of Athens that the Deity dwells not in temples made with hands, is not confined in his dealings to one race, but is the Father of all mankind—an atmosphere, as it were, in which they live and move about and exist, without any such material shape as can be portrayed in metal or stone, the work of human art.
>
> About 350 years before Paul of Tarsus passed through Athens, another Semitic teacher, coming from a country close to Cilicia—from Cyprus, and from a city which, like Tarsus, was an old Oriental city penetrated by Hellenism—had gone about among the people of Athens, as clever and inquisitive in that age as in the days of Paul, and had declared to them that the Deity was One Power, pervading the Universe, and dwelling in all men everywhere, without distinction of race; and in the ideal city there would be no temples, because no temple, the work of builders and artificers, could be worthy of God. It is a remarkable case of history repeating itself—the same background and so great similarity between the actors three and a half centuries apart.

Mr. Bevan goes on to point out that Zeno was a Hellenised Phœnician of Citium, and Paul a Hellenised Hebrew of Tarsus. Most of the great Stoic teachers came from the

* See Greenidge, *Greek Constitutional History*, p. 146.

Eastern part of the Greek world. To Zeno the Greek world, and still more the Roman world, owed that Stoical outlook on life which served the more educated classes as a religion as well as a philosophy. To Paul they owed a religion which was adapted to all classes—in fact originally knew no distinction of class; and it spread upwards from the humblest ranks of society till it finally conquered the whole Roman world.

But Greek philosophy also came into its own. Here again "*Græcia capta victorem cepit.*" For without Greek philosophy, as the Dean of St. Paul's has so often insisted, Christianity would have had no λόγος doctrine and no ὁμοούσιος formula.

Yet philosophy, while sometimes the ally of religion, is sometimes also at issue with it. So far as they were in antagonism, the issue was not very different in our first instance, that of Aeschylus, and our second, that of St. Paul. In the first we see the Areopagus as champion of religious awe and reverence—representative of the mysterious and "numinous" element in things (to use the term with which Professor Otto has recently made us familiar); and on the other side are the advocates of free thought and humanism, the philosophical democrats of Periclean Athens. In the Biblical narrative the issue is between the Stoics and Epicureans, the "naturalist" philosophers, as we may fairly call them, of their day, and Paul the Jew, the supernaturalist, the exponent of Faith, the Evangelist and Apostle of the Crucified.

ITHACA AND SANTA MAURA.*

By the Rev. Canon Richards, D.D.

I have been asked to tell you something of these two islands and their rival claims to be the Ithaca of the Odyssey. I am glad to do so, because ever since my student days at the British School of Archæology at Athens, when Dr. Dörpfeld began to propound his new theory, I have taken great interest in the question. Indeed, at one time I felt quite convinced that he was right, but now I feel less certain, because he has failed to find fresh confirmation of his view by excavation on the island of Santa Maura. The question is important because it does not simply mean the re-naming of two islands but concerns vitally our view of the Odyssey as a whole. The German Hercher in an article in the first volume of the *Hermes* derided the geography of the Odyssey and especially its description of Ithaca. In that article he said: "To be sure, Homer never saw the Trojan coast and its sea with his own eyes." Now it took twenty years to find the sixth city in the mound of Hissarlik, and to see the actual walls of Trojan Ilium. It was natural that Dörpfeld, who completed Schliemann's work at Troy, and established a basis of fact for the story of the Iliad, should go on to attempt to do the same for the Odyssey. The ancients, as well as the moderns, have found great difficulties in the latter. Thus Strabo says: "The poet does not express himself plainly about Kephallenia or about Ithaca and the adjacent region, so that investigators and guides are at variance." M. Victor Bérard, though not accepting Dörpfeld's view, in his book, "*Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée*," removed one great difficulty, by fixing Nestor's Pylos at Samikon near the mouth of the Alpheios. He thus made Telemachus' two days' drive from Pylos to Sparta up the valley of that river, and by Leondáti to the valley of the Eurotas, a perfectly feasible journey. This conclusion of his I for one accept, and therefore I think it likely that the Odyssean description of the return is equally possible and true in its topography. We have been just following the course of Telemachus'

*A Lecture delivered on the s.s. *Stella d'Italia*, April, 1929.

ship. He travelled by night. We have been able to see the islands he passed in the daylight.

It has become very clear to us that the three islands, Zante—the Fior di Levante—Cefalonia and Thiaki, do form a group and are " very near to one another," as one comes up to them from the south (Odyssey ix. 23). But Ithaca is distinguished from the three islands Dulichion, Same and Zakynthos as being " furthest of all to the western gloom." We have already descried Santa Maura in the distance, and know that beyond it there is a long stretch of open sea before we come to Antipaxos, Paxos and Corfu. Ithaca is also described by an adjective, which might be translated " low," without mountains. That would not suit Thiaki or Santa Maura. But if we take Strabo's view, we shall translate the word " close to the mainland," which will suit Santa Maura but not Thiaki. Before we leave Homer's three islands, let us note that in xxi. 347 he distinguishes from Ithaca " the islands off horse-rearing Elis." We have seen very clearly, to-day, how the group we are passing faces the plain of Elis, and how the island of Santa Maura is plainly not off Elis but off Akarnania. What Homer meant by Dulichion neither the ancients nor the moderns have been able to say. But as it was the island which furnished almost as many suitors of Penelope as the other three, the name only fits Cefalonia. In the Odyssey the Kephallenians live on the mainland. In the Catalogue of Ships (Iliad ii.) it is a general name for the islanders, and plainly the name Kephallenia remained attached to the largest one, whose older name fell out of use. Both in early and in later times there has been a great shifting of the population. The Dorians later occupied Santa Maura alone of the islands and re-named it Leukas from its white-cliffed south-west promontory. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the Venetians found Thiaki desolate and repeopled it largely from Santa Maura. The disappearance of early names and the substitution of others, the carrying of a name to a more southern locality, are frequent in Greece. The very name Hellas, according to Bury, moved from a district in Thessaly to Achaia, crossed the sea to southern Italy (Magna Græcia), and only finally became used for the whole country.

The Dorian invasion of Greece was probably responsible for the transference of the name Ithaca to the island Same, and for the foundation of a new Same on the eastern coast of Cefalonia. How was it then that the ancients did not take this view? This was because they identified the "peninsula of the mainland" of Odyssey xxiv. 378 with Leukas, which they supposed not to have been an island till the Corinthians made an artificial channel in the seventh century. In this they have been proved to be wrong. W. M. Leake said long ago: "I am more disposed to believe that Leukas was never more of a peninsula nor less of an island than it is at present." The investigations of a Greek engineer, M. Negris, have confirmed this. He has dredged the whole strait between Santa Maura and the mainland and found layers of soft and firmer mud both containing sea-shells, but no vegetable matter or sign of the presence of man. As the level of the Mediterranean has been steadily rising for 4,000 years, it has always tended to make the channel difficult for navigation, but there is no reason to suppose that the state of things to-day differs much from Homer's time except that the Lido or spit of land has pushed further eastwards from the north point of the island. It is now divided by an artificial cutting with a swing-bridge. But there is, jutting out from the mainland opposite Santa Maura, a projection of land which suits well the "peninsula of the mainland" of Odyssey xxiv.

No precise data from the two islands are available to decide the question. No palace has been found in either. The Aetos, which cuts Ithaca nearly in half, is an impossible site for a Homeric palace, and at Polis in the north of the island nothing has been found but historic remains. Nor has Dörpfeld found us a palace in Santa Maura. We shall unfortunately be unable to see the proposed Harbour of Phorkys and cave of the Nymphs (Odyssey xiii. 96, 103) in Santa Maura, but we shall presently view the traditional site in Thiobi.* Before I finish, I must briefly describe three points, which support the claim of Santa Maura:—

* It was the unanimous opinion of those who scrambled up to this cave that it was much too far from the sea, inadequate in itself, and that the harbour of Phorkys must be sought elsewhere.

(1) In Odyssey iv. 846 the suitors lie in ambush for the ship of Telemachus behind "a small island between Ithaca and Samos which had twin harbours" and (xiii. 365) "windy heights," called Asteris. This has always been a difficulty, as the rock of Daskalio in the channel between Cefalonia and Thiaki is quite unsuited to this description. Between Thiaki and Santa Maura is an islet Arkudi, which has windy heights, and a spit of land jutting out to the east, on either side of which a vessel can find shelter according to the nature of the wind.* (2) In four passages of the Odyssey the question is asked, "How did you get here, stranger? For I do not suppose that you came by land." This has been taken as a naïve pleasantry of an islander. It is extremely inappropriate on the lips of Telemachus, when he has just recognised his father and both have been dissolved in tears! But as applied to Santa Maura it has a simple and natural explanation, by the road where the island is divided from the mainland by a narrow channel, that is from the mainland, or by a ship over the sea. This is exactly the usage we find in Odyssey iii. 324, where Nestor says to Telemachus, "You can go to Sparta by sea with your ship or if you prefer to go 'by land' I will give you a carriage and horse and my sons to escort you and show you the way to the Palace of Menelaus." (3) Lastly, this theory explains what Hercher derided as one of Homer's incredible marvels, the daily transport of cattle from the mainland to Ithaca for the consumption of the suitors (xx. 187) over twenty miles of sea. Nothing would be simpler than to have cattle ferried across the narrow channel which divided, as it still divides, Santa Maura from the mainland. I cannot then but think still that the balance of probability lies with Santa Maura.

Those who wish to study its geography are recommended the maps with letter-press, based on an accurate survey, by Captain von Marcés. (*Karten von Leukas*, Berlin, 1907.)

* Unfortunately it was too dark for the passengers on the *Stella d'Italia* to see this islet. It is to be hoped others may be more fortunate.

MARATHON.*

By N. Whatley
(*Headmaster of Clifton College*).

Marathon is famous for one thing only—the battle fought there in 490 B.C. Marathon has found a place in popular thought as one of the outstanding battles of the world's history. It has become a household word in a way shared by no other military operations except Thermopylæ, Waterloo, and, perhaps, the crossing of the Rubicon. Of course, it found its place among Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles."

This reputation is, from the military point of view, hardly deserved. Marathon was anything but decisive. Ten years later the Persians were back in Greece again and Athens was sacked. The Athenians behaved with great patriotism in the face of that later invasion of Xerxes in 480, but unfortunately they did not win outstanding distinction in the chief battles. They were not present at Thermopylæ; the fighting at Artemisium was indecisive. Even at Salamis the palm was awarded to Aegina, while at Platæa, in the following year, 479 (the really decisive battle of the Persian wars, though it has never caught the popular imagination), the Athenians did something suspiciously like running away and it was Sparta's victory. What more natural than that with their control of the national literature—the Press of the period—the Athenians should gradually make of Marathon, a gallant little victory which was all their own, a stupendous triumph over Oriental hordes. By Plato's time the Persian army at Marathon had grown to 500,000. This was quite natural, but it is a pity, for it has produced false ideas about Marathon, which was quite creditable enough to have been left alone. (Unlike Thermopylæ, where we shall see that there were probably good reasons for a little doctoring of tradition.) Luckily Herodotus wrote before

* A Lecture delivered on the s.s. *Théophile Gautier*, April, 1929.

the legend of Marathon had been fully embroidered. His account is short and simple. He never pretends that Marathon rivalled the great battles of the later campaign. Of course his account contains, as accounts in Herodotus always contain, absurdities, incongruities and supernatural interruptions of human affairs. But it is the only account of Marathon which is worth anything at all. I am going to try and explain what it seems to me we can safely deduce from Herodotus' account with the assistance of our knowledge of the Greeks and Persians generally, and of what little can be learnt from the battlefield itself. It will be necessary to leave much uncertain, but I think we can form a fairly clear general idea of what happened and fix fairly definitely the part played by Marathon in Greek history.

To begin with I should like to try and give you a clear idea of the site, and this can only be done with the help of a map. (The lecturer at this point explained a map of Marathon.) There remains on the site only one certain survival of the battle—the Soros or mound. This is artificial and excavations revealed underneath it pottery of the period of the battle. It was without doubt erected over the remains of the Athenians killed in the battle, and it is a reasonable assumption that the crisis of the battle took place in its neighbourhood.

Next for the historical preliminaries. These begin with the meteoric rise of Cyrus and the Persian Empire in the middle of the sixth century B.C. Cyrus conquered Crœsus and the kingdom of Lydia in 546 B.C. Lydia had previously established supremacy over the Greek fringe of Asia Minor, and the Persians, after some fighting, took over this Greek strip, which was at that time the most prosperous and brilliant, though not the most warlike, part of the Greek world.

It seems to be the fate of these Asiatic Greeks to stir up trouble between Europe and Asia. On that coast Greeks flourish commercially, but politically geography puts them at the mercy of any strong power on the inland plateau, whether Lydian, Persian, or Turk. The free Greeks of Europe become involved. This happened at the time we are discussing. It has often happened since, most

recently in the Greek disaster of 1922, which put Turkey on her feet again. It would be very rash to say that it will never happen again.

Under Darius the Persians pushed across into Europe and conquered the district north of the Ægean. They were getting near by land to Greece proper, but there is no reason to suppose that there was, as yet, any idea of conquering Greece.

Then suddenly the Greeks of Asia broke out into the Ionic Revolt, which lasted from about 499–494. In the end it broke down, chiefly through the inability of the Greeks to combine, and through the treachery of some of them, but it caused the Persians trouble and expense and interrupted their work in Europe. But—and this proved to be of more importance—the Greeks of the mainland had sent help to the insurgents. It was very inadequate help—twenty ships from Athens and five from Eretria—and it was soon recalled, but not before the crews had taken part in the burning of Sardis, which was a definite blow to Persian prestige. Persia learnt—as other Oriental Powers learnt later—that it was difficult to keep the Asiatic Greeks as contented subjects when they had free and rather excitable cousins on the other side of an easily-crossed sea. Rome was probably drawn into Britain more than from any other cause by the kinship of the free Britons with the subject Gauls across the channel. Similarly Persia seems to have been drawn into Greece less by the desire of conquering that small, barren and difficult land than by a desire to stop the unsettling influence of free Greece on her Greek subjects in Asia. It is also true that great Empires do tend to go pushing on almost unconsciously until they are stopped.

The Ionic Revolt had interfered with the Persian position in Europe. In 492 a large expedition by land and sea was sent along the route later followed by Xerxes. It re-established Persian authority and extended it to the borders of Thessaly. Whether it was intended to go on further into Greece is uncertain. Anyhow, it did not, and it suffered a naval disaster in a storm off Athos.

Two years later, in 490, was sent the famous expedition under Datis and Artaphernes which failed at Marathon.

It was not one of Persia's mammoth expeditions. It came by sea only and the king did not accompany it. It was directed not against Greece as a whole, but against Naxos, Eretria, and Athens (all of which had been nearly concerned with the Ionic Revolt). Pretty certainly its main object was to restore the exiled Athenian tyrant Hippias, who accompanied it, as a Persian vassal.

Now let us turn to Athens. About twenty years before this Hippias had been banished. As often happens with the sons of tyrants, he had been unable to retain for himself the popularity of his father Pisistratus, probably the greatest benefactor Athens ever had. It is fairly clear that Hippias still had his supporters in Athens and at a moment of crisis discontented elements were likely to support his recall. There had already been attempts to restore him. But the Constitution established by Cleisthenes, soon after the expulsion of Hippias, had brought Athens prosperity and vigour. She had for the first time begun to win considerable military successes. But there is evidence of political excitement. There was the disturbing influence of Hippias in exile. There was rivalry between democrats and oligarchs. At the end of the period two great personalities emerge: Themistocles, who as archon had recently started Athens' naval development and the fortification of the Peiræus, and Miltiades, a despot of Athenian origin driven by the Persian advance from his little kingdom in Gallipoli back to Athens, with which he had remained on friendly terms. He seems to have been the most influential figure in Athens in 490, and was one of the ten generals, and this was a stroke of luck for Athens, for Miltiades knew the Persians and their methods of fighting.

The object of the Persian expedition was to punish those Greeks who had assisted the revolting Ionians, and to establish Persian authority. The Persians relied on treachery helping them at Eretria and Athens. Their experience of Greeks fully justified them in expecting this. What was the size of the expedition? We do not know. Herodotus gives no estimate of the whole force, though he mentions 600 ships (a conventional figure). He estimates the Persians slain in the battle at the modest figure of 6,400.

Only later were the huge numbers of Plato and others invented. If the force numbered 20,000 it was an enormous force to be transported in the ships of the period. I suspect that it was no larger than that, and I cannot believe, although Herodotus mentions horse-transports, that it really included a very large body of cavalry. A horse must have been a terrible encumbrance on an ancient ship and very difficult to get on and off. Seventy-odd years later the Athenians only took thirty horses on their expedition against the Sicilians, who were strong in cavalry.

After a hostile visit to Naxos and a friendly one to Delos (the Persians dealt tactfully with the religious centres they attacked), they landed near Eretria and laid siege to it. They had judged Greek psychology rightly. The city was handed over to them by treachery.

They next landed at Marathon, probably towards the north of the bay, but this is uncertain. Why did they land there? Probably chiefly because it was the first suitable place they came to, and ancient ships were so uncomfortable that you got out of them as quickly as possible. They could land there unopposed, and Hippias, who was with them, knew the ground. He had landed there once before on the occasion of one of Pisistratus' suspiciously frequent returns from exile. On that occasion all had gone well. They had marched on Athens without opposition until they got near the city. Herodotus says they chose Marathon because it was near to Eretria and good for cavalry. If he means for cavalry fighting, I am sure he was wrong, for they cannot have expected to fight there. But it was a good place for feeding horses, and for what must have been the very tricky business of disembarking them.

Meanwhile, the Athenians were debating what to do. It was customary for Greek cities when their territory was invaded either to stay at home and stand a siege, or to fight just outside the walls. It was most unusual to go out and meet the enemy at a distance. Yet on this occasion under the influence of Miltiades the Athenians did go out, and it is this more than anything else which makes Marathon outstanding in the history of Greek warfare. The traditional

number for the Athenian army (10,000) may well be approximately correct. One thousand Platæans joined them, and Pheidippides was sent on his famous run to ask help from Sparta. The Spartans did not arrive in time, but some arrived too late and had a look at the Persian corpses on the battlefield. It is interesting that Athens expected Sparta to help her and that Sparta admitted the claim. Very likely Cleomenes had persuaded Athens to join the Peloponnesian League and she remained a member until after the defeat of Xerxes.

The Athenians probably marched to Marathon by the inland route and took up a position looking down on the plain. Herodotus tells us that they were near a shrine of Heracles. Remains of this have been positively identified —equally positively by different people in different places. It may have been on Mount Agrielike : it may have been up the Valley of Avlona : it may have been elsewhere. Anyhow, it was probably somewhere on the high ground nearest to where the Soros now stands.

We do not know at all where the Persians were encamped, but while the Athenians were somewhere on the high ground, they were somewhere on the plain. I think the Persians probably had the shock of their lives when the Athenians turned up.

A very interesting military situation had arisen. Both sides had good reasons for waiting : the Persians for treachery to work among the Athenians ; the Athenians for Spartan help. But each side's reason for delay was at the same time an incitement to the other side to attack. But how could they attack and how were they to fight ? For Greeks and Persians fought in quite different ways. The Persians were lightly armed : they relied on cavalry and archers, on skirmishing and harassing ; they avoided close quarters. The Greeks had no cavalry, and no, or few, archers ; they were heavily-armed hoplites and useless except at close quarters. The Greek problem was, " How to get to close quarters without heavy preliminary loss from Persian archers and skirmishers." The Persian problem was, " How to hustle and disorganise the Greeks without being drawn into fighting at close quarters." In Latin terminology it was *eminus versus comminus*—the method

of fighting of the broad plains of Asia against the method developed in the box-like little plains of Greece. The Athenians—the home side—had an enormous advantage, if only someone would see it and seize it. Luckily Miltiades did.

What finally brought on the fight? Herodotus has a quaint story of the ten Athenian generals commanding in turn on successive days. Miltiades waited for his own day, although some of the other days had been handed over to him. There must be something behind this story, but it is hardly credible as it stands. It is fairly clear that the Athenian army was not commanded by the ten generals —not even by Miltiades—but by the Polemarch Callimachus who had the good sense to take Miltiades' advice.

Possibly the Persians started some move—*e.g.*, a move on Athens by the coast road—which compelled the Athenians to attack them. Possibly the Athenians were forced to attack by the situation at home or by difficulties of commissariat. But there was not necessarily any very definite reason for the attack. Armies often do delay, but there is an increasing tendency to collide, and the collision may come in the end simply from impatience or nerve-strain (*cf.* the battle of Pharsalus, or that of Dunbar, where the situation, though not the result, closely resembled Marathon).

It would seem that the Persians were drawn up (we do not know how Persians drew up) facing the hills and probably somewhere near the Soros. The Athenians with their wings strengthened and their centre weak (either from accident or design) attacked. The attack had to cover eight stades or a mile, and according to Herodotus they carried it out δρόμῳ. This has usually been taken to mean that the Athenians in summer, in hoplite armour and in a solid line which must be kept intact, charged a mile at the double. I wish it could mean this. "The slope added momentum to the charge," says one English writer. Hauvette, the French historian, thinks it quite credible, and in reply to the German Delbrück, who ridicules the run, says that though impossible for German troops, it would be quite possible for French. But I am afraid the mile run must go. A mile run in hoplite armour is not a

possible manœuvre for troops who are to be successful at the end of it, and δρόμῳ does not necessarily mean at the double. In Thucydides iv. 78, Brasidas and his army go right through Thessaly, seventy miles or so, δρόμῳ—a magnificent piece of long-distance running. Herodotus is very emphatic about the δρόμῳ (whatever it means). "The Athenians, so soon as they were let go, charged the barbarians δρόμῳ. Now the distance between the two armies was little short of eight stades. The Persians therefore, when they saw the Greeks coming on, made ready to receive them, although it seemed to them that the Athenians were bereft of their senses and bent on their own destruction, for they saw a mere handful of men coming on δρόμῳ, without either horsemen or archers." The last sentence explains the puzzle. It was Miltiades' triumphant solution of the problem of *comminus versus eminus*. The Persians never fought like this. Their method was, as we know from many sources, to open with skirmishing attacks, to ride up close, shoot and wheel, but to avoid shock tactics. Miltiades had to get quickly through the barrage of arrows. He employed the steady, relentless hoplite advance, so common later—a quick march breaking into the double for the final charge. The Persians could not deal with this. Cavalry and archers were useless. In spite of an initial success against the weak Athenian centre they were routed and fled to their ships. The pursuit cannot have been very vigorous. Although in the fighting near the ships Callimachus lost his life and Aeschylus' brother a hand, all but seven of the ships made off.

Herodotus says that 192 Athenians were slain and 6,400 Persians. It is a big difference, and no doubt the Persian figure is exaggerated. But it may well have been comparatively large. We hear nothing of Persian prisoners and wounded, and the treatment of enemy prisoners and wounded by victorious Greek armies is a matter into which it is best not to inquire too closely.

The Persian fleet picked up Eretrian prisoners off an island where they had left them, and sailed round to Athens, still hoping that treachery might do something for them and encouraged in this hope by the flashing of a shield on Pentelicus, for which the Alcmæonidæ were

afterwards supposed to be responsible. No one has cleared up this story : it is as dark as the stories of people who signalled to German submarines.

The Athenian army marched back to Athens " with all possible speed." If they did this on the day of the battle it was a fine performance which the promoters of modern Olympic Games have curiously confused with Pheidippides' run from Athens to Sparta. Whether they returned on the same or the following day, the Athenians were in plenty of time to deter the Persians from any further attack. Persia's attempt to solve the Greek problem by intrigue backed by force had failed. There remained no alternative to a land and sea expedition on the grand scale.

That is the story of Marathon. I have not attempted to discuss all the modern theories of the battle, which are interesting and ingenious, but belong to detective story literature rather than to sober history. Some divide the Persian force in two : some put the Persian cavalry on the ships and the infantry on shore (a curious arrangement), others do other unlikely things. Most recently in the *Cambridge Ancient History* the writer on Marathon has altered the date to 491. This is criminal. It is like altering 1066, or 1215, or 1815.

THERMOPYLAE.

By N. Whatley
(*Headmaster of Clifton College*).

(*The Lecturer used a map for explaining the topographical references in the lecture.*)

You will find Thermopylae at first rather confusing. The scenery is magnificent, but in 24 centuries the famous pass has sadly changed. The Spercheius and other rivers and streams with their steady deposit have filled up much of the sea. The coast line is several miles away, and you will have to exercise your imaginations in order to reconstruct what happened there in 480 B.C. Luckily the modern road nearly follows the old coast-line through the pass.

The expedition which Xerxes led into Greece was something very different from that which had failed at Marathon. It was a full dress Persian expedition complete with army, fleet and king. The example of previous expeditions of the same sort made it likely that it would move slowly but surely, with exact method and fine organisation if without much brilliance. It was the finest military instrument the world had yet seen.

How large was it? That we cannot say. According to Herodotus it consisted all told of 5,283,220 men. No one accepts this figure, precise as it is. It has been pointed out that if this number was even approximately accurate, the vanguard would have reached Thermopylae just about the time when the rearguard was leaving Sardis, yet in Herodotus it all turns up at the same place on the same day. When in the course of its thirsty march it meets a river, the river is drunk dry. But how large was it really? Modern estimates vary from 500,000 downwards. We can only say that if it numbered 100,000 fighting men, it was, judged by all ancient parallels, an enormous force, and its successful arrival in Attica was a triumph of organisation. The full legionary strength of Rome in the early Empire

was only about 150,000 men. The army with which Alexander finally ended the Persian Wars with a counter offensive by invading Asia only numbered 35,000 men.

The object of the expedition was to add European Greece, or at any rate a large part of it, to the Persian Empire. The organisation was so good that it arrived in Macedonia without mishap, and was ready to enter Thessaly and Greece. Fleet and army had so far moved side by side.

The Greeks knew that it was coming. Since Marathon, Athens, thanks to Themistocles, had acquired a large fleet, and at this time Greece, though by no means united, was nearer to unity than at any time in her history. Luckily nearly every state, including Athens, recognised Sparta as their natural leader. Greek representatives met at the Isthmus of Corinth. They had no experience of staff work and organisation on the scale now required. It is not surprising that there was hesitation, and that the steps taken were rather half hearted. It is remarkable that any combined effort was made at all.

As a first step a rather mixed force, including some Athenians under Themistocles, was sent to hold Tempe, the outpost of Greece. It went in ships through the Euripus as far as Halus on the Pagasaean Gulf. After finding that Tempe could be turned by other passes, and that the loyalty of the Thessalians was doubtful, the force returned rather ignominiously with nothing done, and fell back, not to the next defensible position, but right back to the Isthmus. The Thessalians, without further ado, joined the Persians.

The next plan of the Greeks was more serious. The Persians were advancing with army and fleet. The Greeks decided to send both army and fleet to stop them, and selected the best possible position for this purpose, namely Artemisium and Thermopylae. The fleet was at full strength (nearly as large as later on at Salamis), but the army was small. The Peloponnesians were unwilling to risk sending a large force so far from home. They may have feared a landing by the Persian fleet on their own coasts.

According to Herodotus, the actual numbers of the Greek land force were as follows, and these figures may well

be approximately correct: 300 Spartans, over 2,000 Arcadians, 400 Corinthians, 280 other Peloponnesians, 700 Thespians and 400 Thebans. There were also the Locrians in full force and 1,000 Phocians.

The Persian fleet and army came steadily on, now separated from one another by the mountain chain of Pelion and Ossa. The two positions held by the Greeks were very strong. Probably neither could have been taken by frontal attack. But both could be turned. And though the Persians did not take readily to military plans which involved dividing their forces, they were, in the end, compelled to attempt turning movements, both at Thermopylae and Artemisium. It seems that an attempt was made to send a naval detachment round Euboea and turn the Greek naval position at Artemisium, but a storm destroyed it. Whether it was the same storm which damaged the main Persian fleet, or another, it is hard to say. The turning naval detachment met the storm in the Hollows of Euboea which we are now approaching, and where we may meet similar conditions.*

Herodotus gives many good stories about the naval operations at this time. There was, for instance, Scyllias the diver, who escaped from the Persians to the Greeks by swimming ten miles under the sea. Even the credulous Herodotus admits the suspicion that he really came in a boat. But, though relieved by incidents of this sort, the story of the fighting at Artemisium is rather dull. There were two or three days of indecisive engagements between the main fleets. The Persians failed to force their way through and might well have been permanently stopped if Leonidas had been equally successful in holding Thermopylae, as he ought to have been. For from the military point of view Thermopylae was an inexcusable blunder and Leonidas an incompetent general. Luckily Greece was able to represent the failure as an act of heroic self-sacrifice, and in later time the tradition of Thermopylae gave a lustre to the name of Sparta and was an inspiration to the Greeks whenever they had to face barbarian enemies.

I need not go through the whole story of Thermopylae.

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*We did.

For two days the Persians hurled themselves in vain against the holders of the narrow pass. Then Xerxes tried his turning movement, sending a picked force by night along the Anopaea path. The Phocians had been ordered to hold this and the way into their own country. But in a mysterious way they allowed the Persian turning force to pass them. Scouts told Leonidas of the turning movement. Whereupon half of his force either went away or was sent away by him. The Spartans, Thespians and Thebans were kept by Leonidas, who, in the tradition, at once decided that death was inevitable. With this remnant he went more out into the open (presumably towards the western gate of the pass) and fought more gallantly than ever. But when the turning force appeared in the Greek rear, the surviving Greeks fell back on to a hillock, and there all, except the Thebans, died in the most heroic manner. The Thebans surrendered to Xerxes, who, very oddly for a man who wanted the Greeks to surrender, branded them as slaves.

As told by Herodotus, it is a magnificent tale, and it seems almost wicked to pick holes in it. But Herodotus' account of Thermopylae is really very perplexing. His description of the topography is, on the whole, admirable—with two exceptions. (1) He makes the pass run north and south instead of east and west, which does not matter much, and (2) his account of the topography of the turning movement is very obscure as we shall see in a minute. But Herodotus' general account of the operations is really self-contradictory. He represents Leonidas' action at once as a serious military effort to hold the pass, and at the same time as an act of heroic self sacrifice, inevitable and deliberate, which was to enable Leonidas to fulfil an oracle which had said that either Sparta must be overthrown by the barbarians, or one of her kings must perish. Why Leonidas should think it necessary that 300 Spartans should fall with him, to say nothing of the unfortunate Thespians, is not explained. It was a very extravagant way of fulfilling an oracle. I think we may take it that this romantic version arose *post eventum*, as did the perfectly untrue statement that Leonidas could not retire because Spartans never did. Spartans on board the fleet retired

briskly on the following day, and in the following year the whole Spartan army retired from their advanced position at Plataea. I think we may assume that Leonidas was making a serious military effort to stop the Persians.

Is it possible to discover what really happened? We must now examine the topography more closely. The actual pass presents no serious problems. The actual site of the main fighting is uncertain: probably it was near to the hot springs which you will easily recognise. But the topography of the turning movement presents many difficulties. There are two main routes through the great mountain barrier of Oeta and Callidromus to the south of the Malian gulf: (*a*) the Thermopylae pass, (*b*) the ravine of the river Asopus. Nowadays the main road and railway follow this ravine. In 480 B.C. there was no road through it, but, except in bad weather, it was a very passable river bed, much easier to move along than the Anopaea path. There have been many defences of Thermopylae since. It would seem that the holding of Thermopylae has always involved holding at the same time some strong position, *e.g.*, Trachis, which controlled the ravine. It is almost inconceivable that Leonidas left it open, or that if he did, the Persians should have battered themselves against the Greek defenders of the pass when they could have walked, without opposition, through the ravine. It appears that either the ravine was held by some one whom Herodotus does not mention, for instance the Locrians, who disappear from Herodotus' story, or the Phocians were really holding this ravine which was a way into their own country, and not the Anopaea pass usually so called. Leonidas might well have neglected this very difficult pass, but he hardly could have neglected the obvious ravine, and certainly the Phocians could not have neglected it. I think the Phocians were really placed at the point where the ravine begins to open out into Doris and Phocis, south of the point where the Anopaea path climbs the hill. Then all is fairly clear. For two days Xerxes tried to force Thermopylae. On the following night the Persian turning force moved up to the Asopus ravine towards the Phocians, who expected an attempt to force a way through to Doris and Phocis. Instead, the Persians went by the difficult

Anopaea path to the high ground above Thermopylae. Leonidas learns of the turning movement and makes the same assumption as the Phocians have made, that it is an attack on them. He detaches half of his force with orders to go round to reinforce the Phocians. Possibly, when removed from Spartan discipline, this force went quietly home and encouraged, in self defence, romantic versions of the battle. Leonidas then attacked more in the open, no doubt to stop the Persians sending further detachments by the ravine. Suddenly the surprising news arrives that the Persians are coming down the hill in his rear. The Greeks fall back on the hillock and die, surrounded but gallant to the end. Xerxes moved on into Doris, presumably via the Asopus ravine.

This is perhaps too elaborate, but it is the best coherent account of the battle that I can offer, and it does square with what would seem to be the main facts in Herodotus.

The Phocians and Thebans inevitably joined the Persians after Leonidas' failure, and this may explain their ill-treatment in Greek tradition.

You will remember that in Herodotus' account the Phocians learn of the turning movement by hearing the rustling of oak leaves under the feet of the marching Persians. When I was last at Thermopylae, I did not investigate this piece of evidence, but a few years ago I wrote to an old pupil of mine at the British School at Athens, and asked him to examine the two positions where the Phocians may have been—the traditional position on the hills above Thermopylae, and the position which I suspect to be the true one in the Asopus ravine, and report on the presence or absence of deciduous oak trees. His report came back that there are no deciduous oaks near the traditional site. There are plenty of them near the suggested site. I am afraid we are not likely to have time to explore the region behind Thermopylae, but I have a few photographs wth me, taken by the private detective I employed on that occasion, which I can show to any one who likes to see them.

Leonidas was taken by surprise. If he had known which way the turning movement was coming he should have been able without great difficulty to frustrate it. His

intelligence service was at fault and he must be blamed. But there is no reason to detract anything from the traditional story of his heroism as a soldier. It is not quite clear how the story was preserved. Only one of the 300 Spartans survived, and he was at Alpeni suffering from severe pink-eye. Perhaps the story was preserved by Demaratus, the exiled Spartan king now with the Persian army. But anyhow none of us will willingly give up the story, and when we visit the site we shall picture the Spartans quietly combing their long hair in view of the Persian spy before the battle. We shall picture Dieneces welcoming the warning that the Persian arrows would be so thick as to darken the sun, with the cheerful reply that that would enable the Greeks to fight in the shade. And we shall picture the little band of survivors making their last fruitless stand on the hillock and falling to a man.

ὦ ξεῖνε, ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε
κείμεθα τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

EPIGRAMS.

By Guy Kendall, M.A.
(*Headmaster, University College School*).

BY THE ILISSUS.

ἐν βασίλεως κήποισι παρ' Ἰλισσόν μοι ἀηδών
εἴνεκ' ἄειδ' Ἴτυος λιγυρὸν μελιηδέα θρῆνον.
κείνη φροῦδα τὰ τερπν' · αὐτοὶ φροῦδοι βασιλῆες.
ἡ πρὶν ὅλωλ' Ἑλλὰς · τὰ τ' ἐρείπια μοῦνα λέλειπται.
ἀλλ' ἔθ' ὁμιλοῦσιν κατὰ δενδρέα καὶ κατὰ ῥεῦμα
Φαῖδρος ὁ καλὸς, Ἀληθείας τε γεραιὸς ἑράστης.

By Ilissus the King's garden rings with Philomela's cry;
For Itys' fate yet unconsoled she makes her liquid moan.
Not only Itys mourns she now but kings that pass and die;
Old Hellas too has vanished save a lovely waste of stone.
But underneath the budding planes yet walks a shining youth,
Phædrus the fair with that wise friend who loved no love but truth.

AT KNOSSOS.

(*After sitting in Minos' throne.*)

Σαῖς, Μίνως, ἐν ἕδραισι χρόνῳ κατόπισθε κάθημαι
Ὅσπερ ἐν ἀλλοδαποῖς παισὶ πέφυκα κρίτης.
Νῦν σὺ νίμεις φθιμένοις τοῖς νηπιάχοισι θέμιστας
Τοίαν τοῖς ζώοις εἴθε κρίνοιμι κρίσιν.

Minos, great judge, I sit here in thy room,
I who pronounce my scholar victims' doom.
Judging the witless dead thou now dost sit:
To judge live dunces would I had thy wit.

ON A WALKING-STICK BOUGHT AT PIRAEUS.

ἐπριάμην πολλοῦ ποτ' ἐν Ἑλλάδι τοῦτο τὸ βάκτρον.
ἐννέα γὰρ δεκάκις πέντ' ἀπέδοντο δραχμῶν.
ἀλλὰ τί μοι τὸ πάθος; τά τ' ἐν Ἑλλάδι τίμια πάντα
καὶ πλείστην τίμην χθὼν ἐμοὶ Ἑλλὰς ἔχει.

This stick I bought in Hellas from a knave;
Ninety-five drachmas was the sum I gave.
What matter? Dear let all in Hellas be:
Dearest of all is her dear land to me.

AT SUVLA BAY.

(*On the lowering of a memorial wreath.*)

τοιάδ' ἐχρῆν τεθνεῶσι πρὸ πάτριδος ἠρινὰ πέμπειν
δωρ', οὐχ ὡς σκιεροῖς τοῖσι κάτωθε χοάς.
ἐσκίρτα τε πέριξ, ὥσπερ ποτὲ τὸν κιθαρῳδὸν,
δελφίνων κύκλοις εὐτροχάλοισι χόρος.
ψυχὰς παρθεμένων δ' ἄλλων πέρι δάκρυ κατέῤῥει
ὧν Αἰγοσπόταμοι τοὔνομ' ἴσασι λέγειν.

Drink-offerings to shadows are not for such as you;
A brighter, flowery tribute, dead heroes, is your due.
A dolphin choir attends it in graceful coils along,
As once they thronged the minstrel, enchanted by his song;
And other, older heroes (their nameless tomb is near,
But Aigos' spring can name them) shall draw my votive tear.

Aliter (*in quantitative elegiacs*).

No gift pour'd to the shades were a worthy tribute to
honour them.
Give them an April crown woven of early blossoms.
Dolphins sporting around shall accompany these, as Arion
Drew them of old by strains no living ears disobey'd.
Spare moreover a tear to the tombs hard by of a fallen
Host, t' whom that Goat stream sadly refuseth a name.

CORFU.

"If true, here only."—MILTON.

οἱ μὲν Σχερίαν λέγουσι τήνδε Κερκύραν,
οἱ δ' ἀλλόθ', οἱ δ' αὖθ' ὡς τὸ μηδὲν καὶ μῦθον·
σαφὲς δὲ τοῦτ' · εἴ πού ποτ' ὄρχατοι κἄνθη
δι' ἔτους ἔθαλλον, τῇδ' ἀληθὲς ἂν γνοίης.

Some say that Scheria is this isle,
Some elsewhere ; others, German-style,
Must set it down as fairy-lore
With Beanstalk and with Blunderbore.
But fruit and flowers, it is most clear,
If ever, are eternal here.

ON A PICTURE POSTCARD DISPATCHED FROM ITHACA.

τοῦτό τοι ἐξ Ἰθάκης · εἴ πως δεκάτῳ γ' ἐνιαύτῳ
ἢ μόγις εἰκόστῳ Κιμμερίον σε κίχοι.

In the tenth year from Ithaca, or twentieth (who can tell ?),
This may reach you who in London and Cimmerian darkness dwell.

ON REACHING ENGLAND.

(In extreme cold.)

οὐκ ἐγὼ ὡς Ὀδυσεὺς ἦκων κύσε πάτριδα γαῖαν
Ἑλλάδος ἐξανιὼν μητέρα τήνδε κύσω ·
ψυχρὰ γάρ τις · ὁμῶς τόδε τυτθὸν ἐναγκαλιοῦμαι
τῶν ἔνθενδε πνοῶν εἴ τι φέροιμι θέρος.

Not as Ulysses returning embraced with a kiss the earth mother,
I from his Hellas arrived thus will my mother salute.
Cold is my mother, and yet one little embrace will I grant her
Hoping perchance to impart warmth from the summer I breathed.

COS.

By W. H. D. Rouse, D.D.

Rhodes, all through its history, played an important part in public events, and by its sea law had even international influence. Cos, on the other hand, although a good second among the Southern Islands, mattered little politically, but had a wide influence in science and literature. The school of Hippocrates is unique, and so in its own way is the school of Theocritus.

Cos, like Rhodes, sent a small contingent to the Trojan War. It seems then to have been in a dominant position over Nisyros, Carpathos, Casos, and Calymnos. This was before the Dorian Invasion, but the legends imply that there were already Dorian settlements in these islands. Probably the ancient government of Cos by a king or *monarchos*, who left behind him his title as the title of the chief Coan magistrate, had been superseded by the Dorian oligarchy. The islands were colonies from Epidaurus (Hdt. 7, 99), and they brought Asclepios with them.

Unlike Rhodes, Cos did not cultivate commerce or maritime life, although all the trade from Egypt northwards passed close to its coasts. There is only one decent harbour, that is, where the present capital lies; but in early times the eastern city was not near the sea, and the chief city of the island lay in the west. It was probably in Cephalos; but nearer the centre lies the ruined city of Antimachia, like a Coan Pompeii, built of red stone, complete with ditch, walls, towers, churches, and houses, which was deserted some centuries ago and left to crumble away. The island was divided into several districts, more or less independent; and on the extreme west, Cephalos, a mountainous promontory, has been always and still is a self-contained and exclusive community, with character and dialect peculiarly its own. The island was prosperous, and sought no outside acquaintance.

Kings and captains did sometimes cast greedy eyes on the place. Herodotus (i. 27) tells a story of Crœsus.

"So when the Hellenes in Asia had been reduced to pay tribute, he intended next to make ships and to attack the islanders. When all was ready for the shipbuilding, some say that Bias of Priene came to Sardis, some say Pittacos of Mitylene, and when Crœsus asked if there were any news in the parts of Hellas, with the following answer he put a stop to the shipbuilding: 'Your Majesty, the islanders are buying up thousands of horses, with the intent to march against Sardis and yourself.' Crœsus, hoping that he spoke the truth, replied: 'I only wish God would put that notion into the minds of the islanders, to come against the sons of the Lydians on horseback.' To which he replied: 'Your Majesty, you seem to me most earnestly to pray that you may catch the islanders on the mainland, and a most natural hope it is; but what else do you think the islanders prayed for, when they heard that you were about to build ships against them, but that they might put out and catch the Lydians on the sea, that they may avenge themselves upon you for the Hellenes that dwell in the mainland, whom you have brought into slavery?' Crœsus was highly delighted with the parable, for he thought the man spoke most properly, and being convinced put an end to the shipbuilding."

Under the Persians, in and after the Ionic revolt, the vicissitudes of Cos are of little interest, except that one of the refugees who fled to freedom in the west was the father of Epicharmus, bearing with him the future poet as an infant. Until nearly the end of the fifth century, Cos was a faithful ally of Athens; and with certain intervals, came back in the fourth century with the new Athenian League to her allegiance along with Rhodes. In 366 the constitution was new-modelled, and the city of Cos, on the present site, made the capital.

A physician of Cos saved the life of Alexander in his Indian campaign; and Alexander did no harm to Cos, though his admirals occupied it. After his death, Cos adhered to the side of Ptolemy, and thenceforward was closely connected with Egypt in all respects. Here Berenice gave birth to Ptolemy Philadelphus, an event which Theocritus celebrates in his 17th idyll. Philetas was born here Theocritus and Berosus lived here, and here

Apelles spent his last days, where his great painting of Aphrodite Anadyomene was a public treasure. All the commerce between Egypt, Syria, and the Dardanelles passed close to the harbour.

In later years, Cos adhered to the Romans whenever she was not compelled to do otherwise. Xenophon of Cos was physician to the Emperor Claudius, who therefore conferred *immunitas* upon the island in A.D. 53 ; but the physician afterwards helped to poison his master. It was a part of the Byzantine Empire until the disaster of the Latin conquest of Constantinople in 1204, then after a time of confusion, fell into the hands of the Genoese. The fortress of Cos is a building of the Genoese. The Knights of Rhodes seized it in 1315, and in 1523 it fell with Rhodes under the Turks. Two naval battles of importance took place off Cos : one the Macedonian victory over the allied states of Greece in 266 B.C., one in 1824 in the Greek War of Independence. The Dodecanese enjoyed some special privileges under the Turks, which they were always struggling to preserve ; and they are now held by the Italians, who occupied them during their Turkish war under promise to restore them again to freedom.

The chief glory of Cos in the intellectual world is the work of Hippocrates ; for there is no doubt that a great personality gave his name to the medical school, however much or little he wrote of the books that pass under his name. It is noteworthy that the two great medical schools of antiquity belonged to the Dorian Hexapolis. The earlier was at Cnidos, a pleasant site on a Carian promontory. There Cyclopean and Hellenic walls, theatres and temples, are to be seen amidst a chaos of fragments, pots and stones, which are to be had for the trouble of picking them up. The Cnidians had a beautiful treasury at Delphi, and it will be remembered how they wanted at one time to dig a canal across their isthmus to keep off Harpagos. As they dug, " they seemed to get a devilish lot of wounds more than one could expect, particularly in the eyes as the rock was chipped, so they sent to Delphi to ask for the antidote," perhaps not confident in the skill of the local practitioners. " But

the Pythia, as the Cnidians say, answered in the trimetrical metre as follows:

"Build ye no towers, nor dig your isthmus through:
Zeus, had he wished, had made an isle of you."

"The Cnidians therefore, when the Pythia thus answered, desisted from their digging, and when Harpagos came up with his army, yielded to him without a fight." This city was the home of the earlier medical school, which was afterwards overshadowed and perhaps absorbed by that of Hippocrates; but there are treatises in the collection which are Cnidian in tendency. The Cnidian school insisted on minute classification of diseases according to symptoms, whereas Hippocrates based his treatment on the principle that nature alone can cure, and that all the physician can do is to give nature a chance. Not that he neglected the study of symptoms; but he refused to apply a stock remedy to a symptom, and made his prognosis in the light of general knowledge. It is noteworthy that the Cnidian school did not grow up in any sanctuary of Asclepios, so that we need not assume that Hippocrates owed his connexion with the Asclepiadae to anything but chance.

In Cos, however, we have such a guild; probably a family who traced their descent from Asclepios, as the Homeridae did from Homer. It is quite clear from what we know of the priests of Asclepios, here and elsewhere, that while there was a great deal of humbug and chicanery about their treatment, they combined it with a real knowledge of medicines, and empiric skill gained by generations of general practice. No inscriptions bearing on this have so far been found in Cos, which has not been fully excavated; but the well-known series of cures from Epidaurus throw a flood of light on the matter. These were the local advertisements, engraved upon the walls of the pump room and there to be seen at this day. I will read a few.

THE WONDERFUL CURES OF EPIDAURUS.
(Dittenberger Sylloge E 2).

A man all of whose fingers were helpless, except one, came to supplicate the god; and when he saw the tablets in

the sacred place he disbelieved them, and made fun of the inscriptions. While sleeping in, he saw a vision. He thought he was playing at knucklebones by the temple, and as he was about to throw, the god appeared and laid hold of his hand and stretched his fingers; and when he moved off, the man clenched his hand and stretched out his fingers one by one, and when he had stretched them all, the god asked whether he would still disbelieve the inscriptions on the tablets in the sacred place, and he said "No." "Therefore because you had no faith in the inscriptions, which were not unworthy of faith, let your name be henceforward Faithless; so we declare." When day came, he came forth whole.

Ambrosia from Athens, with one eye. She came to supplicate the god, and walking about the sacred place she laughed at some of the cures as incredible and impossible, that the lame and blind should become whole simply by seeing a dream; but while sleeping in, she saw a vision: she thought the god stood over her and said he would make her whole, but as a thank-offering in the sacred places she must dedicate a silver pig, to be a memorial of her stupidity; and having said this he cut open the diseased eye and dropt a medicine in it. When day came, she came forth whole.

A dumb boy. He came to the sacred place to get his speech. When he had made the preliminary sacrifice and all that is customary, the attendant asked, looking at the boy's father, "Do you undertake within the year to pay the fees if you get what you come for?" Then the boy suddenly said, "I do!" The father, astounded, bade him say it again, and he said it again, and thereafter he was whole.

Pandaros of Thessaly, with branding marks on his forehead. He while sleeping in saw a vision: he thought that the god bound a bandage about his forehead, and told him, when he came out of the sanctuary, to take off the bandage and dedicate it in the temple. When day came, he got up and took off the bandage, and his forehead was clean of the marks, and he dedicated the bandage in the temple bearing the marks from his forehead upon it.

Echedorus got Pandaros's marks besides his own. He received money from Pandaros to make an offering to the god at Epidaurus on his behalf, and did not pay up; and while sleeping in, he saw a vision. He thought the god stood over him, and asked whether he had received money from Pandaros of Athens to make an offering in the sacred place, and he said he had received no such thing from him, but if he would make him whole, he would present a silver model with an inscription. After this the god bound Pandaros's bandage about his branding marks and told him, when he came out of the sanctuary, to take off the bandage, and wash his face in the fountain, and look at the reflection in the water. When day came he went out of the sanctuary and took off the bandage, which now had no marks upon it, and looking down into the water, saw that his face had received Pandaros's marks besides his own.

Euphanes, a boy of Epidaurus. This boy had the stone, and slept in. So he thought the god stood by him and said, "What will you give me, if I make you well?" and he said, "Ten knucklebones." Then the god laughed, and said he would cure him; and when day came he went forth whole.

A man came to supplicate the god, who was one-eyed, in such a manner that he had only the eyelids, and nothing at all inside, but quite empty. Some of those in the sacred place said how simple he was, to think he would see, when he had no beginnings of an eye, only the place. So while he slept in, a vision appeared to him: the god seemed to boil some medicine, then parting his eyelids, to pour it in. And when day came, he went forth seeing with both eyes.

A bowl. A porter, on his way to the sanctuary, when he was a little more than a mile off, fell down; when he got up, he opened his pack and surveyed the broken crockery; and when he saw the goblet broken from which his master was used to drink, he was distressed, and sat down to put the fragments together. So a wayfarer seeing him said, "What is the use of piecing the bits together, you poor fool? This is something that even Asclepios

in Epidaurus could not mend." When the man heard this, he packed up the bits in the pack and went to the sanctuary. When he got there, he opened his pack, and found the goblet made whole. He told his master all that had been said and done, and the master, when he heard it, presented the goblet to the god.

Aeschinas, when the suppliants were already laid at rest for the night, climbed up on a tree and peeped over into the sacred place; so he fell down and put out his eyes with some thorns. Being in a bad plight and quite blind, he supplicated the god, and slept in, and was made whole.

Euippos had a lance-head stuck in his jaw for years. When he slept in, the god pulled out the lance-head and placed it in his hands.

A man of Torone, with leeches. He, while sleeping in, saw a dream: he thought the god cut open his breast with a knife and took the leeches out, and placed them in his hand, and sewed up his breast. When day came, he went out with the creatures in his hands, and was made whole. He had drunk them in a posset by a trick of his mother-in-law. . . .

Hermodicos of Lampsacos, unable to control his limbs. While he slept in, the god cured him and told him to go out and carry into the holy place the largest stone he could carry; he carried in that which lies outside the temple.

Nicanor, lame. As he sat a boy caught up his staff in broad daylight, and he got up and chased him, and after that became whole.

A man had his toe healed by a snake. He had his toe in a terrible state from some sore, and he was carried in daylight by the servants and sat in a seat. Sleep fell upon him, and in this sleep a snake crept out of the sanctuary and healed the toe with its tongue, and this done returned to the sanctuary again. When he awoke whole, he said he had seen a vision; a handsome young man had smeared a medicine over the toe.

Alcetas of Halae. This man being blind saw a dream; he thought the god came to him and opened his eyes with his fingers, and he saw first the trees in the holy place. When day came, being made whole he departed.

Heraieus of Mytilene. He had no hair on his head, but any amount on his chin, and being ashamed because people laughed at him, he slept in. The god anointed his head with a drug and made him have hair.

Lyson of Hermione, a sightless boy. His eyes were treated in broad daylight by one of the dogs about the holy place and he went away whole.

Arata of Sparta, with dropsy. On her behalf her mother slept in, while she remained in Sparta, and saw a dream: she thought she saw the god cut off her daughter's head, and hang up the body with the neck downwards, and after a quantity of water had run out, he took down the body and put the head again on the neck. When she had seen this dream she returned to Sparta, and found her daughter whole, and that she had seen the same dream.

Hermon of Thasos. He was blind and was healed, but after this as he did not pay the fee the god made him blind again; but when he came again and slept in, he made him whole.

Aristagora of Troezen. She had a worm in her stomach, and slept in at Troezen in the precinct of Asclepios, and saw a dream: she thought that the sons of the god, who was not at home but in Epidaurus, cut off her head, but being unable to fit it on again sent some one to fetch Asclepios.* Meanwhile day came on, and the priest saw in broad daylight the head cut away from the body. But in the following night she saw a vision: the god seemed to her to have come from Epidaurus and to put the head on the neck, after this to cut open her stomach and take out the worm and sew it up again. And after this she was made whole.

A boy, Aristonicus of Halae, under a rock. This boy dived into the sea, then penetrating under water got into a dry place with rocks all round it, and could not find any way out. After this his father, who searched everywhere and could not find him, slept in the sanctuary of Asclepios and saw a dream about his boy. He thought the god led him to a certain spot and showed him that his son was there, and when he came out of the sanctuary he

* This is an obvious attempt to discredit the rival establishment at Troezeu.

dug through the stone and found his son on the seventh day. . . .

A man with a sore within his belly. He, while sleeping in, saw a dream; he thought the god told the attendant servants to take and hold him, that he might cut open his belly, but he ran away, then they caught him and bound him to a stake and after that Asclepios slit open his belly and cut out the sore and sewed it up again and released him from his bonds; and thereafter he went forth whole, and the ground in this sanctuary was all covered with blood. . . .

Agestratos, headache. He could not sleep for the pain of his head, but when he was in the sanctuary, he slept and saw a dream. He thought the god having healed his headache stood him up straight and taught him the prelude to the pancration, and when day came, he went forth whole, and not long after won the pancration at the Nemeans.

Gorgios of Heraclea, discharge. He had been wounded in some battle by an arrow in the lung, and for a year and a half was so afflicted with a discharge, that he had filled with the matter sixty-seven basins. When he slept in, he saw a vision: the god seemed to him to take the arrow-head out of the wound. When day came, he left the place whole, carrying the arrow-head in his hand . . .

Kianos, gout. As he was walking up, in broad daylight a goose nipped his feet and drew blood and made him whole.

804. Priest, Publius Aelius Antiochus.

I, M. Julius Apellas, of Mylasa, was sent for by the god, after falling often into diseases and indigestions. Then on the voyage, at Aegina, he told me not to give way much to anger. On arriving at the sacred place, he bade me cover my head and face for two days, on which there was rain, to eat bread and cheese, celery and lettuce, to wash myself unaided, to exercise myself by running, to eat the fruit of the citron tree, to plunge in water, to rub against the wall by the water in the bath, to use the hanging-walk (*i.e.* high up on the hillside), to rub myself with sand, to walk about barefoot, to souse myself in wine before descending into the hot bath, to bathe alone, and give an

Attic drachma to the man, to sacrifice to Asclepios, Epione, and the Eleusinians together, to take milk mixt with honey (one day when I drank milk alone he said, "Put honey into the milk, that it may resolve it.") When I besought the god to free me speedily, I thought I came out of the sanctuary smeared all over with mustard and salt, and a boy led the way holding a smoking censer and the priest said: "You have been healed, and you must pay the fees." And I did what I had dreamt, and while I was smearing myself with mustard and salt it hurt me, but while I washed it did not hurt. This happened in nine days after I came. He took hold of my right hand and my breast. Next day as I was sacrificing, a flame ran up and scorched my arm, so that blisters appeared; after a little my arm was well again. I was to wait and see, taking dill with oil. But I did not suffer from headache. It happened then that by deep thought my head became congested; so I used the oil and got free of the headache. Also to gargle with cold water. I asked the god's leave, and he told me to write this. In gratitude and health I departed.

There are here, no doubt, cures due to imagination; for setting aside the miracles, which are often pure humbug, there is the usual appeal to the nerves, and in many of the bas-reliefs the practitioners use gestures which are familiar in mesmerism. But there is more. The priests appeared in the character of the god and his sons and daughters, "a beautiful young man" is the phrase often used to describe them; and they often used drugs and ointments, perhaps even surgical instruments, together with the mummery of dogs and tame snakes. We have the same pictures from Athens, where Aristophanes describes the whole thing in the Plutus.

> *Carion:* Soon as we reached the temple of the god
> Without delay we took him to the sea
> And bathed him there.

This was probably a basin or fountain, like the κρήνη at Epidaurus, for we have the authority of Herodotus (8, 55) that there was a basin so called in the Erechtheum. The wife responds:

> O what a happy man,
> The poor old fellow bathed in the cold sea!

Car.: Then to the precincts of the god we went.
There on the altar honeycake and bakemeats
Were offered, food for the Hephaestian flame.
There laid we wealth as custom bids; and we
Each for himself stitched up a pallet near, ...
With many others sick with every form
Of ailment. Soon the temple servitor
Put out the lights, and bade us fall asleep,
Nor stir, nor speak, whatever noise we heard.
So down we lay in orderly repose.
And I could catch no slumber, not one wink,
Struck by a nice tureen of broth which stood
A little distance from an old wife's head,
Whereto I marvellously longed to creep.
Then glancing upwards, I behold the priest
Whipping the cheesecakes and the figs from off
The holy table; thence he coasted round
To every altar, spying what was left.
And everything he found he consecrated
Into a sort of sack; so I, concluding
This was the right and proper thing to do,
Arose at once to tackle that tureen.

Wife: Unhappy man! did you not fear the god?

Car.: Indeed I did, lest he should cut in first,
Garlands and all, and capture my tureen.
Then the old lady, when my steps she heard
Reached out a stealthy hand; I gave a hiss,
And mouthed it gently like a sacred snake . . . .
Then *he* went round, with calm and quiet tread,
To every patient scanning each disease.
Then by his side a servant placed a stone,
Pestle and mortar, and a medicine chest . . . .
Then after this, he sat him down by Wealth;
And first he felt the patient's head, and next,
Taking a linen napkin, clean and white,
Wiped both his lids, and all around them, dry.
Then Panacea, with a scarlet cloth
Covered his face and head; then the god clucked,
And out there issue from the holy shrine
Two great enormous serpents . . . .
And underneath the scarlet cloth they crept
And licked his eyelids, as it seemed to me.

He sees Iaso and Panacea, two daughters of Asclepius, and the patients at Epidaurus see the same, with his sons also; priests drest in character, no doubt.

Patients were often kept for longer spaces of time, and had medical treatment, as we see from the long and

detailed inscription of M. Julius Apellas above. This comes from Roman times, as does also the remarkable book of Aelius Aristides. For seventeen years this unfortunate man travelled from place to place, seeking the advice of Asclepios and his priests ; and he records a mixture of dietings, prescriptions, visions, dreams, and prophecies.

But we have a scene in the precincts at Cos, described by Heronda in his fourth mime. Phile and Kynno pay a visit to the shrine, accompanied by two slaves. Phile says :

Hail, King Healer, Lord of Tricca, who hast made thy home in lovely Cos and Epidaurus ; and withal Coronis, thy mother, and Apollo, hail, and Health, whom thy right hand touches, and those of whom are these honoured altars, Panacé and Epio and Iëso, hail ; and ye who sackt the city of Lacedaemon, with its fourteen walls, healers of cruel disease, Podaleirius and Machaon, hail, and all the gods and goddesses who dwell by thy hearth, father Healer : come hither propitious and accept this trifling meal of a cock which I offer, the herald of my house walls. For we have no great store to draw on, or we would have made our healer's fee of an ox or a pig full of swill, and no cock, for the cure of those diseases which thou hast wiped off, stretching forth thy gentle hands—Put the tablet on the right hand of Health, Kokkale. Ha, what fine statues, Kynno, dear! Why, what artist wrought this stone, and who offered it ?

Kynno. The sons of Praxiteles ; don't you see the writing upon the base there ? And Euthies dedicated them, the son of Prexon. Paeon bless them and Euthies for the fine things. See that girl up there, my dear, looking at the apple ! Would you not say she will die outright if she do not get the apple ?

Phile. And that old man, Kynno. By the fates, how the boy throttles the fox-goose! If the stone were not there before our feet, you would say he'll talk. Ha, the time will come when men will be able to make the very stones speak. Don't you see this portrait of Batale, old Dumbtongue's girl, how it stands! If one never saw Batale, let him look at this portrait and never want the real one.

Kynno. Follow me, Phile, and I'll show you something fine which you never saw the like of since born you were. Kydilla, go and call the attendant. Don't you hear me, you and your gaping this way and that way! Bah, does she pay any heed to what I say ? There she stands glaring like a crab. Go, I tell you, and call the attendant, lazy-bones. No mistress, neither good nor bad, would call you an honest girl ; you're a nuisance everywhere. I protest, Kydilla, before this god, that you set me afire though I do not want to swell. I protest, look you : the day will come when you will scratch your dirty poll.

Phile. Don't take everything to heart like that, Kynno ; she's a slave ; slaves' ears are ever dull.

Kynno. But here's the day, and the crush is getting thicker.

Phile. You there, wait—the door is opened and the curtain thrown back. Don't you see, Kynno dear, what fine things! You would say a second Athena had painted them—bless the lady. See this naked boy, if I scratch him won't he show a wound, Kynno? there's his flesh on his limbs throbbing all hot in the picture. . . . . And the ox and his leader, and the girl behind, and that old hook-nose, and the man with a crop of bristles! Aren't they all as alive as the day? If I did not think it would be out of place for a woman, I should have let out a screech for fear the ox would do me a mischief—see how he looks out of the corner of his eye. . . .

Attendant. Your sacrifices, good woman, are perfectly favourable and augur the best for you; no one has ever pleased the Healer more than you. Hail, hail, Healer, be gracious to these for their favourable sacrifices, be gracious to their husbands and kinsfolk. Hail, Healer: so be it, and amen.

Phile. So be it, mighty one, and with all good fortune may we come again, bringing greater offerings, with husbands and children. Kottale, don't forget to cut off the fowl's leg nicely and give it to the man, and pop the jelly in the snake's hole with your mouth shut, and moisten the meal cakes. The rest we will eat at home quietly. Don't forget to bring it, you. I want some holy bread, please.

Att. Then give me something more; for let me tell you, there's more holy bread when we get a decent share.

The tablet which Phile offers was probably a picture, or a carving in relief, hundreds of which have been found at various places. They represent scenes in the history of the cure: the patients sleeping, the god and his attendants treating them in various ways. In one of them a bearded man (the patient) stands holding the image of a colossal leg. It was also a custom amongst the poorer people to dedicate a model of the part affected, and large numbers of these have been found. The same custom still prevails all over Greece, and I have a collection of such models in silver from the island of Symi, near Cos. Pictures of healing are not found in the Greek Church, but they are to be seen all over Italy and in most Roman Catholic countries.

Not only so, but the custom of sleeping in is usual in Greek lands. A number of churches, usually associated with monasteries, are built in the centre of a square, around which are colonnades and rows of cells. I describe some I have seen, but the procedure is much the same elsewhere. There is the church of Our Lady at Tenos, and two favourite shrines at Mandamádhos and Ayassos in Lesbos.

In the last place, the panegyric falls at the end of the Sardkosté fast, on August 15th (O.S.), and thousands of persons assemble from the villages of Lesbos and all Greek settlements within reach. The last night of the fast is kept as a vigil—so Asclepios also had his παννυχίς. There is a service in the church and afterwards all the world dance and make merry, feasting their eyes on the red joints of meat which to-morrow they hope to consume, which, in the meanwhile hang tempting on their hooks, covered with pieces of gold foil (as the horns of the victim used to be gilded) and adorned with sprigs of leaves. Those who are ill and hope for cure take care to spend the night in the holy precinct. The church stands in a paved quadrangle, the sides being formed by buildings in two storeys arranged much like an English college or inn. The upper floor opens upon a roofed balcony or colonnade, the lower directly upon the court; the buildings consist of a long series of small cells, with living rooms for the priests, kitchens, stores and other such necessary apartments. During the feast all these cells are full to overflowing; the balconies and the court itself are strewn with beds, each family with its bundle of rugs, stores, and all things needful. Not only that, but the church itself is invaded; the first-comers have taken up their abode here, with their blankets and cooking pots, and they line the side aisles and almost every square foot of the floor. There in the church they sleep, and next morning, when the priests march round in solemn procession, the sick ones throw their bodies across the path that the priests may step over them. Every year miraculous cures are said to be wrought here. So, too, at Tenos, where those who can find room pass the night in a little underground chapel which marks the site where the sacred picture of the Virgin was found. Other shrines have a local reputation, such as the remarkable sanctuary of St. Michael Archangel of Mandamádhos, also in Lesbos, which can boast of possessing the only image used in the Greek church, where images are unlawful. Hideous is the archangel, and black as a boot; he is said to be complete, although to outsiders nothing is visible but the head. This curious exception to a strict rule suggests that St. Michael has inherited the powers

and the form of an earlier deity. But sickness is not confined to the month of August; and those who are so unlucky as to be sick when no panegyric is at hand, are accustomed to take up their abode in one of these holy quadrangles, or in the nearest monastery, there to remain until they are killed or cured. The priests pray over them regularly, and although no charge is made, the sufferers if cured naturally make what acknowledgment they can: some an offering of value, others just a lock of hair. So it is that all the holy places mentioned, and almost every other church in the Levant, has its store of votive offerings in silver. These are dedicated not only for the cure of disease, but for escape from peril of every kind, especially at sea. In Tenos are a host of silver boats, smacks, barques, brigs, and steamers, modelled in the round, and hanging by strings from the lamps, or made of flat foil, and arranged along the walls in rows. There are also human figures of all ages and ranks: soldiers and sailors, men and women in European dress and others with the Albanian petticoat and leggings, boys and girls, and babies in their cradles or in swaddling clothes, or cradles empty. Here is to be found every conceivable part of the human body—hand, ear, leg, heart, breast, whole body or half body naked: animals, horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, turkeys, fowls and fish; coach and four, carriage and pair, horse and cart; trees, birds, ears of corn; swords, scissors, fiddles, even keys; huts, houses, factories with smoking chimneys. Sometimes an attempt is made to represent a scene: in one piece, a patient is represented lying in bed, with the family standing around; in another, a row of men stands, each holding his hat in his left hand and placing his right hand to his breast, a crude method of expressing adoration. From time to time accumulations of these things are melted down, and a huge censer or lamp made out of them, or they are sold and the proceeds used for the purposes of the church.

So far as I have seen, paintings of this kind are not dedicated in Greek lands, but they are very common in Italy, and for the sake of the ideas implied in them, it may be worth while to examine one collection, presented in the entrance corridor of S. Nicolo in Verona. It consists of

about one hundred pictures, all much of a size—oil paintings of ten to twelve inches square, and coarsely framed. Most of them belong to the 18th century, but one bears date as late as 1892. They have on them usually an inscription, the giver's name and the letters P.G.R., *pro gratia recepta* or *per grazia ricevuta*, with *ex voto* appended. They depict all sorts of danger and catastrophe. The commonest type is the patient in sick bed, with or without friends praying at the bedside. In the air usually hover the patron saint, or the Virgin ; sometimes a group of heavenly beings is seen in the clouds, and below, others in the pangs of purgatory. We see a boy tumbling from a ladder ; a child falling down stairs ; a man run over by a cart, or a cart falling over a precipice ; a building falls, carrying some workmen with it ; and so forth. Here are shipwrecked mariners on a raft, while a boat rows up to rescue them. There is an attempted murder outside the amphitheatre, which is unmistakably portrayed in the background. Two women and a man are welcomed by nuns outside a convent door, and the legend tells us that they were guided by God's invisible hand. One picture, curiously realistic, depicts two scenes, which are placed together without division. In the first a man, dressed in tail coat and tall hat, sits in a dogcart drawn by a runaway horse. He looks terribly frightened, and lifts up his hands as though in despair, and his tall hat has been knocked to the back of his head. Back to back with him we see the same dogcart quietly stopped at a door, the man looking happy and his hat straight again. There are similar votive offerings at Marseilles, including numbers of ships ; numbers of eyes at St. Ottilien, near Freiburg, where there is a speciality for eyes, as there seems to have been at the Asclepieon at Athens. Samuel Lever describes similar scenes from South America. "Upon several of the altars, pieces of solid gold and silver lay in security . . . . while lamps of pure silver hung in profusion on every side, surrounded by votive offerings of the same metal—such as shovels, barretas, picks, and sieves. . . . . Pictures representing terrible catastrophes, by falling masses of rock, irruptions of torrents, and downpouring cataracts showed what fates were in store for

those who 'forgot the Church.' And as if to heighten the effect, whenever a cayman or a jaguar was sloping off with a miner in his mouth a respectable saint was sure to be detected in the offing, wiping his eyes in compassion, but not stirring a finger to his assistance." I should be inclined to put a different interpretation upon the saint's presence, who probably did intervene at last to save the victims ; else why dedicate the picture ?

But Cos is not only famous for its sanctuary of healing and its Hippocrates, whose reputed plane-tree of immemorial age still overshadows the ancient *agora ;* it holds a high place in literature. There is no need to try to ascertain whether Cos or Alexandria has most credit for the school of bucolic poetry. Both had a share, but no one will fail to see that such a school, so far as it lives, can be founded in no great city, but in the countryside, and there is no doubt that the peasants of Cos gave Theocritus his choicest material, even though he drew somewhat upon the traditions of Sicily. Mr. Paton has suggested a combination of the different tales about Theocritus, which, if not true to the letter, at least fits the facts. (Inscr. of Cos, 359.) " His father, Praxagoras, was a Coan, who emigrated to Syracuse in the time of Timoleon (*c.* 340 B.C.), when the Corinthians advertised their ἀποικία, not only in Greece but in the Asiatic coast towns and islands. He perished during the tyranny of Agathocles ; his wife returned to Cos with her family, Theocritus being then a small boy. Here she remarried, her second husband being Simichidas, a Coan citizen of Orchomenian extraction. Either at the death of Agathocles (288 B.C.) or at an earlier date, Theocritus returned to Syracuse to look after his father's property, now restored to himself. He settled in Syracuse, being of course by right of birth a Syracusan citizen, and remained there till the Carthaginian inroads devastated his property and made life impossible. He then returned to his mother, who with her husband was then at Orchomenos. But soon things in Sicily began to look brighter, and it seemed probable that Hiero would expel the Carthaginians and restore order (274-270 B.C). From Orchomenos Theocritus addressed the Charites (xvi.) to Hiero, suggesting that

he would return if assured of Hiero's patronage. Hiero, we must assume, declined the offer, and Theocritus now went to Cos, where he remained among his relatives. There is no reason to suppose that he ever settled permanently in Alexandria. Cos must have been in almost daily communication with Alexandria, and at this time, it was under the special protection of Philadelphus, whose birthplace it was. Therefore we must not be told that the *Encomium Ptolemaei* (xvii.) or the *Adoniazusae* (xv.) must have been written in Alexandria ; they may equally well have been written in Cos. The evidence of the *Thalysia* distinctly shows that Cos was, at this time, in some sense a literary centre. Berosus established a school of astrology here, and the presence of Aratus in Cos, at the time when he was engaged in writing the *Phaenomena*, may be thus explained. We might conjecture that it was the aim of Philadelphus to found a kind of university at Cos, having as its nucleus the Coan school of medicine, but comprising other faculties. Herophilus, pupil of the Coan Praxigoras, lived and practised at Alexandria ; Philinus of Cos is a pupil of Herophilus. Serapion, who practised at Alexandria, is a pupil of Philinus ; Gorgias of Cos, a Hippocratid, practised at Alexandria in the third century. Theocritus may therefore have found Cos a congenial enough residence." All are agreed that the *Thalysia* has its scene in Cos ; and the *Pharmaceutriae* (ii.) is obviously to be placed here, since Simaetha's lover is from Myndos, a charming seaport which lies opposite on the Asiatic coast. In the *Thyrsis*, we have almost certainly a reference to the Calydnian boatman (57), that is the boatman of the ferry which still plies between Cos and Calymnos.

The famous VIIth idyll has for its occasion the harvest festival in late summer. " It was the time when I and Eucritos walked to Haleis from the city, and Augustus made a third with us." He calls it the city, you see, without further name, and the Coans of to-day speak of the place or the town, ἡ χώρα. The moderns have also such festivals with a local *panagyri* or fair, when the fruits of the earth are blessed, and a holy meal taken after the morning service. He goes on : " For a harvest feast

for Deo was being given by Phrasidamos and Antigenes, two sons of Lycopes, who, if there is any good in the antediluvians, was descended from Clytia and King Chalcon himself, who made the fountain Bourina with his leg, giving a good push to a stone with his knee. The elms and poplars beside it wove a shady grove, making a leafy roof with their green petals. We had not yet made half the way, and we could not yet see the barrow of Brasilas, and there by grace of the Muses we found that old traveller, a worthy Cretan, his name Lycidas, but he was a goatherd! No one could fail to know him, since he was the very image of a goatherd. For he had on his shoulders a yellow skin from a thick-haired shaggy goat, smelling of rennet." That is, quite new, and as it is suggested, simply a disguise of Leonidas of Tarentum, as they were all playing at rustics like the nymphs and swains of the 18th century. "About his breast an old gaberdine was fastened by a wide belt, and he bore in his right hand a crooked club. He grinned at me calmly with a smile in his eye and a laugh on his lips: 'Simichidas, where do you turn your steps at the midday hour, when the very lizard sleeps on the garden wall, and not even the tomb-stone larks are abroad? Are you a guest hastening to the dinner? or are you for a leap on somebody's wine-press? How your feet go tripping along till the stones all sing under your shoes' I answered him: 'Dear Lycidas, they all say you are a mighty excellent piper among herdsmen and harvesters alike, and this wholly makes my heart hot; yet, as I think, I hope to be your match. This our road leads to the harvest feast; indeed, our comrades are making a meal in honour of long-robed Demeter, the first fruits of their wealth: for in full rich measure has the goddess filled their floor with barley. But come now—the way is ours, and the day is ours—let us ply our country music. One man may profit from another.' And so they sing their songs in friendship and rivalry, and parted in good humour."

But perhaps it is Simoetha who leaves the deepest impression on the imagination; not so much her strange incantations, as the fierce passion of her love at first sight. Just on a chance it hung, as so many fateful things do.

It was the day of a great festive pomp in honour of Artemis. "Our Anaxo was in it, bearing the sacred basket to the grove of Artemis, for whose honour marched a long line of wild beasts, and a lioness among them. And Theucharidas's Thracian nurse, now in a better world, who lived next door, begged and prayed me to come and see the show; and I, poor wretch, went with her, trailing my fine linen tunic, over which I had thrown Clearista's gossamer cloak. Already I was half-way along the road, by Lycon's garden, and I saw Delphis and Eudamippos walking side by side. More golden than helichryse were the beards on their cheeks, their chests shining more lovely than the moonlight, as if they had but just left the comely labour of the sports. How I saw, how I went mad, how my heart caught fire, woe's me! and my beauty melted away, and I knew no more of that spectacle, knew not how I came home again: but a dry fever shook me, and I lay on my couch ten days and ten nights. My flesh was yellow as boxwood, the hair fell from my head, nothing was left but skin and bones. And the time went on." The handsome youths came from Myndos, then an important harbour and a city full of life, now a wilderness of trees and shrubs enclosed by three miles of Hellenic wall, with half a dozen fishermen's huts on the beach. I never see such ruins without thinking of a passage in the noble letter of consolation which Ser. Sulpicius Rufus wrote to Cicero on the death of his daughter (Fam. iv. 5). "On my return from Asia," he says, "as I was sailing from Aegina towards Megara, I began to survey the regions round about. Behind me was Aegina, before me Megara, on my right the Piraeus, on my left Corinth, towns at one time most flourishing, now lying prostrate and demolished before our very eyes. I began to think to myself: So! we puny mortals resent it, do we, if one of us, whose lives are naturally shorter, has died in his bed or been slain in battle, when in this one land alone there lie flung down before us the corpses of so many towns!"

So spoke "the Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind, the friend of Tully."

SAMOS AND DELOS.*

By W. G. Walker, M.A.

I have good authority for bringing together in the same short talk the two islands of Samos and Delos, for there is a verse in the Sibylline Oracles, referred to by Tertullian about 200 A.D., and therefore older, which runs thus :—

ἐσται καὶ Σάμος ἄμμος, ἐσεῖται Δῆλος ἄδηλος.

"Samos also shall be sand, and Delos shall be obscure."

And so it came to pass: indeed, was then already coming to pass. But the fate of these islands has been dissimilar: Samos was made famous by two men mainly, Pythagoras and Polycrates, and its name is often to be found in Greek history: while Delos, once revered as the birthplace of Apollo and regarded as the Holy Island of the Ægean, has lain deserted, nameless and waste since the passing of paganism, unlike Samos in knowing no revival of prosperity. As the prophecy suggests, by the second century A.D. decay had set in upon Classical Samos; in the first century Vespasian withdrew her privileges. By that date Delos, for the last two hundred years a great Italian trading centre and slave mart, was falling on evil days.

So much use has been made by previous lecturers of Herodotus that I trust the unfailing charm of the Father of History, who was more truly the Father of Tourists (though that has been said before), will be a sufficient excuse for basing my survey of Samos on his narrative. Many of his best stories, indeed, are associated with this island, with Polycrates in especial. The anecdotal quality of his work is well illustrated by these passages, and you will not fail to observe that, like Sir Roger de Coverley at the Abbey, he was much impressed by the patter of his

* A Lecture given on s.s. *Théophile Gautier*, April, 1929.

guides: many of his stories indicate their source by concluding with the remark that there is a dedication recalling this event in the great temple of Hera.

Herodotus, then, had certainly visited Samos, and he seems to have been much interested in what he saw, for he goes out of his way to apologise for having given so much space to it. Samos is, as Herodotus says, an Ionian town on an island of the same name, towards which the promontory of Mycale stretches.[1] Anyone who has stood on the quay at Tigani, which is Old Samos, will recall how that great peninsula of Asia Minor does dominate the scene, bringing to mind the victory gained there in 479 B.C. by Leotychidas and Xanthippus, on the very day of Platæa, men say. Samos, noted Herodotus, had a peculiar language, one of the four varieties of Greek that he observed.[2] The island was famous for three great feats of engineering[3]: a tunnel for the water supply, a mole for the harbour, and the greatest of all Greek temples, which was dedicated to Hera (though it was eclipsed by the Egyptian Labyrinth in point of size, as he remarks on another occasion[4]). The three works that Herodotus mentions are to be seen to-day. The Tunnel, which was engineered by Eupalinus the Megarian, was constructed in the days of the tyrant Polycrates to bring water from the north side of Mount Ampelus (700 feet high) into the enlarged city of Samos: it was rediscovered in 1882 and found to be 1,100 feet long and not seven stades as Herodotus states. That he had only seen the southern outlet is obvious from the correct dimensions that he gives; the length he took on trust. We shall enter the tunnel and see the channel in the floor of it, alleged to be thirty feet deep. This work of Polycrates illustrates the concern displayed by the Tyrants for that pressing need of all Greek cities, a constant supply of reliable water: you will recollect Peisistratus' work at Athens and the fountains at Corinth. The Mole which Polycrates built for more than two stades from the western horn of the old harbour, can still be seen, I believe, six feet below the water. The Heræum lies at the south-western end of the bay, three

[1]Herodotus i. 148. [2]Hdt. i. 142. [3]Hdt. iii. 60. [4]Hdt. ii. 148.

miles or more from the town, and quite close to the shore. The remains prove it to have been, as Herodotus says, the largest known Greek temple: it was designed by Rhoecus of Samos, and built after the destruction of the early temple by the Persians in 517 B.C. When the Germans cleared the site in 1902 the dimensions were found to be 368 by 178 feet; the Parthenon, by the way, is 228 by 101 feet. The Heræum had 132 Ionic columns; of these one survives, unfluted.

While talking of engineering, we may recall that Mandrocles, who built the bridge at Byzantium for Darius, was a Samian, and that he dedicated in the Heræum a picture of it.[5] To this temple Amasis of Egypt, who was in alliance with Polycrates until his good fortune seemed too great, sent two wooden statues of himself, which seem to have survived to Herodotus' day.[6] Samos was largely engaged in trade with Egypt, and at Naucratis the Samians erected a temple to Hera.[7] Another indication of the Samian connexion with Egypt may be found in his remark that the Samian and Egyptian cubits are identical.[8] By a great piece of luck Samian seamen discovered the route to Tartessus while on their way to Egypt: and Herodotus saw their dedication in the Heræum. In her trade elsewhere Samos had fallen out with Ægina[9]: and in the Lelantine war had helped Chalcis against Eretria, which was aided by Miletus, her own great rival.[10]. Her other quarrels were with Sparta—over the piratical capture of a present sent to Crœsus[11]—and with Corinth—over the restoration to Corcyra of a batch of boys from that island that Periander was sending to Alyattes.[12]

The history of the island really begins with the rise of Polycrates somewhere about 550 B.C. His father, Aeaces, was a public servant, and the base of a statue erected in his honour still exists. Polycrates is credited with having made himself master of the island with the help of originally only fifteen men-at-arms: once in control, however, he realised the value of a strong navy and, having acquired

[5]Hdt. iv. 88. [6]Hdt. ii. 182. [7]Hdt. ii. 178.
[8]Hdt. ii. 168, iii. 26. [9]Hdt. iii. 57–9. [10]Hdt. v. 99.
[11]Hdt. i. 70. [12]Hdt. iii. 48.

it, defeated the hated rival Miletus, and Lesbos also. Throughout the Cyclades he was regarded as thalassocrat: indeed, Herodotus reckons him the first man to be so after the semi-divine and legendary Minos. He reduced many islands, one of which he gave to the Delian Apollo when he bound Rhenea to Delos by a chain.[15] Prosperity came to Samos under the rule of Polycrates and the splendour of the tyrant's court attracted many visitors. There Democedes the physician received his top price of two talents a year[16]: and hither came the poets Ibycus and Anacreon,[17] for Polycrates was a patron of letters.

He was in alliance with Egypt, and the story goes that Amasis broke off the league because of the ring which, though thrown away as the dearest thing he possessed, was restored to Polycrates in the fish, and so showed that his good fortune was bound to come to a bad end.[18] What really lies behind this most famous of all Herodotus' stories can only be guessed: Polycrates had submitted to Cyrus, and we find Cambyses, when making his expedition against Egypt whereon he died, calling on Polycrates for a large contingent of ships.[19] That Samos was not wholly contented with the rule of the brilliant tyrant in his last years is plain from the fact that he chose those disaffected and sent them on shipboard to Cambyses as the force he had asked. They, suspecting the trick and seeing their strength, decided to return: they did so and defeated Polycrates at sea, but after effecting a landing were worsted and compelled to seek assistance elsewhere. Sparta was prevailed upon not by rhetoric but by the symbol of the empty sack, and Corinth likewise[20]: so, while Cambyses was still in Egypt the Peloponnesian Dorians made their first expedition towards Asia.[21] For forty days they besieged the city of Samos, and in spite of the conspicuous valour of Archias they failed to take it.[22] Herodotus rightly rejects the silly story that the Spartans were bribed by silvered lead coins to take themselves off: the Spartans were notoriously bad at sieges. The fate of the Samian malcontents, now in exile, after they had ruined the

[15]Hdt. iii. 122, Thucydides i. 13, iv. 104. [16]Hdt. iii. 131.
[17]Hdt. iii. 121. [18]Hdt. iii. 40–3. [19]Hdt. iii. 44–6.
[20]Hdt. iii. 47–8. [21]Hdt. iii. 39, 86. [22]Hdt. iii. 54–6.

Siphnians (in accordance with an oracle), was to be cut up and enslaved mainly through the inveterate hostility of the Æginetans.[23]

Polycrates himself had not long to continue reigning in magnificence, for Oroetes, the satrap of Sardis, dealt treacherously with him; by pretending an intention to revolt from Persia, he enticed him to a conference on the mainland, at which Polycrates perished miserably.[24] There is a weird story of how Mæandrius, the tyrant's secretary, tried to set up a democracy, dedicated Polycrates' furniture at the Heræum, but was compelled to take to tyranny.[25] By this time Darius had secured his position and decided to capture Samos in order to reward Syloson for the gift of his gay cloak to him in the days before his rise—this Syloson was a brother of Polycrates.[26] The island, distracted over Mæandrius, was taken without a blow: and would have been handed over to Syloson unharmed, had not Charilaos, the brother of Mæandrius, set upon the unsuspecting Persians. In the ensuing hostilities it is recorded that Samos was netted by the Persians joining hands across the island.[27] The date is apparently 517 B.C.

Mæandrius meantime had appealed to Sparta in vain: Cleomenes was not to be corrupted. Thus Syloson succeeded his brother but died before Darius made his Scythian Expedition. His son Aeaces followed him as tyrant. This was the Aeaces who accompanied Darius to the Ister bridge and was loyal to him there, siding with Histiæus against Miltiades—if we can believe the whole story of the knotted cord.[28] In the Ionian Revolt that followed, Aeaces was one of the tyrants deposed by Anaxagoras of Miletus, and the Samians, who seem to have recovered by this time, sent sixty ships to join the common fleet of the rebels at Lade, having previously distinguished themselves in the defeat of the Phoenicians off the Pamphylian coast.[29] Before the battle of Lade the expelled tyrants corresponded with their old subjects, and Aeaces was so successful as to induce all but eleven of the Samian

[23] Hdt. iii. 57–9. [24] Hdt. iii. 120–1. [25] Hdt. iii. 142.
[26] Hdt. iii. 139–140. [27] Hdt. iii. 142–4. [28] Hdt. iv. 88.
[29] Hdt. v. 112, vi. 8.

ships posted on the west wing to cut and run: this led to the defeat of the whole fleet in spite of the valour of the eleven. Herodotus saw a memorial to these eleven crews in the market-place of free Samos.[30] Those Samians who did not welcome the return of Aeaces emigrated to Sicily and treacherously got hold of Zancle, the Messina we saw the other day, whence they were driven out in turn by Anaxilas of Rhegium[31]: meantime Aeaces was restored by the Phoenicians.

In 480 B.C., the year of Salamis, Samians served in Xerxes' fleet, two distinguished themselves in the battle, and one Theomester was made tyrant of the island as a reward.[32] During the naval campaign of 479, at a time when neither party ventured to go beyond Samos, Hegesistratus the Samian, whose name was taken as an omen, induced the Greek fleet to risk the battle of Mycale: the Samian army was with the Persian; it was disarmed, but claimed to have shared in the victory.[33] After the battle it was at Samos that the Peloponnesian proposal to transplant the revolted Ionians to Greece was made: the Athenians resisted the scheme on the ground that it was not for the Dorians to consult concerning the fate of Ionian colonists from Athens—the beginning of the Athenian claim to leadership. That winter the Athenians and these revolted Ionians besieged Sestos, with the capture of which the History of Herodotus of Halicarnassus ends: for the rest I must depend on Thucydides.

As it was clear that the Spartans would not continue the war against Persia now that the enemy were no longer in Europe, Athens was appealed to to organise a war of liberation for the Greeks in Asia Minor and the taking of vengeance on the Persian. The result was the Confederacy of Delos under the presidency of the Athenians. Aristides was the statesman of the League, and to avoid the difficulty of combining allied contingents, which had led to disaster at Lade, he arranged that some islands should furnish ships with their crews, while others in lieu of service should provide ships for the Athenians to man or

[30]Hdt. vi. 13–14.
[31]Hdt. vi. 22–25, vii. 164, Thucy. vi. 4.
[32]Hdt. viii. 85.
[33]Hdt. ix. 90 ff.

else money to pay for them. The annual phoros or "contribution" of all the cities (and there were more than two hundred of them) was assessed at 460 talents yearly, which was deposited in the Holy Island of Delos and administered by Athenian officials with the high-sounding title of Hellenotamiai—the Stewards of the Hellenes. Three large islands eventually were the only ones to provide squadrons to the allied navy: these were Lesbos, Chios and, of course, Samos. It is well to reflect for a moment on the greatness of this experiment in combining the many small, but intensely independent, Greek city-states in one permanent alliance. For fifty years the Delian League secured the freedom of the Greeks who had been subject to Persia; it kept the Persian out of the Ægean; it suppressed piracy in those waters; it increased enormously the prosperity of its members; it secured the observance of a uniform system of commercial law, at the expense of immensely adding to the amount of litigation at Athens; and it prevented the breaking out of petty wars between the members of the League. I know that Athens compelled some states to come into the League and prevented others from seceding from it; but the fact remains that the experiment was a great one, and, though it ended in an Athenian Empire and was ultimately supremely unpopular, it must be reckoned one of the great contributions made by Athens, on a level with her system of democratic government, her literature and her architecture.

Samos under its own oligarchic constitution was then an autonomous member of this Delian League, paying no tribute but supplying a quite considerable fleet manned by its own citizens, and sending its representatives to the Synod of the League which met at Delos. Plutarch tells us that it was on the motion of the Samians that the treasure was removed from Delos to the care of Pallas Athene in the dark days after the failure of the Athenian Armada in Egypt in 454 B.C. As we are now dealing with Samos and Delos, the history of the Athenian Empire does not concern us. In the sixth year of the Thirty Years Peace a dispute between Samos and her old enemy Miletus about the ownership of Priene came to Athens for adjudication, was decided in favour of Miletus, led to loud talk in

THE THEATRE, DELOS.
Photo : J. F. Roxburgh.

THE SLAVE MARKET, DELOS.
Photo : J. F. Roxburgh.

ONE OF THE LIONS AT DELOS.
Photo : Sir William Lister.

ARCHAIC LIONS AT DELOS.
Photo : Miss Currey.

Samos, which provoked Athenian interference as Samos was suspected of making war. The Athenians unwisely set up a democracy and exiled the oligarchs: the exiles enlisted Persian aid, and the island revolted. Among the Athenian generals who besieged the city of Samos with varying fortunes for nine months were Pericles and Sophocles the poet. When the Samians surrendered, their walls were razed, their ships removed, but the oligarchic constitution was restored.[34] It may be well to mention that they had appealed to Sparta's Peloponnesian League, but Corinth, arguing for the principle that imperial states should not be interfered with in dealing with their own rebels, had prevented aid being sent.[35] Even after the failure of the Sicilian Expedition we find Samos still paying tribute to Athens[36]: Athens had provoked the whole trouble by her unjustifiable interference in the internal affairs of her loyal ally.

The events of 412–411 B.C. belong really to Athenian and not to Samian history, but cannot be omitted. During the last phases of the Peloponnesian War the idea of securing the return of Alcibiades was responsible for the revolution of the 400, though it was the Athenian democrats at Samos who actually secured the indispensable but banished general.[37] In the course of the revolution at Samos, which brought the whole Athenian force there, the last victim of ostracism, Hyperbolus by name, who had been ostracised because neither Nicias nor Alcibiades was confident of securing the ostracism of the other, was assassinated. When recording the fate of Hyperbolus, Thucydides is more than usually contemptuous of the low-born demagogues who attempted to take up the mantle of Pericles. The Athenians at Samos were democrats to a man: Athens was in the hands of the oligarchs: what was to be done? Was the war to be forgotten, and civil strife to take its place? This is the moment of Alcibiades' great service to his country—or, as one reading of Thucydides says, his first—by oratory, or personality if you prefer it, he convinced the army that its duty was against the

[34]Thucy. i. 115–7. [35]Thucy. i. 13. [36]Thucy. vii. 57.
[37]For rest see Thucy. viii. passim.

enemy and not to sail against the 400 : perhaps we may imagine the scene taking place in the theatre.

My time is running away and a few words will have to suffice for Delos. Delos is the " Hearth of the Cyclades " —the phrase comes from Callimachus—it lies at the centre of the South Ægean and, as Jebb pointed out long ago, it is the mid point of Greater Hellas, that wide-flung Greek colonial world. It was " the holy place to which offerings were sent from Syria and from Sicily, from Egypt and from Italy, from the Massilia to which Phocæan settlers had brought the fire of Ionian gods, and from that far place by the Inhospitable Sea where, as tradition told, priests from Delos itself had established the rites of the Tauric Artemis on the bleak shores of the Crimea." And the fame of Delos was due to the fact that on May 20th was celebrated the birth of Apollo and of Artemis upon it. There are many legends told of the floating isle made fast to Gyaros and Myconos, and become the unshakeable isle. Delos had been spared by Datis in 490 B.C., but Herodotus tells of an earthquake when Xerxes set out from Sardis for Greece, and Thucydides of one before the Peloponnesian War : in both historians it is asserted that this is the one and only occasion on which the island was thus visited. It is customary to say that on both occasions the inhabitants attributed their own tremors to the isle itself. The lake by which Leto gave birth to the two gods was known to Herodotus as the Hoop, and may still be seen as a mere puddle. The palm tree that sheltered Leto survives only in Homer's exquisite simile describing Nausicaa. What dim fore-runners of Apollo were worshipped in Delos cannot now be discussed : though in later days a whole pantheon of other gods found worship on the island, it was always as Apollo's sacred birthplace that Delos was renowned.

Mount Cynthus rises in the centre of the narrow treeless island, a bare granite hill with processional ways cut upon it : on its western face is the prehistoric sanctuary, on its summit the ruins of temples to Zeus and Athena : but the climb is worth while for the view of the gleaming Cyclades lying in a circle round about the Holy Isle. Between Naxos to the south-east and Paros to the south-west a

glimpse may be had of Ios, where Greece believed Homer to lie buried. Now the Homeric Hymn to the Delian Apollo describes the great annual Ionian "Gathering" at Delos, and Thucydides allows himself a digression on the subject.

The passage in the Hymn has been thus translated:—

> Many temples are thine, and wooded groves; all heights are dear to thee and jutting capes of lofty hills, and rivers that flow to the sea; but it is in Delos that thy heart takes most joy. There, in thy honour, Phoebus, the long-robed Ionians assemble, with their children and their gracious dames: so often as they hold thy festival, they celebrate thee for thy joy with boxing, and dancing, and song. A man would say that they were strangers to death and old age evermore, who should come on the Ionians thus gathered: for he would see the goodliness of all the people, and would rejoice in his soul, beholding the men and the fairly-cinctured women, and their swift ships and their great wealth; and besides, that wonder of which the fame shall not perish, the maidens of Delos, hand-maidens of Apollo the Far-darter. First they hymn Apollo, then Leto and Artemis delighting in arrows; and then they sing the praise of heroes of yore and of women, and throw their spell over the tribes of men.

The Delian "Gathering" was alike a festival and a fair: for trade always accompanied worship at the great shrines of Greece—the same connection can be traced at the Samian Heræum. In two points this Delian festival was on a higher level than the more famous Olympian Games: as the Hymn indicated, women were not excluded, and, as Thucydides points out, "there was also a poetical contest in which the Ionians went to contend." Long before the fifth century this Delian festival had fallen to a position of inferiority to the Panionian meeting for worship at Mycale: but it was always the policy of Athens to maintain the older Delian cultus. We find Peisistratus purifying the island: a move repeated in 426 B.C. by the Athenian democracy. "All the sepulchres of those that had died in Delos were taken up, and for the future it was commanded that no one should be allowed either to die or to give birth to a child in the island." In the statement that most of the dead removed appeared by the weapons found with them to have been Carians we may see the birth of the science of Archæology and the beginnings of the exploration of barrows. In 422 B.C. the Athenians expelled the

Delians from Delos on the ground that they must have been polluted by some old offence, for the previous purification did not seem to have given satisfaction to the god. The festival itself was made now more than ever brilliant by the Athenians, perhaps as a thank-offering for the deliverance from the plague of the early years of the war.

One more scene that took place in the year 421 B.C. will be recalled by the base that once supported the bronze palm-tree dedicated by the ill-starred Nicias—the lucky as the Athenians thought him—when, after the Peace that bears his name, the Athenian theoria was marched over a bridge from the Isle of Hecate, which lies in the strait between Delos and Rhenea, to the beginning of the Sacred Way.

The century that followed the Peloponnesian War saw a long struggle between Athens and the Delians for the possession of their island. In the Macedonian period Delos knew unparalleled prosperity as the common mart of the Eastern Mediterranean: it became the centre for Italian merchants and the temple continued to receive the offerings of the whole Hellenic world. Rome showed Delos marked preference, and the privileges showered on her ruined the rival centre at Rhodes. When Mithridates led the last struggle of the Hellenized world against the Roman power, Delos was sacked by his general Menophanes, and though her recovery followed, perhaps things were never quite the same again.

I have no time to describe in detail what you will see; I will conclude by quoting from the Greek Anthology three epigrams by Antipater of Thessalonica, written in the first century of our era:—

Εἴθε με παντοίοισιν ἔτι πλάζεσθαι ἀήταις
ἢ Λητοῖ στῆναι μαῖαν ἀλωομένῃ·
Οὐκ ἂν χητοσύνην τόσον ἔστενον· οἳ ἐμὲ δειλήν,
ὅσσαις Ἑλλήνων νηυσὶ παραπλέομαι
Δῆλος ἐρημαίη, τὸ πάλαι σέβας· ὀψέ μοι Ἥρη
Λητοῦς, ἀλλ' οἰκτρὴν τήνδ' ἐπέθηκε δίκην.

"Would I were yet blown about by ever-shifting gales, rather than fixed for wandering Leto's child-bed; I had not so bemoaned my desolation. Ah miserable me, how many Greek ships sail by me, desert Delos, once so wor-

shipful: late, but terrible, is Hera's vengeance laid on me thus for Leto's sake."

And again:—

"Ye desolate isles, poor morsels of the earth, girdled by the waves of the sounding Ægean, ye have all become as Siphnos or parched Pholegandros, ye have lost your brightness that was of old. Verily ye are all ensampled of Delos,—of her who was once fair with marble, but was first to see the day of solitude."

And lastly:—

"Famous wert thou, Tenos, I deny it not: . . . Yet now thou livest, and Delos is dead. Who would have looked to see Delos more lonely than Tenos?"

AT DELPHI.

Not the pathetic fragments on the hill:
The trammelled course that was Castalia's rill:
These move me not; nor that bare treasury stript:
Those half articulate lines of lovely script.

I love not long laudations of chipt stones
That lie like battlefields bestrewn with bones:
The oracle is silent; surely best
We too should muse in silence like the rest.

Let us then sit amid the Elysian blooms
Of daisies that irradiate those gray tombs,
And watch the eagles wheeling, the blue heights
Flecked with alternate shadows, silver lights,
The peasant and his ass, the roadside tree—
Those Plato saw and centuries yet may see.

G. K.

A NOTE ON PATMOS.

By W. G. Walker, M.A.

The Island of Patmos lies twenty-eight miles south-south-west of Samos and, apart from its ancient reputation for its wine and the hardihood of its seamen, has but one abiding claim on our interest. This mountainous island, the greatest length of which is ten miles and greatest breadth six, has no less than thirty-seven miles of coast-line: in shape it resembles a crescent contracted to a narrow neck in the centre, where the Bay of Nerika on the west almost meets the much larger Bay of Scala on the east; on this narrow neck stood the ancient city, while the modern town lies further to the south, its white houses and low roofs piling up to the dark walls of the ancient monastery of St. John that dominates the town. Never a fertile island, never productive of marble and never famous, this little island is known throughout the Christian world as the place where the Apocalypse of St. John the Divine was written. It will be remembered that under the Cæsars relegation to an Ægean islet was a favourite imperial punishment: and we may well accept what the old fathers tell us and believe that after trial in Rome — hence the legend of St. John Lateran — John was sentenced, about A.D. 95, to live in Patmos until it should please the Emperor to order otherwise. The form of the story that he was condemned to the mines or quarries seems to lack confirmation, as no ancient quarries seem to have been worked in the island. A stone grotto is displayed as the actual scene of the visions which gave rise to the letters to the Seven Churches: and, while we may remain sceptical as to the actual site, it is well to remember that it is still undisputed that the Apocalypse really was written in Patmos. Indeed, imaginative students of the Apocalypse profess to recognise in the references to sea and islands indications that the natural features of the island and the volcanic glare from Thera have influenced the thought of

St. John. Whether the writer, St. John the Divine—(ὁ Θεολόγος) is to be identified with the Apostle, John the son of Zebedee, or with the Elder John of the Gospel and the Epistles, or is not rather to be distinguished from them, is still a matter of dispute into which I may not go. But I cannot pass over the obvious parallel of another John, also in confinement for his witness to Christ, to whom also came as a vision another unforgettable book: I mean the Tinker of Bedford, John Bunyan.

There is—to my knowledge—but one reference to Patmos in Greek history: in itself unimportant, but in its context stirring enough. You will recall the revolt of Mytilene soon after the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War. When Paches, the Athenian general, had the revolted Lesbians blockaded at Mytilene, Sparta dared to send a fleet under Alcidas to keep her promise of aid. Thucydides tells the story of that eventful voyage to Ionia, where men could not believe that a fleet not Athenian was sailing in Ægean waters; of the brutality and incompetence of the Spartan admiral, of his delay until he heard of the fall of Mytilene and of his precipitate flight homewards. When Paches heard of him, he chased the Spartans as far as Patmos, and there broke off the pursuit, thankful that the enemy had got clear and was not putting him to the trouble of another blockade. Of the debate in Athens on the fate of the revolted Mytileneans, of Cleon's motion and its reversal, of the non-stop voyage of the second trireme, every schoolboy knows, and this is not the place to speak. It is of the fate of the Athenian commander, who turned back from Patmos, that I have a story to tell. Paches was tried on his return—not for any dereliction of duty, but on the complaint of two ladies of Lesbos, whose husbands he had put to death. The victorious general, finding the jury—whose vote in the ecclesia had been for wholesale slaughter and slavery—in the dicastery prepared to condemn him, drew his sword (so the story runs) and slew himself in full view of the court.

The ancients reckoned Patmos—its ancient name may have been Patnos—as one of the Sporades: the moderns regard it as the most northerly of the Dodecanese, of which Rhodes is the principal, indeed the only important, member.

As you will recall, an Italian visa is required to visit Patmos: hence I may be pardoned if I explain how the Dodecanese came into Italian hands. In May, 1912, Italy, then engaged in taking Tripoli from the Turk, occupied the Dodecanese as a guarantee for the evacuation of Tripoli by Turkish troops. The islands welcomed the Italians as deliverers from the Turk: but a Congress at Patmos on June 17th, 1912, declared for autonomy or union with the kingdom of Hellas, whereupon the Italian attitude changed—such a proposal did not suit them. By the Treaty of Lausanne (October 15th, 1912) Italy agreed to give back the islands to Turkey, and only held them as a guarantee for the carrying out of the terms of that Treaty. It was understood when Italy entered the war against the Central Powers that her sovereignty in the Dodecanese was part of her price. Italy was posing as the protector of her nationals engaged in trade among the Ægean Islands and as the successor of the Knights of St. John in Rhodes.

The Treaty of Sèvres of August, 1920, arranged for the transfer to Greece of these islands with the exception of Rhodes; but apparently the time limit is not yet up, for Italy is still in possession.

THE PROBLEM OF ST. JOHN IN PATMOS.

By the Rev. H. B. Workman, D.Lit., D.D.

The night before reaching Patmos Dr. Workman lectured on the problems of Patmos. Unfortunately, as it turned out, the weather was too rough for a landing to be made, but as the boat lay at anchor off the island the loneliness of the imprisonment appealed to all. No doubt from the topmost height it would be possible on a clear evening for the prisoner to see Thera like a wild beast rising out of the sea, and if the volcano was active the sea would appear like burnished gold. Viewing the island we discerned how to the lonely prisoner heaven would be a place "where there was no more sea." We add a synopsis of the problems involved.

(1) Passing by for a moment the question of the authorship, we are up against the fact that Patmos was not, as was Sardinia, an imperial convict settlement. It must have been a local prison, possibly in connection with Ephesus itself, where, from other sources, we know that the apostle was living. Moreover the word used by Tertullian of St. John's imprisonment is "relegatio" not the stricter "deportatio." *Relegatio*, according to the *Digest*, did not incur loss of property or citizenship. Moreover, says the *Digest*, "there is this difference between *deportatio* and *relegatio*, that *relegatio* to an island may be either perpetual or for a time." This would seem to hint that *deportatio* was a life sentence. As we know that St. John lived in later life and died in quiet in extreme old age at Ephesus, evidently his sentence was not prolonged.

(2) It would be easier to explain the annulling of a magisterial than an imperial sentence. We may assume then that in St. John's imprisonment we have the outcome of the zeal of local magistrates, whether at Ephesus or

elsewhere. The writer tells us that he was "the brother and partaker with you in the tribulation of those who were suffering for the sake of Christ"—evidently some outbreak of local persecution.

(3) Dr. Workman then discussed the date at which the Apocalypse could have been written and dwelt on the exultant war cry over the burning of Rome in chapter 18; the date of the fire was July, 64. It would be absurd to suppose that a song of this sort would be written or have any point thirty years later. Moreover, the evidence from the list of Emperors in chapter 17, the number of beasts with its variant reading of 616 and 666, and the reference to the pseudo-Nero in chapters 13 and 17 (a pretender who first appeared about January, 69), would all seem to point to the year 69 as about the date of the Apocalypse, at any rate of large parts of a work which may well be composite. There would be ample opportunities for a convict in Patmos to send short letters to the Seven Churches from an island so near to the mainland. We may add that whereas hard labour for life in the mines of Sardinia was one of the commonest punishments for Christians, of mines in Patmos there were none. John must have been put to work in the quarries, or possibly given lighter prison tasks.

Dr. Workman dwelt on some of the beautiful stories in St. John's later life at Ephesus, especially the tale of St. John and the robber, from Clement of Alexandria. This cannot possibly have taken place in extreme old age, and would seem to point to his residence in Patmos having been of slight duration. On the other hand, he reminded them that the beautiful tale of "little children, love one another," and also Cassian's tale of the tame partridge, would belong to extreme old age. The tale of Cerinthus and the bathhouse should be rejected in spite of the evidence of Irenaeus. St. John as a Jew would scarcely go to a public bathhouse, although on the other hand it certainly fits in well with the intolerance which the youthful John had displayed in the case of the Samaritan village.

(4) Dr. Workman also dwelt on the problems involved in the story of John having been condemned to be flung into a cauldron of boiling oil at a place in Rome near

the Latin gate. He pointed out that underlying nearly all legends there is generally some basis of fact which has become distorted, and gave as an instance the case of Petronilla, for long assumed to be the martyred daughter of St. Peter. On the discovery, however, of the tomb of Aurelia Petronilla in 1875 it was found that she was the Christian daughter of Titus Flavius Petron, an uncle of Vespasian. Dr. Workman gave other illustrations of how legends generally have some basis of fact, and dealt specially with the connection between Lucina (possibly Pomponia Graecina, the wife of Aulus Plautius, the conqueror of Britain), and the burial of St. Peter and St. Paul. We may assume therefore that some basis of fact was underlying the testimony of Tertullian and Jerome, and must infer that some event must have happened that appealed to the popular superstition and saved the apostle from the death which overtook St. Paul and St. Peter. This would account for the title of "martyr" given to St. John by Polycrates in Eusebius. Renan was of opinion that in the Apocalypse we have "the word of a horrorstricken witness who had seen the bleeding bodies of his brother martyrs." On the other hand, it is scarcely possible that John was in Rome in 64 when Nero indulged in the well-known martyrdoms in his garden, for the song of the burning of Rome does not seem to indicate that the writer himself saw it. He might very well have been sent to Rome afterwards. In pseudo-Abdias an early form of the tradition places the occurrence in Ephesus. This would be easier to understand than Rome.

(5) As regards authorship, Dr. Workman only briefly pointed out the immense difficulties involved in supposing that the author of the Apocalypse was also the author of the Gospel and of the First Epistle. Psychologically such a change in tone and outlook would be a literary miracle, even if full account is taken of the lapse of years.

RHODES.

By W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D.
(*Late Head Master of Perse School, Cambridge.*)

Rhodes, owing to its position, has always been an important place. The ancient legends connecting it with mythical times at least prove so much; and it seems to have been the settling ground for tribe after tribe of sea-rovers, from the Mycenean age and before. The shape of the land afforded sites both for ports and fortresses; and in early times it was divided into three districts, those of Lindos, Ialysos and Cameiros. The fertility of the land, and sea trade, brought wealth to the island; and it held so long a tradition of seamanship, which lasted through all its vicissitudes, that the Rhodian sea law was adopted by the Romans, and in name at least, lasted to the Middle Ages. An interesting body of sea customs is still preserved under that name, and may be read by the curious. There is a notable saying of Antoninus Pius, when some shipwrecked persons had appealed to him against the exactions of the *publicani*, who had claims on wreckage: "I am lord of the land, but there is a law of the sea made by the Rhodians: let the case be judged according to that law." Thus they escaped. The modern city of Rhodes was founded in 408 B.C. by a coalition of the three states, which were forced to combine through fear of Alcibiades. This city has been the scene of many moving events, some of which I shall speak of later.

Rhodes, like Cos, was taken possession of early by the Dorians, perhaps before their invasion devastated the mainland. In both the dialect persisted long after the Koiné had prevailed in the Greek world. Indeed, from this point of view, the region of the Dodecannese is especially interesting, and even unique. When I visited Astypalaea thirty years ago, I found the people using the true aspirate—θέλω for example pronounced *t'hélo*

(like the Sanskrit aspirate, or th in *ant-heap*); and they pronounced ξ as dz. In Cos, the inhabitants of the western end form a very independent and isolated community; and they pronounce σσ as ts. There are many remains of the Doric dialect in Cos and Calymnos, such as πόκα for πότε. The Coans use the 3rd plural in *ουσι*, which has become *ουνε* all over the Greek world.

Herodotus tells us that the six Doric settlements, Lindos, Ialysos, and Cameiros, with Cos, Cnidos, and Halicarnassus, were united in a league as the Doric Hexapolis, having as common centre the sanctuary of Apollo on the Triopian promontory of Caria (i., 144). They were a most exclusive society, not only keeping the other Dorians away, but even using the ban of excommunication in case of offence. At the games celebrated here they used to give tripods as prizes, but provided that the victors should dedicate their tripods in the sanctuary and leave them there—a useful practice, followed at Athens in the case of votive crowns of gold. A man of Halicarnassus, whose name was Agasicleës, did not like this custom, so he took his tripod home with him; whereupon the other five cities met and excommunicated Halicarnassus. Thus the hexapolis became a pentapolis, as Herodotus remarks. But possibly the Persians had something to do with this action; both Rhodes and Cos had sent their contingents to aid the Greeks in the Trojan War, and they were always on the Greek side in politics whenever they could be. Apollo's exclusiveness stands in contrast to the all-embracing hospitality of Zeus Panamaros, another Caonian divinity. He indeed gives a very early example, perhaps the earliest, of salesmanship and intelligent advertisement. On the occasion of his feast, the priest used to address letters in the name of the god, to all neighbouring cities, inviting them to attend the feast; and he wrote a special letter in each case, with a suitable appeal. Thus he addresses the Rhodians (B.C.H. 1927, p. 23, 1st century A.D.): "Altho' the god invites all men to his feast, and offers common and equal hospitality to all, whencesoever they come, yet he thinks your city, Rhodians, to be worthy of especial honour, both because of your reputation, and because of the kinship and community

of religion between you and our cities. I therefore invite you to visit the god, and beg you and those in your city to partake of his good cheer, as also the Rhodians in Caria and upon our borders, who shall receive great consideration if they accept this invitation." For each city he has something especial and particular: a genuine human voice sounding over two thousand years. I wish I knew his name. The Rhodians were so pleased with their invitation that they inscribed it on a stone, just as Mrs. Ashby St. Leger puts up the Duchess's at-home card on her mantelpiece.

During the centuries that followed, the Rhodians used a happy compromise of government. The whole was based on a general assembly of the people, and was so far democratic; but no measures could be submitted to them without having been approved by the Council, thus giving the steadying effect which we used to have in the House of Lords. They avoided external quarrels whenever they could, and desired, like another island power, in the first place to be left alone. Nevertheless, all the tyrants, principalities, and powers which rose to eminence tried to attract them or to intimidate them; and they joined one or other when they must. They did not want to fight, though they had the ships, they had the men, and they had the money too. In the Peloponnesian war, they appear now on one side, now on the other willing, I believe, to be on the side of the angels, but not always recognising the varieties of angelic disguise. They joined the Athenians against Philip, and they submitted voluntarily to Alexander, which brought them the royal favour tempered by a Macedonian garrison. Indirectly, however, they took part in these wars; for Darius had Memnon, a Rhodian, as chief of his mercenaries, and if this great general had had a chance, the course of Alexander's conquests might have been stayed. On Alexander's death they dismissed this garrison, and entered on a period of prosperity and distinction in their independence.

In the wars that followed Alexander's death, Rhodes being an ally of Ptolemy came into conflict with Antigonus, who sent his son, the famous Demetrius City-sacker, to

besiege Rhodes. The description of this famous siege is given in Diodorus xx., 81. Demetrius was the great engineer of his age. His enormous machine, the Helepolis, outdistanced any such of that age or those that succeeded. "Above all," says Plutarch (Dem. 21), "he excelled in sumptuous building of ships, and in framing of all sorts of engines of battery, and specially for the delight he took to invent or devise them. For he had an excellent natural wit to devise such works, as are made by wit and hand, and did not bestow his wit and invention in handy crafts, or in trifling toys and baubles: as many other kings that have given themselves to play on flutes, others to paint and draw, and others also to turner's craft. . . . His engines of battery which they called Helepolis, were a spectacle of great admiration unto those whom he besieged . . . the foot whereof was like a tile, more long than broad, and at the base on either side it was eight and forty cubits along, and threescore and six high, rising still narrow even to the very top; so that the upper parts were narrower than the nether, and within it were many pretty rooms and places, convenient for soldiers. The forepart of it was open towards the enemy, and every room or partition had windows out of which they bestowed all kind of shot, because they were full of armed men fighting with all sorts of weapons. But now, because it was so well framed and counterpoised, that it gave no way nor reeled on either side, which way soever they removed it, but that it stood fast and upright upon her foundation, making a terrible noise and sound: that made the work as wonderful to behold as it was a marvellous pleasure for men to see it." Dionysius gives a long and vivid account of the great siege which was finally raised by Demetrius, who presented his siege engines to the Rhodians. Out of the proceeds of their sale, the Colossus was built.

A long time of prosperity followed, which came to an end with a terrible earthquake in 222. All the principal buildings of the city were shaken to the ground, and with them the Colossus, which stood on one side of the entrance to the harbour—not astride of the channel, as the report had it. Chares of Lindos, a pupil of Lysippos, was the

sculptor. In Rhodes were no less than one hundred colossal statues of the sun; but this outdid them all. It was 105 feet high, and so large that few men could embrace the thumb. The cost was 300 talents. When it fell the fragments remained on the spot for nearly a thousand years, and then they were sold by Saracen raiders and carried away.

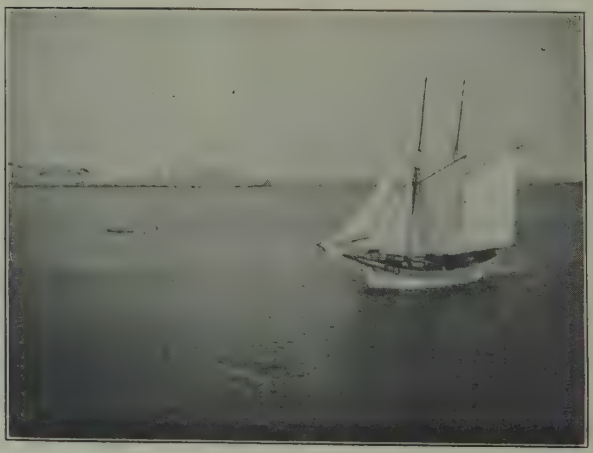
The city in due time recovered its old prosperity; and in the Punic Wars took the side of Rome. In the Civil Wars they sided with Cæsar; and after the murder of Cæsar, Cassius took the city by force of arms, and treated it cruelly, putting to death the prominent men and utterly despoiling it of all its wealth, both public and private. It was at this time that he carried off the famous statue of Laocoon, the Farnese bull, and countless other works of art.

Rhodes lost much of its political importance under the Roman Empire, but it became famous as a centre of philosophy, a sort of university, frequented by many significant men. Tiberius spent some years here, while he was out of favour with the Emperor (Suet., *Tib.* 11-12). "He made suit for licence to depart: neither gave he any care to his own mother humbly beseeching him to stay; nor to his father-in-law, who complained also that he should be forsaken thereby and left desolate in the senate. Moreover, when they were intent still to hold him back, he abstained from all kind of meat four days together. At length having obtained leave to be gone, he left his wife and son behind him at Rome, and forthwith went down to Ostia; giving not so much as one word again to any that accompanied him thither, and kissing very few of them at the parting. As he sailed from Ostia along the coast of Campania, upon news that he heard of Augustus' weakness he stayed awhile and went not forward: but when a rumour began to be spread of him (as if he lingered there, waiting some opportunity of greater hopes), he made no more ado, but even against wind and weather, sailed through and passed over to Rhodes: having taken a delight to the pleasant and healthful situation of that island, ever since he arrived there on his return from Armenia. Contenting himself there with a mean and small habitation, with a farm house likewise by the city side

GATEWAY, RHODES.
Photo : Sir William Lister.

FALLEN COLUMNS ON THE ACROPOLIS.
Photo : J. F. Roxburgh.

TROY: MASONRY OF THREE PERIODS. (*See page* 165.)
Photo: J. F. Roxburgh.



ENTRANCE TO SYRACUSE HARBOUR. (*See page* 167.)
Photo: Miss Currey.

not much larger nor of greater receit, he purposed to lead a very civil and private life: walking otherwhile in the gymnasium without lictor or other officer, performing acts and duties in manner one for another with the Greeks conversing there. It happened upon a time, when he disposed of the business which he would dispatch one day, that he gave it out beforehand, he was desirous to visit all the sick in the city. These words of his were mistaken by those next about him. Whereupon all the lazars and diseased persons were by commandment brought into a public porch or gallery and placed there in order according to the sundry sorts of their maladies. At which unexpected sight, being much troubled and perplexed he wist not for a good while what to do. Howbeit he went round about from one to another, excusing himself for this that was done even to the meanest, poorest, and basest of them all. This only thing and nothing else besides was noted, wherein he seemed to exercise the power of his tribune's authority. Being daily and continually conversant about the schools and auditories of professors, by occasion that there arose a great brawl among the Sophisters opposite, in arguing causes and declaiming one against other, there chanced to be one who perceiving him coming between, and inclining to favourize one part above the other, railed bitterly at him. Withdrawing himself therefore by little and little, and retiring home to his house, he came forth suddenly again and appeared with his lictors; when he cited by the voice of his crier to appear judicially before his tribunal, that foul-mouthed railing fellow, and so commanded him to be had away to prison." He lived there for eight years, not only private to himself, but also exposed to danger, hiding in the interior of the island and avoiding visitors; "having laid by the habit of his native country, he betook himself to a cloke and slippers." "Some few days before he was sent for home, an eagle (never seen aforetime at Rhodes), perched upon the very top and ridge of his house; and the very day before he had intelligence given him of his return, as he was changing his apparel, his shirt was seen on fire. Thrasyllus also the astrologer, whom for his great profession of wisdom and cunning he had taken into his house to bear him company,

he made then most trial of; namely, when upon kenning a ship afar off he affirmed, That joyful news was coming, whereas at the very same instant as they walked together Tiberius was fully prepared to have turned him headlong down into the sea, as being a false prophet (for that things fell out untowardly and contrary to his former predictions)." But he was right this time. There was a grammarian Diogenes, "who was wont to dispute and discourse every seventh day, and had put him back and would not admit him into his school coming of purpose extraordinarily to hear him, but by his page posted him off until the seventh day. Now when this same Diogenes stood waiting before his gate at Rome, to do his duty and to salute him, he quit him no otherwise than thus—namely by warning him to repair thither again seven years after."

Under the careless rule of the Byzantine court, Rhodes sank into insignificance, being ravaged by Goths, Saracens, and pirates, and devastated now and again by earthquakes. The splendid rule of the Knights Hospitallers does not fall to me to describe; and under the Turks as everywhere, there has been nothing but oppression, misery, and ignorance.

Rhodes has always been famous for the fine arts. In ancient times, it had its own style of vases, which is easily to be distinguished; and in modern times, the island embroideries have a character quite as distinct. Rhodes is one of the birthplaces of Homer. Cleobulus, one of the seven wise men, was born at Lindos, and here practised his favourite art of making riddles. Here is one of them:

> A father has twelve sons; and each of these
> Twice thirty daughters, most unlike in looks:
> For half of them are white, and half are black;
> All are immortal, yet they all do die.
>
> Answer: The Year.

Timocreon, athlete and poet, came from Ialysos, of whom the epitaph—not written by himself—ran thus:

> Much I drank, and much I ate,
> Many a bitter word I said,
> Here do I Timocreon, late
> Citizen of Rhodes, lie dead.

Some said the father of Aristophanes was a Rhodian, probably without truth ; but certainly the famous comedian Antiphanes was. Many other names of literary men are known, which are nothing but names now. Protogenes the painter, Chares the sculptor, Apollonius and Tauriscus who made the group called the Farnese bull, Hagesandros, sculptor of the Laocoon, are specimens of her artists. Aeschines, though not a Rhodian, when exiled from Athens kept a school of rhetoric in Rhodes. Apollonius, author of the Argonautica, took this for his home. Panaetius, the philosopher, was a native ; Poseidonius lived and taught here by choice : his most distinguished pupil was Cicero. Cato, Brutus, Cæsar and Cassius all studied in the Rhodian schools, but it cannot be said that they learnt the best lessons of philosophy. They could not say what one inscription of the island says, in simple words :

One in speed, one in heart, we have come to the unmeasured road to Hades : Archianax, son of Kydios, from Nisyra ; Eutychis, daughter of Metrodorus, from Sardis.

Good folk, farewell both.

"SHADOWS ON THE ISLANDS."*

By the Rev. H. Costley-White, D.D.
(*Headmaster of Westminster School*).

There are no notes or manuscript available of this Lecture. The following is a short outline of the general trend of the Lecture :—

While we pass through the islands with all their beauty of hill and sky and sea, instinctively recalling the memorable phrases of the poets who sang both of the natural scenery and of the stories, legendary or historical, connected with each place, there yet arise in our memory some of the other incidents recorded by the Greek historians. Tragic and terrible, these mar the smiling history of many of the islands. What inferences must we draw from them both as to the character of the Greeks and as to the relation between Greek political theory as pictured by the Greek philosophers, and Greek political practice as described by the historians? Is the Greek theory that the good citizen is the good man an adequate one? Does not their history in many of its incidents tell us rather that "patriotism is not enough"? When we see the highest art and taste and philosophy combined with so much moral instability and moral insensitiveness, does not Greek history compel us to ask how far Ruskin's dictum is true, "to teach taste is to form character"? From the earliest times, as revealed to us at Ur of the Chaldees, at Cnossos, through the histories of Herodotus and Thucydides, and right on until mediaeval and modern times, we find barbarism, cruelty and inhumanity coincident in the same peoples with the highest forms of art. We have passed, on a bright, sunny day, and are again to revisit on our voyage home, the beautiful island of Corcyra. Thucydides depicts in pitiless detail the black shadows which fell over that island in the fifth century, when party spirit led ultimately to the total annihilation of the oligarchs. The island of Salamis casts for us a

*Lecture given on the Cruise of s.s. *Stella d'Italia*, April, 1929.

different kind of shadow, when the black cloud of Persian invasion, which would have changed the whole face of European history had it been successful, was dispelled. We have looked out from the Acropolis upon the island of Aegina, "the eyesore of Piraeus." The historians tell us how Athenian jealousy led to the utter extinction of all the Aeginetans, whose early history, as Pindar and its architectural remains alike assure us, had been one of the glories of Greece. We have just sailed past the island of Lesbos. The narrow margin by which the male population of the island escaped extinction through the bitterness of Athenian feeling in the midst of war, is one of the tragic incidents in Greek history. To-night we shall be sailing within a short distance of the island of Melos, upon which too fell the shadow of racial jealousy which led to its destruction. It is only right that a student of the past should take such things as these into account when he is trying to estimate the developments of human and of national character and to see what are the ultimate forces which make for human happiness and human goodness. In Greece and its islands—this "land of lost gods and godlike men"—we find in strident contrast the highest intellectual and artistic powers combined with deplorable inhumanity. If we cast our eyes on from those old days right down to the present age when, for example, the new régime in Turkey, of which we have seen something too, asks scornfully, "Would you put the Sermon on the Mount into practice?" it would seem that the key to the happiness of individuals and the progress of nations really lies in the application, not merely the profession, of Christian ethics. The example of Greek imperial ambitions and their island victims combines with the experience of all the ages to suggest that until Christ is the King who rules the policies of nations mankind will never cease from ill.

THE PERSECUTIONS OF DIOCLETIAN.

By the Rev. H. B. Workman, D.Lit., D.D.

On the evening before the arrival of the boat at Spalato, Dr. Workman gave a lecture on the Persecutions of Diocletian.

He pointed to the fact that on the next day they would in that wonderful palace stand in the Christian Church beneath the floor of which Diocletian may still be sleeping, although over his ashes there is the worship of a religion that he despised and hated. In view of the recent visit to Cos, Dr. Workman emphasised the intense dislike of the early Christian for Aesculapius whose cult had been introduced into Rome from Epidauras on the advice of the Sibiline books as far back as 290 B.C. To the Christian Aesculapius was especially detestable, for in some respects he was a greater rival of Christ than any other god. He was "God the Saviour," "God the friend of man." Dr. Workman illustrated this hatred from the story of the five sculptors of Sirmium, one of Diocletian's quarries in Panonnia, where there was an encampment of 622 masons. Among them were four Christians of special ability who had won the praise of Diocletian for quarrying a single block of stone out of which they had carved a group twenty-five feet in length. But when Diocletian ordered them to carve an image of Aesculapius, the Christian who had carved without demur an image of the sun refused to touch that of the hated rival "saviour." They were finally beaten with scorpions then enclosed in lead and thrown into the River Save.

Dr. Workman explained how modern criticism could get at the facts underlying many of the stories that have come down to us. The record of every martyr would be briefly sent up to Rome and was generally in a certain

legal form, which may thus be recovered from the accretions and legends of centuries. Possibly even some account was sent by Pilate of the death of Christ ; and we know that Christians paid large prices to get copies of these official records.

Dr. Workman defended the validity of the martyrdom of St. Alban under Diocletian. No doubt a country without martyrs felt humiliated and under constraint to invent some. But the evidence of Constantius in his life of Germanus would seem to be decisive. For Germanus (from whom we get St. Germains in Cornwall, and the cathedral dedication in the Isle of Man) had visited the relics and on the way across the Channel had " met many devils." " I also," said Dr. Workman, " have met the same devils more than once in the same place."

The lecture ended with various illustrations of the connivance sometimes of the magistrates and the Christians. Amusement was caused by the story of the policeman Ox (Bos) who seemed to have been rightly called, who went from house to house at Cirta in May, 303, guided by the bishop's traitor secretaries to discover Christian writings. Among those whom Ox interrogated was Victor the schoolmaster who, when asked his occupation, stated that he was " a professor of Roman literature "—and as becoming such a grammarian he gave us this good example of a conditional sentence : " If I had had more I should have brought them out."

One wily bishop Mensurius, of Carthage, removed all his library to his Church but took care not to leave the shelves bare, but placed thereon a number of heretical works of little value. These were destroyed while the bishop's library escaped.

Other interesting stories from the persecution of Diocletian were also given and the lecture ended with the reading of one of the certificates, somewhat like our passports, given to Christians who recanted, which was discovered in 1893 in the Fayum and is now in Berlin :

> To the Commissioners of Sacrifice of the village of Alexander's Island, from Aurelius Diogenes, the son of Satabus, of the village of Alexander's Island, aged 72. Scar on his right eyebrow.

I have always sacrificed regularly to the gods, and now, in your presence, in accordance with the edict, I have done sacrifice, and poured the drink-offering, and tasted of the sacrifices, and I request you to certify the same. Farewell.

HANDED IN BY ME, Aurelius Diogenes.

I certify that I saw him sacrificing, ... nonus.

(Magistrate's signature partly obliterated.)

In the first year of the Emperor, Caesar Gaius Messius Quintus Trejanus Decius, Pius, Felix, Augustus : the second of month Epith.

THE VENETIAN CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1204.

By the Rev. H. B. Workman, D.Lit., D.D.

We set off for our cruise from Venice, and Venice is the prime agent in the story of the capture of Constantinople which forms our subject. Incidentally may we say that the capture of Constantinople has always been the great object which invaders of the Eastern Empire set before themselves. They were all of them unsuccessful with the exception of the expedition of which we shall speak to-night, and of the momentous, final capture of Constantinople by the Turks. Of these attempted captures of Constantinople, a long list of which might be given to you, four of the most important were the sieges of Constantinople by the Russians (in 860, 904, 941, and 1043) under their Norman leaders. If they had been successful, as fortunately they were not, the whole history of the world would have been changed, for Constantinople has ever been, as it was in the late war, one of the key cities to world politics. The chief reason why Constantinople was impregnable was its position. It is marked out by nature as one of the world's great cities, almost impregnable, so long as it has the command of the sea and so long as the Dardanelles and Bosphorus are in its custody whether by booms, chains or otherwise. For many centuries the navy of Constantinople had no sea foes to fear and was supreme, even when the Saracens took to the sea. Until the latter part of the eleventh century the fleets of the Empire were the strongest in the Mediterranean. In the twelfth century, however, there came a momentous change. Disorganised by the Turkish conquest, the fleets slowly began to decay, largely through the fact that the Isles of Greece, from which they had drawn the bulk of their fleet, had now fallen into alien hands. The Eastern emperors, therefore, fell back upon a paid

fleet, and depended upon the navy of Venice which they recouped by means of commercial monopolies and privileges. Venice was thus in command of the weapon whereby alone Constantinople could be taken. Another great defence of Constantinople had been the possession of what was known as the Greek fire. They had used hand tubes full of combustibles thrown by hand like a squib on board the enemies' ships. Artificial fire also in liquid state was kept in pots and thrown upon the hostile ships. They also anticipated the principle of later fire arms. By means of gunpowder they propelled missiles of destruction through tubes. Thus the Byzantines only just fell short of modern warfare.

We now turn to Venice which in the year 1200, as we have seen, was the paid protector on the sea of Constantinople. It is necessary for us to realise that from the very first Venice had never been part of the old Roman Empire. Venice only arose when the Roman Empire fell. Its first inhabitants were refugees from Aquileia fleeing from the wrath of the barbarians. There in the swamps and lagoons they had established themselves a refuge which later became the great seaport. At that time its future and present alike were on the sea—the land was in the grip of the Lombard. It was not until a later date that it gave hostages to its enemies by becoming a land power as well. Little by little in its trade efforts it annexed to itself island after island, past some of which we have been sailing, though in the dark, all of them of value in its rivalry with Genoa and Pisa for the trade of the East. From the very first the politics of Venice were always "The trade follows the flag." It was governed by an oligarchy whose interests were big business. At the commencement of the twelfth century Venice was beginning its supreme splendour, a city of 200,000 persons, whose magnificence of palaces and churches, largely helped by this crusade, left far behind London and Paris, or even its nearest rival in Bruges.

In what is called the fourth crusade Venice found an opportunity of extending its dominions, of obtaining from Constantinople a further grant, of possibly closing the Black Sea to its rivals, Genoa and Pisa, and of turning

its protection of Constantinople into a national conquest. I imagine that we all of us recognise in the first and second crusades a magnificent, if misdirected, effort of Christian enthusiasm to recapture Palestine from the infidel. Enthusiasm was chiefly, however, French and German. Of the extraordinary outbursts to which the Crusades had led perhaps the most noted was the Children's Crusade when a host of children in two divisions, largely from the Rhineland, set off in 1212 to conquer the Holy Land. They marched to Marseilles, and from there were shipped by designing merchants, the boys as slaves and the girls to the harems of northern Asia. A similar villainy was perpetrated in the fourth crusade by the merchant princes of Venice. When this crusade had been first determined it had been arranged that the Venetian Republic should transfer the crusaders to the East. But from the first Venice had made up its mind that whatever the contracts said she would divert the crusaders to her own purposes. She had secretly made a covenant with the Sultan of Egypt pledging herself that Egypt should not be invaded. She had also arranged with the secular leader of the crusade, Boniface of Montferrat, that the crusade should be employed at Constantinople where at that moment there was feud and rivalry for the throne of the Empire, at that time in the hands of the incapable Angeli. Incidentally she also determined to capture for herself Zara, the large and important capital of one of those islands of the Adriatic by which we passed.

We linger to point out incidentally a further step which they took. I remember that during the last war some German or other stated in answer to protests against their Belgian barbarities that after all it was the victors who would write the history of the war. The history of the war in this German sense was never completed, but in their determination to write the history, the Germans, if they had been successful, had been anticipated by the Venetians. When the fourth crusade was over and its disgraceful purpose had been accomplished, the public opinion of Europe, as formulated by Innocent III., demanded how it was that men who had gone forward pledged to do battle

with the infidel had thus been turned aside to attack Christian states, in spite of their oaths to the contrary. The rulers of Venice accordingly arranged with Marshal Villehardouin, himself one of the crusaders, to write the history of the war from their point of view. Villehardouin was from the first behind the scenes. He knew exactly how not to overdo it. With the consummate skill which so few liars possess he left behind him a work which impressed later generations by its candour and, broadly speaking, by its impartiality. He represented that the conquest of Constantinople was only an incidental diversion. Villehardouin was successful beyond all the dreams that the authorities of Venice could have anticipated. For hundreds of years his work was taken to be a perfectly candid and impartial narrative. It has now been proved beyond doubt that from the first it was deliberately intended to deceive European opinion, to whitewash Venice and exculpate her from one of the greatest crimes in history. Only through the light of recent discoveries are we able to place the fourth crusade in its right setting.

We must not overlook the growing hostility of the Venetians to the Empire. For the first half of the twelfth century the Venetians had been in possession of a virtual monopoly in Constantinople itself. They had a splendid position for their factories, a quarter with shops and bazaars on the choicest part of the Golden Horn, and had been granted permission to trade without taxes, whereas their rivals from Amalfi, Genoa and Pisa had to submit to considerable import and export duties. The colonists from Amalfi had been ordered even to pay an annual revenue to St. Mark's. Strained relations came to a head in a war between Venice and the Empire in 1171 in which Venice had been decisively defeated. Of the 120 ships which had left Venice only seventeen had returned, and Henry Dandolo had been sent to Constantinople to sue for peace. This embassy not only proved a failure, but Dandolo was blinded at Constantinople by a burning glass at the command of the Emperor—at any rate that is the story. He returned to Venice filled with a passionate desire to use all his power for vengeance against the Empire. The

bitterness was further increased by a massacre of the Latins, which had taken place in 1182 when the Greeks, outraged with the monopolies which the Italians possessed and looking upon the strangers as believers in an heterodox Church, put to death no less than 60,000 (the number is wildly exaggerated), plundered their houses, and sold 4,000 of both sexes to the Turks and other infidels. A cardinal who had been sent to negotiate for the union of the Churches was actually beheaded, his head tied to a dog's tail and the dog sent spinning down the street. The outrage was not forgotten.

We now turn to the fourth crusade. The moving spirit of the crusade was Innocent III. The time seemed opportune, for Saladin, who in 1187 had captured Jerusalem, had died in 1193. It was intended by Innocent that the crusade should be led by Richard I. of England. His death, however, in 1199 put an end to this design, but, curious to say, contributed an element of success to the crusade itself, for so many French nobles had joined Richard in rebellion against their overlord, Philip, that on Richard's death they had sought refuge from Philip's vengeance by enlisting under the Cross. Hitherto the crusades had largely failed through the long overland tramp to the Dardanelles and the long and somewhat arduous passage through Asia Minor to Palestine. It was determined that the new crusade should go by sea. When Louis IX. led his crusade to Egypt he found that there was not a port in France available, for at that time Marseilles was an independent city, and Provence was not under the sway of France. So he was forced to build that wonderful port which so many of you have seen, Aigues Mortes. The crusaders accordingly who were not wholly from France found it more convenient to come to terms with Venice. For a sum of £180,000, 4,500 horses and a force of 13,000 knights and esquires, and 20,000 infantry to be transported to Egypt. Egypt, in fact, was the Achilles heel of the Turkish Empire. The crusaders as they arrived in Venice were taken to the Lido, not then full of hotels, but a somewhat inhospitable swamp, which had the merit of being safe out of the city. There it was found that so many crusaders had gone off independently that the

provision in ships made by the Venetians was far more than the expedition warranted, and that those who were present could not make up the 85,000 marks for which Venice had stipulated. Instead of 4,000 knights only 1,000 had assembled. But Venice claimed its pound of flesh and forced the crusaders to a compromise that the balance due to them should be paid out of the spoils which fell to the crusaders, a compromise finally changed into a proposal for an attack on Zara.

On October 8th, 1202, the crusade finally left the Lido in 480 vessels, each noble with a ship to himself with a sailing barge for his horses, each ship girt with the buckler of the knights so that it looked as if it had a belt of steel. Dandolo's ships had been painted vermilion like that of an emperor. Priests and monks, stationed in the cross trees of the vessels, chanted as they left. In November, in spite of letters from Innocent excommunicating any who should attempt to damage them, Zara was captured, and, in accordance with his policy, Dandolo kept the crusaders lingering there through the winter. At last the protests of the zealots, whose consciences were uneasy at the merciless sack and also at the diversion of their crusading vows, as well as the interference of Innocent, led in the following April to departure. Innocent was as yet unaware of the influence at work to prevent the crusaders from ever reaching Egypt. Though he had profound distrust for Venice and would not grant the Venetians his absolution he could yet not believe that Venice had become a traitor to Christendom. But it was so.

We need not follow the crusade in its further progress, its journey to Corfu which it left on May 23rd, and its final arrival before Constantinople on June 23rd, 1203. During the voyage all preparation had been made by Dandolo for an attack. Their first efforts were unsuccessful, but as the result of a revolution in the city the second attack was more prosperous. Two fires had broken out in the city itself and had consumed no small portion of it and weakened its powers of resistance. This disastrous fire originated in an attack by the Crusaders upon a Saracen mosque, for at that time the Saracens under the

capitulations had a quarter of their own. The whole city had been thrown into confusion. The emperor, who had tried to meet the extortions of the crusaders, was deposed. Dandolo had the excuse that he desired. He could pose as a defender of the right and the avenger of the injured. Early in March 1204, it was decided to attack. The first assault was unsuccessful; the second assault, however, was triumphant. Every available crusader and Venetian took part in it. To each group of ships was assigned the attack on its own special portion of the sea walls with its towers. With the help of a strong north wind the ships were enabled to come close to the land. Two of the ships lashed together succeeded in throwing a gangway to a tower on the walls, and a Venetian and a French knight rushed over and obtained a foothold. Other knights followed, leaped on shore, placed their ladders against the wall and four towers were captured. Finally three of the gates were broken in and the city was entered. Seventeen vain attempts had been made in the past 900 years to capture Constantinople. For the first time the invaders had been successful. Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, one of the prime movers of the plot, was elected king, and was enthroned in St. Sophia, and the plunder of the richest city in Christendom began. Never was there a more barbarous sack. The lust of the crusaders spared neither maiden nor virgin pledged to the service of God. The women of the court only saved themselves by smearing their faces so as to seem to be of the poorest classes, by this means escaping the foul hands of the soldiers. Churches and monasteries were rifled of all their treasures; a prostitute was seated in the patriarchal chair, and then danced for the amusement of the soldiers. The chalices were stripped of their precious stones and converted into drinking cups. The altars of Justinian's cathedral, the admiration of all men, were broken up for the sake of the materials of which they were made. Some of the most illustrious monuments of the past were melted down for their bronze. So immense was the booty that about £800,000 (I speak in pre-war values) was distributed among the soldiers and a similar sum given to the Venetians together with £100,000 due to them for past

unpaid expenses. Constantinople was especially rich in relics. They were sent wholesale over Europe, *e.g.*, St. Clement's head at Clugny, St. John Baptist's at Amiens, St. Luke's picture of the Virgin at Soissons. The fortunes of a little monastery at Bromholm were made by a gift of a piece of the Cross. The destruction of works of art was appalling. What was lost may perhaps be seen from one of the few things saved, *viz.*, the wonderful horses which are outside St. Mark's at Venice to this day. Compared with the destruction which was inflicted upon Constantinople by the Venetians and crusaders, the Turks in their final capture of the city in 1453 were merciful indeed. I will say nothing of the further years during which the Venetians and Latins attempted to govern the Eastern Empire and turn the Orthodox Church into a dependency of Rome. They were years during which Constantinople and its powers of resistance to the Turks were fatally weakened, and an irreconcilable hatred established between the Christianity of the East and West.

The results of the fourth crusade were indeed disastrous. The light of Greek civilisation which for nine centuries had been kept burning in the city which Constantine had built was suddenly extinguished. A language which hitherto had survived—I mean the Greek of our boyhood —up to then a scarcely-changed language, gave place to a patois. The crime of the fourth crusade, at the bottom of which was the treachery of Venice, handed over the Eastern Empire to centuries of barbarism, and inflicted on the Greek Church a wound second only to the terrible record in our own day of the hatred of Soviet Russia. But Venice grew fat and prospered until in fact for her also the day of retribution came.

RAGUSA.

By S. E. Morison, M.A.

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After "hitting the high spots" of classical antiquity for ten days, we are returning to a calm and quiet backwater of world history. Dalmatia is a region of comparatively little significance for civilisation as a whole, but like other backwaters and secluded spots on the world's highway, it possesses a peculiar charm and interest.

The little city of Ragusa which we shall visit to-morrow has the proud distinction of having maintained independent existence as a city-state from its foundation in the seventh century A.D., for almost twelve hundred years; of being the only city on the Balkan peninsula, indeed the only city in Eastern Europe south of the Danube, that was never subjected to Turkish power. Further, it was Ragusa, "the most strong and mighty towne called Aragouse,"* which gave to our language the word for a large and stately merchant ship—the Argosy (araguzea, *i.e.*, ship of Ragusa). For the people of this little Dalmatian city built, manned, and managed a famous merchant fleet. Salarino, in *The Merchant of Venice*, might have been speaking of any merchant in Ragusa when he says:

> Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
> There, where your argosies with portly sail,
> Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
> Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
> Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
> That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
> As they fly by them with their woven wings.

* Sir Richard Torkington's diary of his "Pilgrimage" to Jerusalem in 1517.

Dalmatia, of which Ragusa forms a part—although it had no political connexion with the other Dalmatian cities until a century ago—has in historic times been separated culturally and racially from the rest of the eastern peninsula of the Adriatic. The mountains, of porous limestone, good only for goat pasture (if for that), in most places come very close to the sea, forcing the people to take to trading and seafaring for a livelihood. One should however, point out, since the contrary has so often and passionately been asserted, that the Dalmatian mountains are not an impassable barrier, cutting off by natural prescription the coast people from the interior. At various points—notably at Spalato and Gravosa and the Narenta—a rapid river has broken through the mountain chain, created a harbour and a few square miles of fertile plain, and offered a route into the back country. In fact the early importance of Ragusa and Spalato was due to their trade with the hinterland. It is race, not nature, that has made Dalmatia separate; and by the same token it is no longer separate. Here were the farthest Greek colonies in the Adriatic, a chain of trading towns which became, from the Greek or Latin point of view, islands of civilisation in a sea of barbarism. Imperial Rome and Christian Italy alike regarded Dalmatia as the English did the Irish Pale. Pope Gregory I wrote to the Bishop of Salona in the year 600: "*De Sclavorum gente, quae vobis imminet, affligor vehementer et conturbor.*" Over thirteen centuries have elapsed, and the government at Rome is still vehemently afflicted and disturbed by this same Slavic race.

There was something to be said for this point of view in the Middle Ages, when the Dalmatian channels and islands sheltered pirates who preyed on the merchant fleets of Venice and the Italian cities; when, in so far as it was not controlled by city states of Latin civilisation, Dalmatia was the Barbary Coast of the Adriatic. It was a little strange, however, to hear arguments drawn from the conditions of five hundred years ago, used at the Peace Conference of 1919 as Italian arguments for the complete Italian control of Dalmatia. In the meantime the Southern Slavs had infiltrated to such an extent that

by the twentieth century the Dalmatian Coast as a whole —excepting the people of Zara and a few outer islands —had come to regard themselves as Slavs rather than Italians; and it was in accordance with their desires and interests that the greater part of Dalmatia in 1919 was awarded to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

Ragusa was founded at the same time as Venice, and for the same reason: the barbarian invasions. When the invaders swept down from the interior to the coast, the trading peoples of the north Adriatic fled to a group of islands in a lagoon, where they could defend themselves, and founded Venice. The people of Salona took refuge in Diocletian's great palace, and made it the walled town of Spalato. The people of the Graeco-Roman city of Epitaurum (on the site of the village now called Ragusa Vecchia), fled before the Avars in 656 to an uninhabited rocky island a few miles away, walled themselves in, and named it Ragusa. At least such is the story of the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitos, writing three hundred years later.* Porphyrogenitos is also authority for the etymology of the name, from λαῦ, a precipice. In his time it was Ῥαούσιον; the Latins inserted the *g* for euphony. Dubrovnik, the Slavic name for the city (its official name to-day), means "woody," with reference to the thick growth of pines that doubtless once covered the rock, as now the peninsula of Prada. This name seems to have been as old as Ragusa, and it is quite probable that many of the early inhabitants were Slavs, not Latins; for the Slavs preceded the Avars in the Balkan peninsula, and suffered with the Latins from the Avar invasion.

You will understand when approaching Ragusa why it was chosen by refugees. It is a very rock of refuge; a place of natural strength, with a small harbour, easily defended, and sheltered from the Bora—the north wind which too often sweeps down the Adriatic. Ragusa is the only town on the Dalmatian coast that looks straight out to sea, a great protection against surprise. Originally

* There may very likely have been a small fishing village on the rock before the refugees came.

it was an island, divided from the mainland by a narrow channel, part of which was later filled up to make the *Stradone*, or main street. When that was done the walls had to be continued on the landward side, to prevent surprise from the direction of Monte Sergio ; and being on the open Adriatic, it was difficult for an enemy long to maintain a siege or blockade. In fact no enemy appeared before the walls from 1454 to 1806, so naturally strong are the defences of Ragusa. Further, the valleys behind Ragusa, which she shortly came to control, are among the most fertile on the coast, producing excellent wine and corn.

By the eighth century A.D. we find Dalmatia a chain of Graeco-Latin trading towns, set in the midst of a barbarian country. All owed allegiance to the Roman Empire of the East, which maintained *strategoi* in Ragusa and some of the larger towns. In 848 the Emperor Basil the Macedonian, sent a fleet to raise a siege of Ragusa by the Saracens. Having done so, the Byzantine admiral recruited a force of Slavs, transported them in Ragusan ships to Bari, and, by capturing that town, broke the power of the Saracens in Southern Italy. In recognition of this event the bishopric of Bari was placed within the archdiocese of Ragusa, an arrangement undisturbed by Rome until fairly recently. But as the power of the Eastern Empire declined, and especially when the Latin Empire was set up at Byzantium, the Dalmatian towns became independent city-states, looking to Rome for their religious authority, to Italy for their municipal institutions, to the western shore of the Adriatic for their trade, and to Venice for their culture. Italian became the language of government and trade, although in cities such as Ragusa Slavic remained or became the language of the common people.

Ragusa early became a trading power to be reckoned with. The Arabian geographer Idrisi, writing in 1153, mentions Ragusa as a great maritime city, whose inhabitants have a considerable fleet, and undertake long journeys. It was well situated for trade with the interior —Bosnia, Herzegovina and Serbia. Ragusa exchanged products of the West for products of the East. The cloth,

ironwork and manufactured goods of Europe were collected by Ragusan merchants and sent by pack train from Gravosa into the interior. From the interior, all the way from Hungary to Epirus, they collected raw products of the Balkan peninsula: wool, leather, peltry, wax, and honey. These last played a very large part in mediaeval commerce, for wax was required for church candles, and for lighting the better sort of houses; while honey was used for sweetening, in a period when the price of sugar was almost prohibitive.

Ragusa first came in conflict with Venice through her supposed connivance with the Narentan pirates. This Slavic people occupied the channel of Narenta not far north-west of Ragusa, as well as Lissa, Curzola, and the other larger islands off the coast. The Narentans forced the Venetian Republic to pay them tribute, as the alternative of pillaging the Venetian galleys. Ragusa, as a near neighbour of the pirates, had to stand on friendly terms with them, and perhaps profited by her forbearance, as pirates are always good spenders. Accordingly the Venetians, on one of their early punitive expeditions against the pirates, decided to surprise and capture Ragusa. It was on that occasion that the invaders, using the masts of their ships as scaling ladders, were repulsed by heavenly allies of the Ragusans, led by St. Blaise. The good saint immediately reported the engagement in person to a priest in the city, together with a warning that the people had better look to themselves, not to himself, the next time. In gratitude he was made the patron saint of the city, and the banner of San Biagio (Sv. Vlaho in Croatian) still floats from the flagpole on the piazza, every holiday.

Gradually, in self-protection, Venice had to assert control over the whole Dalmatian coasts; and Ragusa itself became in some sense tributary to Venice about the year 1000. Although the Ragusan historians patriotically assert that their little republic was never really subject to Venice, there seems no doubt about it from a treaty of 1232, by which Ragusa voluntarily accepted a resident count appointed by the Doge of Venice, swore fealty to the Doge, agreed to furnish one ship for every thirty of the Venetian fleet, and to have no dealings with the pirates.

The only way the local historians have been able to get around this treaty is by declaring it a forgery; since no citizen of such an obviously patriotic community as Ragusa would have signed such a document! However, there seems no good reason to apologize for the treaty, since Ragusa maintained her autonomy throughout the Venetian period, and made treaties with neighbouring potentates like the Ban of Bosnia and the King of Serbia.

In the twelfth century the Ragusans had their first, and doubtless their most remunerative, visit from a party of English tourists, headed by Richard Cœur de Lion. Richard I. is regarded by many English historians as a foreigner, but certainly in his fondness for foreign travel he seems a true Englishman; and his preferences lay in the same direction as those of the members of this Club. The Lion-hearted, however, for all his experience, was never a good sailor, and on the return from his Hellenic cruise of 1192 a storm in the Adriatic put him in such a state of funk that he promised to erect a church on the first land he might reach in safety. The fortunate spot was the little island of Lacroma, very near Ragusa but not at that time Ragusan territory. The thrifty Ragusans urged, "why build a church on an island, where there are only a few fishermen, when we want a cathedral badly in Ragusa?" The royal guest, always generous with taxpayers' money, replied, "why not both?" Accordingly he built a chapel on Lacroma, and the cathedral church in Ragusa. At least such is the pleasant legend, which I have not the heart to investigate.

Although the Ragusan historians would have us believe that the culture of their beloved republic was of spontaneous growth, the offspring of liberty and virtue, it is probable that both Venice and Byzantium had something to do with it. Venice left the deepest imprint on the arts of Ragusa. Of the four noted monuments in the city which survived the earthquake of 1667, three, the Franciscan cloister, the Dominican cloister, and the Sponza or custom house, were built during the rule of the Venetian counts, although they are by no means a slavish imitation of contemporary Venetian architecture. The fourth important building, the Rector's Palace, was

designed in part by a Neapolitan architect, in part by Michelozzo Michelozzi, of Florence. "There were doubtless many native artists, but Ragusan talent seems to have been of a collective rather than an individual character," says the historian Villari. Some admirable examples of native goldsmiths' work are preserved in the treasuries of the churches.

Ragusa with all Dalmatia was ceded by Venice to Hungary in 1358. This was not a mere change of King Log for King Stork. The Hungarian monarchs were content with a nominal submission, maintained not even a resident in the city, and had no rival sea power. The Hungarian connexion contributed nothing to Ragusan culture, but indirectly it helped the city to prosper, and left a more pleasant memory than the Venetian supremacy. A permanent memorial of the Hungarian *régime* is the base to the flagstaff in the Piazza, with a statue of a knight in armour on one side. This was erected in 1418 when Sigismund, King of Hungary ("Sigismund *super grammaticam*"), was elected Emperor. The knight is Count Roland, symbol of the Holy Roman Empire. If lions of St. Mark were ever carved or emblazoned on the monuments of Ragusa, they have long since been erased; the *colonne Orlando* remains.

It was in the latter half of the fourteenth century that Ragusa began that surprising advance in wealth and sea power which made her the peer of many Italian cities, and which led her merchants so far afield that in 1500 Palladius Fuscus could write that there was no part of Europe where you would not find *Ragusinos negotiantes*. Commercial expansion was due to a variety of causes. For one, the interior of the Balkan peninsula at this time, after a century of comparative stability, reassumed its normally disturbed and chaotic condition. The sovereigns of Serbia, the Bans of Bosnia, and the what-nots of the Herzegovina were continually springing at one another's throats and breaking up the Ragusan caravans. Consequently the people turned their attention more and more to sea traffic. In the second place, they acquired territory by purchase and by selling their friendship in these neighbourhood feuds, until they controlled the

whole Dalmatian coast from Cattaro* to the mouth of the Narenta, half-way to Spalato, including the peninsula of Sabbioncello and the big islands of Curzola and Meleda. Most important was the keen foresight of the Ragusans in making friends with the Ottoman Turks. Christendom was forbidden to trade with the infidel, excepting by special permission of the Pope. Of course the Italian cities more or less ignored this prohibition; but at best their trade with Saracen and Turk was a "bootleg" affair, unprotected by treaty, and liable to sudden interruptions by papal interdict or Turkish caprice. Ragusa, however, did everything regularly and above board. First she obtained permission to trade from Pope Urban V., who probably needed certain Turkish products himself, or a Turkish market for his own dominions. Next, Ragusa proceeded as early as 1359 to conclude treaties with the Sultans of Egypt and Syria, and in 1365 obtained freedom to trade in all parts of the Ottoman dominions. Of course an annual tribute had to be paid to the Sultan, but this did not involve any loss of sovereignty or interference; and Ragusa was the only important city in Eastern Europe south of the Danube—excepting Vienna—that never had the Turk within her walls, and never saw the cross lowered to the crescent. Further, Ragusa never made an alliance with Turkey, and contributed men, ships and money to the Hungarian and other princes who were fighting the Ottoman power. This ability to carry water on both shoulders was all the more remarkable since for three hundred and fifty years the Turks were close neighbours of Ragusa. From 1528, when Sulieman the Magnificent completed his conquest of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, until 1878, when Austria occupied the Herzegovina, the Turkish frontier was only three and one-half miles from the gates of the city. It was no easy matter at times to maintain independence in the face of imperious grand vizirs and powerful Ottoman admirals; but the Ragusan ambassadors, masters of tergiversation, always managed

* Ragusa never controlled Cattaro itself, much though she wished to, as the Cattarenes were her principal rivals in the salt trade to the interior.

to keep the Turk off until something turned up that distracted his attention.

The merchant marine of Ragusa, which reached its height around 1450, was very carefully and wisely regulated by the laws of the Republic. There were separate regulations for the petty coasting trade, for the *intra culfum* navigation which included the coasts of Apulia and Albania, and the *extra culfum* navigation, outside. The vessels were built mainly at the mouths of the Narenta, the Ombla, and the Bojana (which drains the Lake of Scutari), all well-wooded rivers on whose banks the timber could be cut; and ship timber was also had from the Dalmatian islands, then far more wooded than now. As the harbour of Ragusa itself was too small for argosies, the port of Gravosa, where we shall land, became in the sixteenth century the main centre for ship-repairing and dockyards. The pitch was got from the Dalmatian pines, ironwork from Venice, sailcloth from Ancona and the Marches; cordage was made locally. Ragusan vessels were given different names according to their size, not their rig: the smallest, the *lontra*, were fishing boats; those of five to seven hundred tons were called galleons, and those of six hundred to a thousand tons, carracks. In 1443 the first Ragusan ships went to England, in search of woollen cloth, and these Ragusan carracks were so large and stately as to give the name of the city to the type, in the English language:

> Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
> Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses,
> And twelve tight galleys.

"The derivation," states the *New English Dictionary*, "is made inductively certain by investigations made for us by Mr. A. J. Evans, showing the extent of Ragusan trade with England, and the familiarity of Englishmen with the *Ragusee* or large and richly-freighted merchant ships of Ragusa." (This Mr. Evans is none other than our host at Cnossos, Sir Arthur Evans.*) For instance,

* See his *Through Bosnia and the Herzegóvina on foot during the Insurrection, with . . . . a glimpse at . . . . the ancient Republic of Ragusa* (1876), and *Illyrian Letters . . . . addressed to the "Manchester Guardian"* (1878).

one may trace through the *Acts of the Privy Council* for 1545-46, the fortunes of a certain Paulo de Maryne, "captan of the great Aragousey shippe lieng at Southampton," and of his brother Francisco, captain of a second "Aragowsey," to recover charter money due to them from the Crown for service done the previous summer, and to prevent their seamen from deserting while waiting for their wages.

The laws of Ragusa prescribed the exact equipment of each class of vessel: the number of crew, the height of freeboard which must be shown when fully laden, in the summer and in the winter—an anticipation of the famous Plimsoll Act of Parliament in the nineteenth century. If the owner took passage on the ship, he was forbidden to interfere with the navigation, and he was forbidden to sell or charter a Ragusan vessel to Slavs, Saracens or Turks. All the larger vessels had to carry a scrivener or accountant, the official representative of the Republic, to see that the regulations were kept; and in vessels above forty tons burthen the scrivener must be a noble. He had the privilege of a little cargo space, so that he could make a bit for himself. There might be an owner's representative and a super-cargo to do the business of buying and selling, and the number of the ship's officers and crew were prescribed.

The Cathedral of Ragusa, which was the finest monument on the Dalmatian coast, was maintained by harbour dues. All vessels engaged in coasting, or on the short runs, made a point of getting home for the holidays; since on Christmas eve and Easter even, all seamen in port went in procession to the castle, each bearing a stick of wood for a big bonfire on the castle rock. There they were received by the Count or Rector and given a coin and a drink. Thence they made rounds to the Greater Council, the Lesser Council, and the Church of San Biagio, for similar regalement; and doubtless returned to their homes or their ships feeling that there was something in a sailor's life after all.

The government of Ragusa from the earliest times to its capture by the French was an oligarchy. The first written constitution and laws are dated 1272, and there

was no important change thereafter except that in 1358, when the last Venetian Count left, a Rector elected by the nobles became the chief of state. The Rector's palace is still the principal secular building in Ragusa. A Golden Book was kept for recording the names of all the noble families, and members of these families constituted an hereditary governing class, of which the several governing councils and courts were composed. Merchants and ship-owners who did not happen to be noble had no voice in the government, yet in the whole history of Ragusa there only four revolutions were attempted. The stability of the Ragusan constitution was occasionally noticed by European writers on government. Jean Bodin, the French publicist of the sixteenth century, wrote, "This Republic, of all which we have found, preserved an aristocracy the purest and farthest removed from the interference of the people." Justus Lipsius called Ragusa "the noble republic which divided civilisation from barbarianism, and laws and manners highly polished." Two centuries later, the English traveller Thomas Watkins commented on the learning, liberty, sobriety, and manners of Ragusa, concluding: "I do not hesitate to pronounce them . . . . the wisest, best, and happiest of states."

Although the discovery of the sea route to India and of the New World ultimately made the eastern Mediterranean a backwater, Ragusa during the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries found profitable employment for her larger vessels in the Spanish service. The Ragusans were among the best seamen of the Mediterranean; vessels manned by them in the Spanish Armada of 1588 were among the few that returned. On the other hand, some thirty-five were lost in the expeditions of Charles V. against Tunis, Algiers, and Tripoli. There are records of no less than one hundred and sixty-one Ragusan vessels in the Spanish service between 1584 and 1654, and of these one hundred and twenty-two were in the fleets of the Indies.

In 1667 came a terrible earthquake and fire, which razed the Cathedral, most of the principal buildings, and destroyed a large part of the inhabitants. The city was rebuilt, with the neat stone buildings of equal height and

equally spaced, which we shall see to-morrow ; but Ragusa was never herself again. There was not enough money or energy left to reconstruct the merchant marine, and little enough employment for it. Ragusa began to depend more and more on the petty trade with the interior, and on small coasting concerns.

Yet even after the earthquake, Ragusa managed to maintain her independence by playing off Turkey against Venice, and she continued to produce poets and learned men. Her most famous writer, who composed an important epic poem *Osman* in the Slavic vernacular, was Ivan Gundulić (Giovanni Gondola, 1588-1638). Her two most eminent men of science were Marino Ghetaldi (1566-1627), a mathematician, who in some respects anticipated Descartes, and Ruggiero Bosković (1711-87), F.R.S., mathematician and astronomer, who held scientific chairs in several European universities successively, and was an acquaintance of Dr. Johnson and a correspondent of Benjamin Franklin.

Venice lost her independence in 1797 ; the Republic of Ragusa had only ten years' grace. The French landed there in 1806. Napoleon declared in 1808 : " The Republic of Ragusa has ceased to exist." General Marmont was created Duke of Ragusa, and the few square miles of the territory of the Republic were annexed to the Kingdom of Illyria. With the rest of Dalmatia it was allotted to Austria in the Treaty of Vienna.

Austrian occupation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina in 1878, and the building of a railway to Gravosa, revived the dying commerce of Ragusa. The Dalmatian coast began to attract tourists, and became a sort of Austrian Riviera. Archduke Maximilian had earlier built a villa on the island of Lacroma, on the walls of which one may still see carved the Mexican eagle, melancholy reminder of his fatal enterprise. Yet Ragusa was not happy under Austrian rule. Realising that the day of city-states was past, she attached her hopes of restored liberty to the Greater Serbia movement, and became a centre of the Serbian national movement. Sir Arthur Evans was arrested there in 1882 for supposed complicity with this movement, for which he certainly had deep sympathy.

Mestrović, the famous Serb sculptor (really a native of Dalmatia), fixed his studio at Ragusa, and some of his best work is to be found there, and at Ragusa Vecchia.

On the other hand, Ragusa became an object of ambition for Italia Irredenta. Yet when I last visited Ragusa during the Balkan War of 1913, the evidence of its *Italianitá* was slight. Soldiers of the Austrian Empire filled the streets, and their martial airs could be heard on Monte Sergio, as they made practice marches in preparation for the expected war with Serbia. But the people themselves were proudly conscious of their kinship with the victorious Serbs. Pictures of King Peter and King Nicholas of Montenegro were in the shop windows, and across the principal street was a triumphal arch, with an inscription indicating that it had been raised in honour of the Serbian victories over the Turks. There was no doubt as to where Ragusa's loyalty would lie, as between Austria, Italy and the Southern Slavs; and there is no doubt that the allocation of Ragusa in 1919 to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes was what the people wanted.

A modest prosperity has returned to the city; but her great days have gone, never to return. Ragusa is a beautiful example of a mediaeval city-state, proudly facing the sea, and dreaming of her glorious past when "argosies with portly sail" carried the banner of San Biagio to every part of the known world.

THE CRUISE OF THE S.S. "STELLA d'ITALIA."

By the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D.

(*Dean of St. Paul's.*)

A cruise in the Mediterranean is an unique experience. The shores of that inland sea are not indeed the *orbis terrarum*, as the Romans supposed. The Greeks were nearer the mark when they humorously described themselves as squatting round the borders of the sea, "like frogs in a marsh." But Europe is after all the most favoured of the continents. It is the only continent which has no deserts. The *medius liquor* which *secernit Europen ab Afro*, dotted with islands, invites enterprise and charms the eye with its deep blue, the loveliest of colours. Above all, the Mediterranean lands are and must ever be the spiritual home of civilised mankind. It is from them that we derive all our higher values. What have we, except the prosaic triumphs of applied science, the beginnings of which we do not owe to Palestine, or Greece, or Rome? In visiting these shores, we are standing on holy ground.

Such a holiday, it is needless to say, gains immensely in value when it is taken with congenial companions. There are some tourists who are quite capable of destroying the pleasure of their neighbours even at Venice, Athens, or Delphi. These were blessedly absent from the party of Hellenic travellers on the *Stella d'Italia*. We may suspect that they were frightened off by the formidable "high-brows" whose names appeared on the list of passengers. In any case, they were not on board; and a pleasanter party than ours it would be impossible to find.

A word must be said in compliment to the good ship herself. The *Stella d'Italia*, British-built, is about the steadiest boat on which I have travelled. At the beginning of our voyage the stormy wind, *dux inquieti turbidus*

Hadriae, tried to give us a bad time; but only a few of the weaker vessels failed to appear at the dinner-table. It was cold nearly all the time; we were hardly ever out of sight of snow; but such a winter and spring as those of 1929 we are not likely to see again till the next glacial age begins. The young people on board—jolly little boys from Eton and Rugby, and nymphs whose scanty costume was quite Hellenic—were splashing in and out of the deck swimming-bath all day, as if we were in the tropics.

The pleasant part of our holiday began and ended at Venice, and Venice is not at its best in wet and chilly weather. We made the acquaintance of the Yugo-Slavs at Spalato, which its new owners prefer to call Split. They are a fine, well set-up people, mostly in rags. I once gained a university medal at Cambridge with a Latin ode about the abdication of Diocletian. I pictured the ex-persecutor of the Christians as growing cabbages and hoeing his garden in rustic retirement. I should have altered my description if I had then seen the ruins of a huge castle and palace, something like a quarter of a mile square. The sea front must have been magnificent.

The eastern coast of the Adriatic is a maze of islands and fiords. How the captain ever dared to go to bed in the eastern Mediterranean I cannot think. But he is an islander himself, and had the pleasure of welcoming on board the population of his native place, when we had a few hours to put away before we were due at Venice on the return journey.

The Gulf of Corinth was most beautiful, with rows of snow peaks on both sides. The Greek mountains are not like the Alps. Instead of rising into spires and pyramids, they tend to form long ridges—classical, not Gothic architecture, one is tempted to say. Soon we turned into a deep bay, and landed at Itea for Delphi. Most of us thought that this was the most perfect day of our trip. It was made more interesting by an admirable lecture from Dr. Wigram, who has brought the difficult art of open-air popular instruction to perfection. We had the privilege of hearing him again at Athens and at Eleusis. Delphi is on a steep hillside, nearly 2,000 feet up; we look across a narrow valley, to high mountains on the other side. Near the

sacred precinct, the streamlet Castalia issues from a tremendous gorge ; we all drank of it, but the consequent output of poetry on the *Stella* was disappointing. The precinct and Stadium have been thoroughly excavated by the French ; but almost nothing remains of the crowd of statues which once covered the spot. Only the famous Charioteer is preserved, to hint to us all that we have lost !

We passed through the Corinth Canal at night, and woke to find ourselves in the harbour of Piræus. Was this the Athens that I remembered thirty years ago ? Was this the translucent air that the Athenians always breathe ? A great smoky manufacturing town of 800,000 inhabitants, with chemical works vomiting poisonous fumes even over the Acropolis. Well, we have no right to grumble. The Greeks aspire to be a great nation ; they cannot keep their capital a museum of antiquities. And they have had to make room for over a million refugees from Turkey in Asia —from the coasts of Ionia, which, after being thoroughly Greek for three thousand years, have been handed over to massacre and depopulation by the cynical policy of France and the supineness of other Powers. The Greeks have shouldered the burden, to their eternal credit.

What would the old Greeks have thought if they could have seen Athens to-day ? We know what Plato would have said : "We will build your city about eighty furlongs from the sea. Then there is some hope that the citizens may be virtuous. Had you been on the sea, and well-provided with harbours, you would have needed law-givers more than mortal, if you were to have a chance of preserving your city from degeneracy. The sea is pleasant enough as a daily companion, but it has a bitter and brackish quality, filling the streets with merchants and shopkeepers, and begetting in the souls of men uncertain and dishonest ways." So his disciple Ruskin also believed. But Thucydides and Demosthenes ? Would they have been horrified ? I doubt it. Thucydides would have reflected that whereas on the one hand the city of the Athenians is prevented from not being healthy (redundant negative—no extra charge)— by the noxious vapours which arise from its factories, and from not being melodious by the incessant hooting of the motor horns, unlike the accents of the

TEMPLE OF POSEIDON, PAESTUM.
Photo : J. F. Roxburgh.

TEMPLE OF APOLLO, POMPEII.
Photo : Miss Nelson.

nightingales of Colonus, on the other hand the city of the Lacedæmonians is a straggling village, and Cadmean Thebes not even that. Demosthenes would have consoled himself by thinking that "that d——d Macedonian, native of a country where you cannot even buy a decent slave," had been put in his proper place, in a subject province.

At Eleusis, as at Delphi, one is almost persuaded to be a Pagan. Epidaurus, a lovely spot, was a mixture of Lourdes and Homburg, a charming place in which to get rid of real or imaginary ailments.

The voyage across the Archipelago was very beautiful. Homer's line came to mind, how Odysseus had his first view of the distant isle of the Phæacians, "and it looked like a shield on the misty deep." Samothrace however did not look like a shield. It is a splendid peak, a smaller Teneriffe.

We passed the Dardanelles, of tragic memories, and dropped a wreath into the sea in honour of our brave soldiers, whose graves we could see on the peninsula. We hurried through the Sea of Marmora at night, and on a Saturday morning found ourselves at Constantinople, in weather like an English November.

A derelict capital is a mournful spectacle, and so is a people forcibly deprived of its religion and customs. There was no sign of the conquering hordes of the Grand Turk, who for centuries kept Europe in terror. The fez is forbidden under heavy penalties. A squalid, unhealthy-looking population, in shabby Western clothes, shambles through tumble-down streets, in which nothing is more observable than the frequent advertisements of medical specialists of a certain kind. Only in the military museum, formerly a fine Christian church, does one find any signs that the Turk has not forgotten his past. The old city walls are very imposing; one remembers that for long ages they protected the only civilised town in Europe. As for St. Sophia, desecrated and polluted as it is, it has a good claim to rank as the finest church in the world. What must it have looked like before the Latins in the Fourth Crusade worked their wicked will upon it?

I am naturally interested in the architectural problem of supporting a heavy dome. About two hundred yards from St. Sophia stands the Blue Mosque, plainly copied

from Justinian's great church, but with features of its own. The huge dome rests on four extremely massive columns. I have seldom seen a finer building than this mosque.

The sun came out for our farewell to Micklegard, as the Northmen called this wonder-city. The Bosphorus is lined with beautiful country houses, which indicate great wealth in the Turkish ruling class before the war. We just looked upon the Black Sea.

The voyage to the beautiful island of Crete, with Cretan Ida as snowy and majestic as its namesake in Mysia, did not take long. In Crete we at last felt tolerably warm, and the flowers, which hitherto had not quite come up to our expectations, were very pleasing. Those of the party who were privileged to lunch in Sir Arthur Evans' garden at Cnossus will forget neither the kindness of the host, who spread his hospitable table under the trees, nor the delicious Cretan wine, which I am afraid we punished rather unmercifully. The ruins of Cnossus are—ruins. Personally, I cannot mentally reconstruct a house from the ground-plan.

We could not land at Katakolo for Olympia, which was a great disappointment to those who had not seen the Hermes of Praxiteles. But Corfu was some compensation. The Kaiser's villa, the Achilleion, commands gorgeous views. The imperial taste in furniture was much what one would have expected.

The final treat was Ragusa, which has often been described. It is, I suppose, destined to become a fashionable resort; its beauty is so great that one wonders that it has escaped this fate so long.

"And so to bed"—for those who had sleepers. The pleasure of such a holiday is not over when we get home. It is—to quote Thucydides in a more respectful fashion—a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί.

THE CRUISE OF THE "THÉOPHILE GAUTIER."

By J. F. Roxburgh, M.A.

(*Headmaster of Stowe School.*)

Doubtless it would be possible to build a more delightful ship than the *Théophile Gautier*, but doubtless also it would be difficult. Her decorations alone—from the old English colour prints on Deck D to the gay French frescoes in the music room—made her a ship to remember. Everything about her was trim and fresh—except the head of her Eponymous Hero, which hangs hirsute and horrible at the top of the Companion. Surely the hairy tradition in art is dead, and in any case our ship's company was classical, not romantic. But no doubt this little reminder of the Quartier was good for us, and of course, Gautier did write, "*Oui, l'oeuvre sort plus belle . . . .*"

The ship was comfortable, too, even beyond expectation. There were lots of baths, roomy cabins, meals of the best and a steadiness of keel which gave the cook no holidays. A ship to remember indeed.

From the clamours and odours of Marseilles we passed out into twenty-four hours of peace and of fresh, cool air. Stromboli obliged us with a tassel of smoke and Etna astonished us by its majestic and unexpected height.

Then came Katakolo and a trip in a toy train through sheets of asphodel to Olympia. The Stadium was undistinguishable except for a dubious white line and some recently manufactured toe-holes, but the flowers among the grey stones were of unimaginable loveliness, and the trees were such as we did not see again in Greece. The Hermes, more beautiful than some of us had dared to hope but divinely indifferent to our little emotions, sent us away happier if humbler men.

Sailing northwards towards Attica next day we were

specially blessed by fortune. On the left the temple of Aegina could be clearly seen, looking remote and unreal in the morning light, but upright and challenging as the fallen drums of Olympia had failed to be. Then the Acropolis came into view, seen undefiled in the enchanting distance, before the filth and ugliness of the Piraeus could be guessed at from the decks. There is an ethereal quality about the Acropolis seen from the blue waters of the Gulf. It is as if one were looking out into another world. But the vision soon fades and the sacred hill disappears from view, and then there is the sprawling squalor of the Piraeus before one, and the oil and the orange peel and the tugs all round.

But once ashore you can get to close quarters with the Acropolis very quickly nowadays. There is an electric railway of startling cleanliness which takes you to the Theseium, and then there is the new bye-pass road. This leads your taxi round by Phaleron Bay, where the sewage of Athens runs into the sea. Here are the best smells in all Greece, and here are the beaches and machines whence the Athenians bathe. Some of our company bathed here too, but that is not a mistake which they will make again.

When we reached the Acropolis—some of us on the first afternoon, most of us next morning, a fortunate few by the light of a large full moon—we found there what we deserved to find. The better we knew the old Athenians, the more their city meant to us. But none of us can have been wholly undeserving, for none of us came back wholly unchanged, and the physical beauty of the place alone would have moved even a mathematician's heart.

We had two and a half days in Athens, and there was time, therefore, for three visits to the museum. Some of us found time, too, to drive out to Eleusis, and some to Marathon or Sunium, or both, and everyone was sure that his choice of expedition had been the best. The claim of those who went to Sunium and saw its white marble, its innumerable flowers and the blue background of its sea, would perhaps be difficult to contest.

Then came Stylis and Thermopylae. Here we had a grey and chilly day, and the only warm thing (except

the springs themselves) was the controversy which Dr. Whatley raised about the Phocians and the deciduous oaks.

Next day to Iolchos—or "Volo for Tempe," as the programme said. From Tempe we saw the great mountains and thought the day well lost for them. But some of us would not spare the day and climbed Pelion instead, or sought (in vain) for Pagasae, or studied the sepulchral paintings in the admirable little museum. Again everyone was sure that he had chosen best.

That night we crossed the Aegean and in the morning we were looking at the Gallipoli beaches. Much was thought and little said. Chanak, where we landed, has an assured place in the history books, though it did not seem aware of its own importance. However, it was quite aware of ours, and the population turned out to the last dog to see us off to Troy. They evidently thought us foolhardy adventurers, but we did not understand their pitying glances, for we knew not what was awaiting us.

The cars in which we travelled were of considerable interest to the archaeologists among us. They had been collected from museums all over Asia Minor, and there was a good deal of controversy about their dates, estimates varying by some centuries. But there was little time for argument. The drivers kissed their wives, set their teeth and launched us towards eternity or Troy. In the end —rather a distant end for some of us—it was Troy and not eternity, but the issue was long in doubt. The road (rather more than twenty miles long) had originally been made by Priam for mule transport, and it was kept in order by the Greeks on the advice of Nestor throughout the siege. After the sack it became grass grown, but it was put in order by the Romans and kept in fair condition by the Byzantine emperors. Since 1453 it has not, of course, been repaired, and the *Queen Elizabeth* shelled what remained of it in 1915. There is not a dull yard in it now from Chanak to Hissarlik. From Hissarlik to Troy the cars went across the open country and up the bed of a stream, which was safer if less exciting than the road. The car whose radiator had run dry most often on the way

from Chanak, filled up with goat's milk got from a peasant while it waited for us at Troy, and went home with hardly a stop.

Troy needs more study than we could give it, but, confused as the ruins are, they are somehow satisfying to the imagination. The Second City is far the most conspicuous, except where the Roman temple-base dominates the scene. But "Homer's City" can be traced out well enough, and after all the siege of many Troys is implicit in the tale to which Homer gave immortality. We saw a magnificent bastion belonging to one city or another, a huge water cistern, two gates, a tower, and a view over the "ringing plains" to Achilles' tomb and the sea and Tenedos beyond. It was enough to send us away enriched for life, even if we are never able to go back. If we do go back we shall be able to make much more of it. (But we shall go by aeroplane).

A Sunday in Samos allowed us a welcome rest. It is understandable that the gods were jealous of Polycrates. He made the best tunnels of all antiquity and lived in the second most exquisite island in the Aegean. The most exquisite of all we visited next day. The shining marble of Delos and the incredible blueness above and about it are not to be spoken of, but only remembered with gratitude. Again we came away enriched for life.

In Crete we met a Sirocco for the first time, and decided that we did not wish to pursue the acquaintance. The streets of Candia were intolerable, and the drive to Cnossos was a purgatory. But the museum was calm and cool and seemed to reveal to us in an hour all the kingdom of Minos and the glory of it. At Cnossos we were lucky enough to be greeted by Sir Arthur Evans himself, who introduced us to the excavations. Dr. Wigram took us round and, undefeated by swirling dust and sweltering heat, kept us cheerful as he only can—telling us much that we could never have learnt unaided, and expounding with admiration and with almost excessive particularity the sanitary arrangements of the royal suites.

Getting back to the ship was a lively business, and a wet one for some of us, for the sea had got up, and that curious hot wind had become almost a gale. But the

Cretan boatmen kept us happily entertained. The Minoan tradition of maritime skill has not survived in Candia.

A day at sea, peaceful and sunny—and then Syracuse. The view from the fort on Epipolae almost equalled the views we had seen in Greece. The Great Harbour, the quarries, the theatre and the cathedral with its Doric columns occupied us fully till sailing time. But we wished, as poor Nicias did, that we had never left Greece, or might straightway return to it.

Naples brought us still nearer to ordinary life and horribly near to Marseilles. But Pompeii for some of us and Paestum for others kept us from too much repining. Then came another day at sea, a festive evening (with a French speech by one of our six headmasters), a far from festive breakfast, and at last the Marseilles Custom House again.

Now we have to fill up the time somehow till next year's trip begins.

LIST OF BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

Below is given a short list of books most suitable for giving a general idea of the Greek genius and civilization :

" The Legacy of Greece." R. W. Livingstone (Editor).
" The Greek View of Life." G. L. Dickinson.
" Our Hellenic Heritage." H. R. James.
" The Greek Commonwealth." A. E. Zimmern.
" Studies of the Greek Poets." John Addington Symonds.
" The Pageant of Greece." R. W. Livingstone.
" The Iliad of Homer " (Prose Translation). Lang, Leaf and Myers.
" The Odyssey of Homer " (Prose Translation). Butcher and Lang.
" Aristophanes " (Verse Translation). B. B. Rogers.
" Greek Studies." Walter Pater.
" Introduction to Pausanias." Fraser.
" Handbook of Greek Sculpture." E. A. Gardner.
" History of Greece." J. B. Bury.
" History of Ancient Greek Literature." Gilbert Murray.
Gilbert Murray's Translations of the Tragedians, especially Euripides.
" Rulers of the South." F. Marion Crawford.
Sicily. (Story of the Nations Series.)
" Dictionary of Mythology." (Everyman Library.)
Small Classical Atlas. (Murray.) Edited by G. B. Grundy.
" The Architecture of Ancient Greece." A. S. Dinsmoor.
" A Short Critical History of Architecture." Heathcote Statham.
" A Simple Guide to Architecture." A. L. N. Russell, A.R.I.B.A.

A further list of books especially prepared for those who do not read Latin or Greek can be seen in the " Claim of Antiquity," published by the Oxford University Press, price 1s.

CONSTITUTION AND RULES.

1.—The name of the Club shall be "THE HELLENIC TRAVELLERS' CLUB."

Object.

2.—The object of the Club shall be to promote visits to the littoral of the Mediterranean and elsewhere, to be undertaken by those from both sides of the Atlantic who are interested in classical studies and archæological research.

Constitution.

3.—The Club shall consist of :—

(*a*) Officers : President, Vice-Presidents, Honorary Secretary, Chairman of Committee.

(*b*) Committee, consisting of the *ex-officio* members and ordinary members, of whom the officers of the Club for the time being shall be the *ex-officio* members, and not more than sixty additional members of the Club shall be the ordinary members.

(*c*) Members : The membership of the Club shall be limited to University men and women, who shall have the right to be accompanied on cruises by members of their families and personal friends.

Election of Officers.

4.—The President and Vice-President shall be elected annually by and from the Committee.

The Honorary Secretary shall be nominated by the Chairman of Committee.

The Chairman of Committee shall be the Chairman for the time being of the Cruising Company, Ltd., or its successor.

Functions of Officers.

5.—(*a*) The Chairman of Committee for the time being shall not have a vote except in the case of an equality of votes, when he shall have a casting vote.

(*b*) The Chairman of Committee shall arrange with the Company of which he is Chairman, to secure the use of vessels for the purposes of the Club for certain cruises, the itineraries of which shall have been approved by the Committee. The arrangements

made with the Cruising Co., Ltd., or its successor shall be made in such a way that the Cruising Co., Ltd., or its successor shall be responsible for all expenses, financial or otherwise, arising out of the cruises.

Election of Committee.

6.—The Committee shall be annually elected by and from the members. Names for election to the Committee, duly proposed and seconded by two members, must reach the Honorary Secretary before the end of September in each year. Voting papers for a ballot on these names will be issued during the ensuing October, and in order to be valid must be returned to the Honorary Secretary within one month from their issue.

Functions of the Committee.

7.—The functions of the Committee shall be the election of new members, as provided in Clause 8, the approving of itineraries of cruises, and such arrangements for lectures on board or on shore as may seem to them desirable. They shall have power to appoint sub-committees from among the members of the Club.

Election of Members.

8.—(*a*) Every candidate for election to membership of the Club shall be a graduate or undergraduate of a University, and shall be proposed by one member, and seconded by one or more members, and no member shall propose any candidate with whom he has not been personally acquainted previously to his proposing such candidate.

In the event of any candidate not knowing a member, he may be proposed personally by his own Rector or Vicar, or by any University Professor, or by the Headmaster or Headmistress of a Public School. The Proposal Form must state of which University the candidate is a graduate or undergraduate.

(*b*) The names of all candidates for election shall be submitted by the Honorary Secretary to the Committee, who shall vote "aye" or "no"; one "no" in every ten votes shall exclude.

(*c*) The Committee shall have power to invite persons of recognised academical standing to become members of the Club.

(*d*) A candidate for election who does not come under Section (*a*) shall have been educated at a Public School, or shall be a member of one of the Learned Professions, or of one of His Majesty's Services, or shall be the mother, sister, daughter, or wife of the foregoing.

Entrance Fee.

9.—The entrance fee of One Guinea shall be payable on election, but there shall be no Annual Subscription to the Club, nor any pecuniary liability incurred by members as such.

Privileges of Members.

10.—(*a*) All members of the Club shall be entitled to reserve berths for cruises arranged by the Club on receipt of the first notice from the Secretary.

(*b*) If, two months before sailing, four-fifths of the accommodation on the steamer has been reserved for the use of members and their families, the whole of the accommodation on any vessel specially chartered shall be reserved exclusively for the use of the Club. Members may reserve berths for any relatives or friends travelling with them, and servants. The Committee shall have power to make by-laws as to the reservation of berths by members.

Passages of Members: All passages are taken by members subject to the usual conditions of the Steamship Companies from whom the vessels are chartered, and the booking conditions of the Cruising Co., Ltd., or its successor.

Resignation and Exclusion of Members.

11.—Any member may be deprived of his membership in the Club by the Committee, if at least two-thirds of the members of Committee voting shall vote for his or her exclusion, provided that at least ten excluding votes are recorded.

12.—Any member may resign at any time on giving notice to the Honorary Secretary to that effect.

Alteration of Rules.

13.—The above rules shall not be added to or altered save by a vote of two-thirds of the Committee for the time being, and any such alteration shall be subject to the confirmation of the Chairman of Committee.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Abbott, The Rev. H. Alldridge, M.A.
Abbott, The Very Rev. J. W., M.A.
Abbott, P.
Abbotts, T. C., J.P.
Abel, H. G., M.A.
Abercrombie, Professor Lascelles, M.A.
Ackerley, The Rev. Canon F. G., M.A.
Acworth, Rev. H. J.
Adams, H. Mayow, M.A.
Adamson, L. A., M.A.
Adkin, B. C.
Ady, Miss C. M., M.A.
Ager, R. L. S., M.A.
Ainslie, Miss E. E.
Ainslie, Miss Gladys, M.A.
Aitchison, Thomas, M.B., C.M.
Aitken, The Rev. Canon R. Aubrey, M.A.
Akrill-Jones, The Rev. D., M.A.
Alcock, Rev. A. E., M.A.
Alden, Percy, M.A.
Alexander, Miss
Alexander, Miss Jean
Alexander, The Rev. A. B., D.D.
Alexander, Miss M. M. C.
Alington, The Rev. C. A., D.D.
Alington, The Rev. C. W., M.A.
Allan, Miss Agnes, M.A.
Allan, Bryce
Allan, Miss Gladys B., B.A.
Allan, The Rev. G. K., M.A.
Allan, John
Allan Spence, Miss D., M.A.
Allan Spence, Miss M., M.A.
Alldis, The Rev. Canon J.
Allen, A. H. B., B.A.
Allfrey, F. H., M.A.
Almond, Miss M. E., M.A.
Altamont, The Earl of, F.S.A.
Alvis, The Rev. G. E., M.A.
Amphlet, C. E.
Anderson, The Rev. Dr. E. E.
Anderson, J. G. C., M.A.
Anderson, W. Blair, D.Litt., M.A.
Anderton, Basil, M.A.
Andrew, D. M., M.A.
Andrew, S. O., M.A.
Andrews, C. R. P.
Angus, C. F.
Angus, The Rev. Professor S.
Annand, A. W.
Anthony, Miss
Antrobus, J. Coutts, M.A.
Archer, A. B., M.A.
Archibald, Miss Edith, M.A.
Archibald, James
Arkwright, Captain
Arkwright, Mrs.
Armidale, The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of
Armitage, The Rev. Professor E., M.A.
Armitage, Miss
Armitage, Edward, M.A.
Armitage, The Ven. W. J., D.D.
Armitstead, The Rev. Canon J. H., M.A.
Armour, The Rev. Canon S. C., D.D.
Armstrong, The Rev. C. B., M.A.
Armstrong, Edward, M.A.
Armstrong, Henry E., F.R.S.
Armstrong, Miss Ivy M., B.A.
Armstrong, Miss R. E., B.A.
Arnall, George, F.S.I.
Arnold, E. C., M.A.
Arnold, Edwin L.
Arnold, F. O., M.A., M.D.

Arnold, Sir Thomas W., C.I.E., Litt.D.
Arnold, Dr. William R.
Arscott, Miss
Arthur, Miss Leonora
Ashcroft, A. H., D.S.O., M.A.
Ashcroft, R. L., M.C., M.A.
Ashdown, The Rev. G. M., M.A.
Ashford, C. E., C.B., M.V.O., LL.B.
Ashton of Hyde, The Lord
Ashwin, The Rev. R. F., M.A.
Ashworth, R., M.A.
Aston, F. W.
Atkins, H. E., M.A.
Atkinson, A. H., M.A.
Atkinson, E. Cuthbert, M.A.
Atkinson, R. L., M.C., M.A.
Atkinson, T. D.
Attlee, Wilfred, M.D., L.R.C.P.
Atwood, The Rt. Rev. J. W., D.D.
Auckland, The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of
Auden, A. W. M., M.B.
Austen, The Rev. Chancellor, M.A.
Austen, Lt.-Col. H. Godwin
Austin, Stanley
Austin, William, M.A.
Auty, Miss P. E., M.A.
Ayre, The Rev. A. Early

Bacchus, J. Gordon, M.A.
Backhouse, Joseph, B.Sc.
Bacon, Benjamin W.
Bacon, Miss J. R.
Badcock, H. D., M.A.
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Woods, Sir Robert, M.Ch. F.R.C.S.
Woodward, A. M.
Woodward, Dr. Henry, F.R.S.
Woolbert, Lt.-Col. H. R., M.B., F.R.C.S.
Wooldridge, Miss
Woolley, The Rev. G. H., V.C., M.C., M.A.
Woolnough, Charles, M.A.
Woolward, The Rev. S. A., M.A.
Woolwich, The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of, M.A., D.D.
Wootton, Mrs.
Wordsworth, The Rev. Preb. C., M.A.
Workman, Hesketh V.
Worrall, A. H.
Worsley, Miss M. T.
Worthington, George V., M.A.
Worthington, Hubert
Worthington, Percy S.
Wright, The Most Rev. Archbishop
Wright, Professor C. H. C.
Wright, Dudley, F.S.P.
Wright, Joseph, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D.
Wright, The Rev. Prebendary, J.P., LL.D.
Wright, William Aldis, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., Litt.D.
Wrigley, P. T., M.A.
Wrong, E. M., M.A.
Wyatt, O. E. P.
Wyatt, R. Harvey, M.A.
Wyeth, The Rev. Dr. F., D.Sc., M.C.
Wykes, N. G.
Wylde, The Rev. J., M.A.
Wynn, The Rev. H. E., M.A.
Wynn, The Rev. Walter
Wynne, A. E.

Wynne-Edwards, The Rev. Canon J. R., M.A.

Yardley, R. B., M.A.
Yates, The Rev. Canon W. R.
Yerburgh, The Rev. E. R.
York, The Ven. Archdeacon G. W.
York, T. J. Pinches, B.A.
Yorke, Vincent W., M.A.
Youatt, John
Young, A. H.
Young, A. M.
Young, The Rev. Canon D. Eliot, M.A.
Young, Ernest, B.Sc., F.R.G.S.
Young, F. E. Mills
Young, F. S.
Young, Miss G. Tarleton
Young, G. Winthrop
Young, Herbert, M.A.
Young, Keith D., F.R.I.B.A.
Young, Wm. Stewart
Younger, Miss A., M.A.
Younghusband, Oswald, M.A.

Zimmern, Miss Alice

AUTUMN AND SPRING CRUISES
OF THE
HELLENIC TRAVELLERS' CLUB, 1929-30.

CRUISE 18. Aug. 27th to Sept. 17th.

AUTUMN, 1929.

From 40 Guineas and upwards,

ACCORDING TO BERTH.

All prices include Second-class Return Railway Ticket from London to Marseilles and specified Shore Excursions.

Lectures will be given by the Rt. Rev. BISHOP HAMILTON BAYNES, D.D.; R. WINN LIVINGSTONE, Esq., D.Litt. (*Vice-Chancellor, Queen's University, Belfast*); J. T. SHEPPARD, Esq., M.A., Litt.D. (*King's College, Cambridge*); G. C. TURNER, Esq., M.A. (*Master of Marlborough College*); the Rev. W. J. BARTON, M.A. (*Head Master, Portsmouth Grammar School*); T. R. GLOVER, Esq., M.A. (*Public Orator of Cambridge University*); The Rev. CANON WIGRAM, D.D. (*late British Chaplain at Constantinople and Athens*).

REVISED ITINERARY.

Dates.	*Port.*
Aug. 27, Tuesday ...	**London.**
„ 28, Wednesday ...	**Marseilles.**
„ 29, Thursday „ 30, Friday	At Sea.
„ 31, Saturday ...	**Katakolo** (weather permitting) for Olympia.
Sept. 1, Sunday ...	**Aegina.**
„ 2, Monday „ 3, Tuesday	**Piraeus** (for Athens and Eleusis).
„ 4, Wednesday ...	At Sea.
„ 5, Thursday „ 6, Friday	**Constantinople.***
„ 7, Saturday ...	**Chanak-Kale** (for Troy).
„ 8, Sunday ...	**Delos.**
„ 9, Monday ...	**Rhodes.**
„ 10, Tuesday ...	**Candia** (Crete) for Knossos.
„ 11, Wednesday ...	At Sea.
„ 12, Thursday ...	**Syracuse.**
„ 13, Friday ...	**Naples** (for Pompeii).
„ 14, Saturday ...	**Naples.**
„ 15, Sunday ...	**Ajaccio.**
„ 16, Monday ...	**Marseilles.**
„ 17, Tuesday ...	**London.**

* The vessel will steam up and down the Bosphorus before sailing from Constantinople.

CRUISE 19. Feb. 14th to March 17th.

(32 DAYS) **SPRING, 1930.**

(Excluding Excursions in EGYPT, PALESTINE and SYRIA).

From 66 Guineas and upwards,

ACCORDING TO BERTH.

All prices include Second-class Return Railway Ticket from London to Marseilles and specified Shore Excursions.

PROVISIONAL ITINERARY.

Dates.	*Port.*
Feb. 14, Friday ...	**London.**
„ 15, Saturday ...	**Marseilles.**
„ 16, Sunday ...	At Sea.
„ 17, Monday ...	**La Goulette** (for Tunis and Carthage).
„ 18, Tuesday ...	**Malta.**
„ 19, Wednesday „ 20, Thursday	At Sea.
„ 21, Friday ...	**Alexandria** (for Cairo, Luxor and Karnak).
„ 24, Monday ...	**Port Said.**
„ 25, Tuesday ...	**Jaffa** (weather permitting) or **Haifa** (for Palestine).
Mar. 2, Sunday ...	**Haifa** (embarking passengers from Palestine).
„ 2, Sunday ...	**Beyrout** (embarking passengers from Damascus).
„ 3, Monday ...	At Sea.
„ 4, Tuesday ...	**Rhodes**
„ 5, Wednesday ...	At Sea, passing the Dardanelles in the evening.
„ 6, Thursday „ 7, Friday	**Constantinople.***
„ 9, Sunday „ 10, Monday	**Piraeus** (for Athens, Eleusis, etc.).
„ 11, Tuesday ...	**Nauplia** (for Epidaurus or Mycenae).
„ 12, Wednesday ...	At Sea.
„ 13, Thursday ...	**Syracuse.**
„ 14, Friday ...	**Palermo.**
„ 16, Sunday ...	**Marseilles.**
„ 17, Monday ...	**London.**

* The vessel will steam up and down the Bosphorus before sailing from Constantinople.

CRUISE 20. March 21st to April 10th.

SPRING, 1930.

From 45 Guineas and upwards,

ACCORDING TO BERTH.

All prices include Second-class Return Railway Ticket from London to Marseilles, and specified Shore Excursions.

PROVISIONAL ITINERARY.

Dates.	*Port.*
Mar. 21, Friday ...	**London.**
„ 22, Saturday ...	**Marseilles.**
„ 25, Tuesday ...	**Katakolo** (weather permitting) for Olympia.
„ 26, Wednesday ...	**Melos.**
„ 27, Thursday „ 28, Friday	**Piraeus** (for Athens, Eleusis, etc.).
„ 30, Sunday „ 31, Monday	**Constantinople.***
April 1, Tuesday ...	At Sea.
„ 2, Wednesday ...	**Rhodes.**
„ 3, Thursday ...	**Candia** (Crete) for Knossos.
„ 4, Friday ...	**Delos.**
„ 5, Saturday ...	**Nauplia** (for Mycenae or Epidaurus).
„ 6, Sunday ...	At Sea.
„ 7, Monday ...	**Catania** (for Taormina). **Messina.**
„ 9, Wednesday ...	**Marseilles.**
„ 10, Thursday ...	**London.**

* **The vessel will steam up and down the Bosphorus before sailing from Constantinople.**

CRUISE 21. April 11th to May 1st.

SPRING, 1930.

From 45 Guineas and upwards,

ACCORDING TO BERTH.

All prices include Second-class Return Railway Ticket from London to Marseilles, and specified Shore Excursions.

PROVISIONAL ITINERARY.

Dates.	*Port.*
April 11, Friday ...	**London.**
„ 12, Saturday ...	**Marseilles.**
„ 15, Tuesday ...	**Katakolo** (weather permitting) for Olympia.
„ 16, Wednesday ...	**Melos.**
„ 17, Thursday „ 18, Friday	**Piraeus** (for Athens, Eleusis, etc.).
„ 20, Sunday „ 21, Monday	**Constantinople.***
„ 22, Tuesday ...	**Khelia Bay** (for Gallipoli War Cemeteries).
„ 23, Wednesday ...	**Delos.**
„ 24, Thursday ...	**Nauplia** (for Mycenae or Epidaurus).
„ 25, Friday ...	**Candia** (Crete) for Knossos.
„ 26, Saturday „ 27, Sunday	At Sea.
„ 28, Monday ...	**Naples** (for Pompeii).
„ 29, Tuesday ...	At Sea.
„ 30, Wednesday ...	**Marseilles.**
May 1, Thursday ...	**London.**

* The vessel will steam up and down the Bosphorus before sailing from Constantinople.

SPRING CRUISES, 1929

Cruise of the s.s. "ASIA."

Leaving London March 27th, 1929.

INCLUSIVE COST OF CRUISE: from 55 GUINEAS.

ITINERARY.

Date.	*Port.*	*Arrival.*	*Departure.*
Mar. 27, Wed.	**London**	—	Afternoon
„ 28, Thur.	**Venice**	Evening	—
„ 29, Fri.	In **Venice**	—	—
„ 30, Sat.	**Venice**	—	12 Noon
„ 31, Sun.	At Sea	—	—
April 1, Mon.	**Santa Maura** and **Ithaca**	Morning	Evening
„ 2, Tues.	**Piraeus** (for Athens)	Early Morning	—
„ 3, Wed.	**Piraeus** (for Athens)	—	Evening
„ 4, Thur.	**Suvla Bay**	Afternoon	—
„ 5, Fri.	**Constantinople**	Early Morning	—
„ 6, Sat.	**Constantinople***	—	Evening
„ 7, Sun.	At Sea	—	—
„ 8, Mon.	**Cos**	Afternoon	Evening
„ 9, Tues.	**Rhodes**	Morning	Afternoon
„ 10, Wed.	**Delos**	Early Morning	Afternoon
„ 11, Thur.	**Nauplia** (for Tiryns & Mycenae)	Early Morning	Evening
„ 12, Fri.	**Katakolo** (for Olympia)	Morning	Evening
„ 14, Sun.	**Spalato**	Early Morning	12 Noon
„ 15, Mon.	**Venice**	Early Morning	10 a.m. train
„ 16, Tues.	**London**	Afternoon	—

*** The vessel will steam up and down the Bosphorus before sailing from Constantinople.**

Cruise of the
s.s. "STELLA d'ITALIA."

Leaving London April 3rd, 1929.

INCLUSIVE COST OF CRUISE: from 50 GUINEAS.

ITINERARY.

Date.	*Port.*	*Arrival.*	*Departure.*
April 3, Wed.	**London**	—	Afternoon
„ 4, Thur.	**Venice**	Evening	—
„ 5, Fri.	In **Venice**	—	—
„ 6, Sat.	**Venice**	—	12 Noon
„ 7, Sun.	**Spalato**	Morning	Evening
„ 8, Mon.	At Sea	—	—
„ 9, Tues.	**Itea** (for Delphi)	Early Morning	Midnight
„ 10, Wed.	**Piraeus** (for Athens)	Morning	—
„ 11, Thur.	**Piraeus**	—	Evening
„ 12, Fri.	**Suvla Bay**	Afternoon	Evening
„ 13, Sat.	**Constantinople**	Early Morning	—
„ 14, Sun.	**Constantinople***	—	Evening
„ 15, Mon.	At Sea	—	—
„ 16, Tues.	**Candia** (Crete) for Knossos ...	Early Morning	Afternoon
„ 17, Wed.	**Nauplia** (for Tiryns & Mycenae, or Epidaurus)	Early Morning	Afternoon
„ 18, Thur.	**Corfu**	Morning	Evening
„ 19, Fri.	**Ithaca**	Early Morning	Afternoon
„ 20, Sat.	**Gravosa** (for Ragusa)	Afternoon	Evening
„ 21, Sun.	At Sea (Cruising among the Dalmatian Islands)	—	—
„ 22, Mon.	**Venice**	Early Morning	10 a.m.
„ 23, Tues.	**London**	Afternoon	

* **The vessel will steam up and down the Bosphorus before sailing from Constantinople.**

Cruise of the s.s. "THEOPHILE GAUTIER."

Leaving London April 10th, 1929.

ITINERARY.

Cruise 3.

Dates.	*Port.*	*Arrival.*	*Departure.*
April 10, Wed.	**London**	—	Afternoon
„ 11, Thur.	**Marseilles**...	Morning	Afternoon
„ 12, Fri.	At Sea	—	—
„ 13, Sat.			
„ 14, Sun.	**Katakolo** (for Olympia) ...	Morning	Evening
„ 15, Mon.	**Piraeus** (for Athens)	Afternoon	—
„ 16, Tues.	**Piraeus** (for Athens and Eleusis)	—	Wednesday Evening
„ 17, Wed.			
„ 18, Thur.	**Molo Bay** (for Thermopylae)...	Morning	Afternoon
„ 19, Fri.	**Volo** (for Tempe)	Morning	Afternoon
„ 20, Sat.	**Chanak** (for Troy)	Morning	Evening
„ 21, Sun.	**Samos** (Tigani)	Morning	Evening
„ 22, Mon.	**Delos**	Early Morning	Afternoon
„ 23, Tues.	**Candia** (Crete) for Knossos ...	Early Morning	Afternoon
„ 24, Wed.	At Sea	—	—
„ 25, Thur.	**Syracuse**	Early Morning	Afternoon
„ 26, Fri.	**Naples**	Morning	Afternoon
„ 27, Sat.	**Naples** (Paestum)	—	Evening
„ 28, Sun.	At Sea	—	—
„ 29, Mon.	**Marseilles**...	Morning	Evening Train
„ 30, Tues.	**London**	Afternoon	—

Conditions subject to which all Bookings are accepted.

1.—Members may reserve berths on any Cruise organised by the Club, without payment of a preliminary booking fee. A deposit of £20 per berth is payable on the reservation being confirmed, and the balance is due one month before the date of departure. In the event of cancellation by the member after payment has been made, the sums paid as deposit and as balance will be refunded, less a deduction of 10 per cent. and less any expenses incurred, including the proportion of any sums payable to the Steamship and Railway Companies.

2.—The arrangements for the Tours and Cruises of the Hellenic Travellers' Club are made by Sir Henry Lunn, Limited, who accept all financial and other responsibility for the due carrying out of the arrangements or otherwise, subject to the following conditions.

3.—All itineraries of Cruises are subject to any modification which, in the opinion of the Commander or Cruise Manager, are desirable for the safety of the passengers or for other reasons.

4.—No promise or agreement, whether to remit any sums due, or to refund any sums, or any portion of any sums already, for whatever reason paid, nor any promise or agreement to alter the programme of any tour or the hotel accommodation (including allotment of rooms) in connection therewith, or otherwise to modify in any respect whatever any agreements or arrangements made or authorised by Sir Henry Lunn, Ltd., will be recognised, unless made by the Head Office, at 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, W.C.1, and any such promise or agreement, whether made by representatives abroad, or at sub-offices, or by agents, or by conductors, or by contractors, or by any other person, will be void.

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6.—Though the greatest care is taken to secure the safety and the comfort of passengers by the employment of the best agencies for transit and otherwise, in no circumstances whatever is any responsibility accepted from any cause whatsoever for any loss or injury of any kind whatsoever to person or to property, whether accidental, or arising out of the default of any carrying agency, or when personal effects are handed over to agents for customs clearance, conveyance between stations, steamboats, hotels, in the motor cars or carriages, or otherwise.

7.—Though every effort is made to reserve adequate and comfortable accommodation in the trains and steamboats in connection with the various tours organised, and to ensure that the hotels, pensions, or hostels to which clients are allotted are prepared to receive clients in a manner which will fulfil in every respect the representations made (whether such representations refer to accommodation in the hotels, pensions, or hostels, or to arrangements for excursions or otherwise), nevertheless Sir Henry Lunn, Ltd., cannot be responsible, and as a fact do not hold themselves responsible, for any breakdown in the arrangements of the Railway Companies or Steamboat Companies, or Hotel Proprietors, or Contractors, and no claim for reimbursement or compensation for failure in such arrangements or any of them will be entertained.

8.—No allowance whatever can be made for lost railway or steamship tickets, or for lost hotel coupons, nor can any refund or allowance be made of or for any charges made by any railway companies or by any steamship companies or by others, whether such charges are made as excess fares (for whatsoever cause) on account of any railway ticket or any steamship ticket, or otherwise.

9.—All charges for luggage, refreshments (other than the meals stated in the itineraries), and incidental expenses, wines, etc., en route, must be paid for by the clients by whom they are incurred.

10.—All prices quoted for tours are liable to be raised in accordance with any increase of railway or steamship fares, etc., at any time before departure of the party, even though the account be paid, and such alteration may be made without notice.

11.—All cheques should be made payable to the Hellenic Travellers' Club, and crossed,

& Co.

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